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CHRISTMAS EVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I saw her to-night,
Silk and velvet and ermine grand
Rustle around her, and on her hand
Shone the marriage ring—
Ay, there's the sting;
He flung me aside for that blue eyed thing.

Like a broken toy
A passionate child has thrown away—
It only charmed for one brief day.
Do you know the pain
Of heart and brain,
To make an idiot and find it clay?

She is beautiful? Ay,
What's that to me? Do you think I care
For her violet eyes and her lustrous hair?
But to pass me so
In the pitiless snow,
And be used to praise me, and call me fair.

Poor heart be still.
The sorrowful river is strong and deep—
How calmly there I could lie asleep,
While the days would die,
And the years go by,
With no one to care for me, no one to weep.

The baby is dead.
She has lain in my arms all the desolate day,
A beautiful form of inanimate clay.
It is better so—
She never need know,
The sorrows that cluster about life's way.

If my mother——
Hush! hush! not that, or my full heart will break.
God! what have I sunk to, and all for his sake.
She cold makes me shiver—
Do you hear how the river
Is calling? I wonder how long it will take?

I will curse him;
I will lay on his hearth-stone a lost spirit's spell
To drag him—I cannot. I loved him so well.
And to-morrow I'll lie,
Face turned to the sky,
With Christmas Chimes merrily ringing my knell.

SAVANNAH, Ga., December, 1869. MRS. J. W. F.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEWS FROM OVER THE SEA.

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end."—MONTGOMERY.

Things did not go nearly so well with Madame Armadini after her husband's departure. She was a good woman of business and managed capitally in her rough and ready way, but the attraction of the company was gone with the pretty child, and business fell off sadly.

Scarcely had they been a month in Cork when a terrible fever swept over the town and settled with fearful virulence on the low-lying district where the circus stood. More than one member of the company fell a victim, and amongst them Madame Armadini herself, who died after an illness of only a few days.

This broke up the concern; one or two rival circus proprietors bought up the stock and fittings and the troupe dispersed hither and thither amongst other companies in the profession.

Jim Myers and his wife came to Dublin, and it was from them that Nesta heard all that had happened. They had been with the poor lonely woman when she died, and had done all they could for her.

Jim and his wife traveled to Kildare to see Nesta, and were unfeignedly glad to find her so comfortably settled, and with people who were so evidently gentlefolks.

She was allowed to entertain her old friends to a comfortable dinner, and they met with none of the supercilious contempt too often bestowed by pampered servants upon those they think beneath them. She asked eagerly about the boy and was told he was doing wonders in America.

"The missis had something on her mind about him," Jim declared. "She kept raving, poor soul, when she was off her head, 'Bring him back, bring him back,' and then she would moan that she would tell all; and, Nesta, do you know we found out where she went that time in Dublin, for her health they said, but that was all bosh."

"Yes, where?"

"Why, no further away than St. Chad's Church; she lodged with the clerk, and it's my belief she tampered with some register there, for she was always wailing about having burnt some papers, and saying no one could prove some name or other. Poor soul, her last days were very bitter ones, though she knew no one."

Nesta was very white while she listened to all this news. They thought it was hearing of the death of her old mistress, but her agitation was from a far deeper cause.

"Will you do me a favor, Jim?" she asked.

"Surely."

"When you are in Dublin, will you go to St. Chad's and get me a copy of a marriage register."

"I'll do it to-morrow."

"Here are the names and the dates. I know the church was St. Chad's. I think I know what poor madame went there for."

She gave her old friend the money to pay for the search, and the groom and his wife departed, delighted with their reception at the Dingles.

Jim pondered a little over the slip of paper Nesta had given him, and wondered what she, or Madame Armadini, or the child, had to do with the names there set down, but he went to the church and found the old clerk, who searched the books for the register, but found nothing at all like the names on Nesta's memorandum.

"It's not here," he said, in dismay. "I can't understand it, for I remember the wedding; I can't make it out; I must be getting worthless and silly. I'm sure I've read their entry within the last three months."

"I remember you're reading it to some one," his daughter said. "Oh, I know, it was that circus woman; she was looking for something on that same page."

The clerk's face paled at the recollection.

"So she was," he said in affright; "she wanted to see the register and handle it. Look here, Julia, the leaf has been cut out!"

So it had; there was no mistake; there was the narrow edge left by the knife; there was the vacant space between two dates rather far apart.

"She's done it!" he exclaimed in pitiable agitation. "The books have been tampered with and I shall lose my place! When could it have happened."

"I know," said his daughter; "one day when you were out she fetched the books from the church for me; I was lame and could not walk. She was very pale when she came in, and she said she had slipped and hurt herself; I understand it all now."

"I'll find her wherever she is," said the clerk; "I'll have justice upon her! I took her in because she was so quiet and civil-spoken like; I didn't think she'd have paid me like this, but I'll have her up wherever she is."

"They went to Cork from here," Miss Mourds said; "she'll be easily found, papa."

"You'll not find her in Cork, sir," Jim Myers said; "no earthly justice can reach her now, poor soul."

"Why? did you know her?"

"Yes, I knew her well; I was one of their people when they were here, but she's dead now."

"Dead?"

"Yes, of fever a fortnight ago; me and my missis was with her; I think you're right about the register; she was always wandering about papers she had burned; she died at Cork and lies buried there; her husband is in America."

"I must have this matter cleared up," the clerk said; "I am responsible for the registers, and they have been tampered with! I must lay the matter before the clergyman, and he will, doubtless, set upon it. I dare say the husband was in some way implicated in it."

"I don't know anything about it, but the signor's address is easily got; what am I to say to the lady that sent me?"

"Only that the marriage is not here; there's nothing else to be said."

So Jim Myers wrote to Nesta at Kildare:—

MY DEAR MISS HOWELL.—I went to St. Chad's and saw the clerk; we looked over the books together, but there is no such marriage to be found. He declares that the book has been tampered with, and seemes poor Madame Armadini of having done it. He's going to have the signor looked arter and to write to the parsons and all that. I'm sorry that I couldn't get what you wanted, but it is not there. The leaf's been cut out as neatly as can be. I hope the poor lady is better and that you are quite comfortable. Me and Mary will be glad to hear from you whenever you have time to write to us. We're just going to the steamer for Liverpool, where we join Pablo on Thursday. So no more at present from your humble servants,

JIM AND MARY MYERS.

To Miss Nesta Howell, The Dingles, Kildare.

When Nesta read this letter she was sitting by the side of her sick mistress, and it was well for her that Honor was asleep, so that she did not see the ashy paleness which spread over her attendant's cheeks.

CHRISTMAS, 1869—REMEMBER THE POOR.

She slept calmly, and Nesta sat thinking, and presently the door opened and Miss O'Grady peeped in.

"Asleep?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then go down and take a breath of air, child; you are looking frightfully pale. You can take Miss Honor into the park for half an hour; I will stay here with my sister."

Nesta would rather have run away to her own room, but no one thought of hesitating when Augusta commanded, so she meekly rose and, seeking the child, took her out as she was bidden, and sauntered towards a pretty summer house, where, even in winter, there was a nice view and a cosy resting place.

She saw that the fire which was always kept there had got low and stooped to replenish it, while the little one played about on the matted floor. Presently, the child looked up. "Grandpa's paper," she said, producing one of the Dublin daily papers from under the table.

"Yes, dear, don't tear it," Nesta said, taking it from her mechanically and laying it down; her heart was full of other matters than the daily news, which passed by in the world unheeded. She folded the paper straight and a sensation paragraph caught her eye.

WORCESTER, MASS., U. S.—APPALLING ACCIDENT IN A CIRCUS.—An accident of a most appalling character occurred on the 1st inst., at the circus of Mons. Sebastian Loyola, at present located in the city. Mons Loyola had engaged the services of an English artiste, Signor Johannes Armadini, and his pupil, Don Jose Ballusto, an infant performer of such wonderful skill that his praises had already reached this side of the Atlantic. His performances are truly wonderful, and have nightly filled the spacious circus with an enthusiastic crowd. On the first inst. the signor announced that he would ride, bareback, Matador, on an ingline from the ring to the top of the gallery through fierce flames. The experiment was tried in the morning with perfect success, neither horse nor rider evincing the slightest nervousness or hesitation. The event is supposed to be one of rescue, wherein the child has been snatched from one party and carried off by the leader of the other. The immense building was crowded to the ceiling in every part, and the enthusiasm was immense as Signor Armadini dashed on the platform with the child clinging to him. The combustible material blazed with a reality of horror capitally arranged; the horse with its double burden dashed forward amid the wild cheers of the audience, when suddenly, from some reason unexplained, the animal swerved, paused a moment, and stumbled headlong through the fiery barrier on to the people in the gallery. The excitement and terror of the audience were extreme, an affrighted stampede took place in the pit, and many people were trampled down and trampled under foot. Four deaths have occurred from the cause, besides many persons being wounded in the crush. The horse, being badly hurt, was shot at once, and one man, who was badly hurt by the animal's hoofs, lies at the point of death. The child was flung to some distance, but, beyond a few unimportant bruises and the fright, is unhurt. Signor Armadini, we regret to say, is dead; he expired in a few hours after the catastrophe, living only long enough to leave some directions with the proprietor of the circus, and to have a private interview with the boy about whom he seemed very anxious. By a singular coincidence, news of the death of the unfortunate man's wife in Ireland reached the cirque within an hour or his breathing his last.

The story was true: the dashing, loud-voiced signor was no more, and the child was at the mercy of the proprietor of the circus, an unprincipled, cruel man, whose coarse household would be no home for him.

One person besides those mentioned the signor had seen before his death, and that was the captain of the steamer in which he had come over.

He lived in Worcester, and had witnessed the accident. Going to the house where he had been carried and offering his services in any way, the dying man begged to see him alone.

"I've a favor to ask you, Cap'en Piper," he said; "I want you to swear to me that you'll do my bidding if ever the need comes for it."

"If I can I will."

"Oh, you can, your ship's big enough. I can see things won't go right by that boy. I've done well by him, but Loyola won't; he'll work him to death. I've a secret about him, but I can't tell it now. I want you, if ever that child comes to you—and he *will*, mark you—to take him to Europe, to that address; they'll take him in; he's got a written paper that'll make them pretty quick."

He gave the captain an address, and in an hour from that time was dead.

"A rum start," Captain Piper thought to himself, pondering over the address; "wonder what they've got to do with it! I'll take the young 'un this voyage if he'll come."

But he reckoned without his host. Whether Monsieur Loyola fancied anything or whether the boy kept away of his own accord, he could not get at him, and his voyage might not be delayed.

So telling the circus proprietor that he would always befriend the boy if he wanted him, and receiving but an ungracious reply, he went his way.

His ship was yet on its way when Nesta read the story, which had come by a fleeter vessel. How well she remembered the poor trained horse Matador, which had caused all the mischief, and poor Signor Armadini! Over and over again she read the few words which told of the boy's safety, and she puzzled till her brain seemed like to burst what manner of man this Loyola might be to whom he was so summarily consigned. She longed to weep, but the tears would not come, and the pretty little building, with its painted windows, seemed to reel and swim before her eyes.

Miss O'Grady, peeping out of her sister-in law's bedroom window, was amazed to see her little niece running wildly towards the house, crying loudly. To rush down and quiet the child, lest her mother should be disturbed, was the work of scarce a minute, but she could not understand the cause of the child's terror.

"Nesta dead, Nesta dead!" she kept repeating, and Augusta hurried to the summer house to find her sister's maid stretched in a death like swoon upon the floor.

She lifted her up and chafed her cold hands, and consciousness was just beginning to return when Lord Scatterbram appeared at the door.

"I left the *Evening Mail*," he said. "God bless us, what's the matter?"

But Nesta was recovering and humbly apologised; she frankly owned that it was hearing of the Signor's death that had so affected her, and went feebly to the house.

His lordship remained behind reading the melancholy account. All of a sudden something seemed to strike him and his ruddy face turned pale.

"*What* did Travers tell Ratty when he was here?" he said to himself. "Am I going mad, or do I see misery and ruin coming upon us? God help us, what is to be done?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON BOTH SIDES THE ATLANTIC.

"Upon the weary waves of the world,
To and fro,
This bard life of mine has been whirled
In the flow,
And ebb of every tide,
It has drifted far and wide,
As on the bare hill side
Drifts the snow."

The news of Signor Armadini's death was read through the length and breadth of the country; there was scarcely a town of any size where he was not known, and liked as well, for he was a man who knew how to make himself popular.

Mr. Gwynne read it over his breakfast table, and Hugh Evans took the news to the Howells' who wondered and regretted over the fate of the man who had made such an impression on them.

"Poor Nesta," John Howell said, "it's a good thing she's away from them and doing well; it's a capital place she's got. The parson read all about it to me out of a letter."

"Mr. Gwynne is a good man," Annis said, caressing her baby, a sturdy fellow now, and, feeling his legs, as his mother said, wonderfully. "He's done well, by thee, Hugh, and the maiden too, though he did keep it all a secret from John and me about her; I mean that she was married, poor thing."

"She made him promise too, but she gave him leave to tell *me* that I might be cured of my madness."

"And art thou cured, Hugh, lad?" John asked.

"Cured in one way," he replied. "I shall always think of her as the best and dearest creature that ever crossed my path, and shall never cease to pray Heaven that she may be happy and restored to her home and friends."

"Oh, Huzh, think of what must happen before that can come about," Annis exclaimed. "Poor wife, whoever she is, must die, and the husband must sorrow, no one knows how much, and maybe regret that Nesta was not dead after all. It's dreadful to think of."

"It is; well, we can but pray for her that she may find a peaceful home somewhere. My poor Nesta, I loved her so dearly, she never knew how much."

"And do still I doubt my lad?"

"No, John, no—not in that way. From the hour when Mr. Gwynne, God bless him, told me she was another man's wife, that sort of love died out. I would go to the world's end to serve her, but I can see now she was never for me. She is a lady, John, that she is."

And Hugh spoke the truth; Mr. Gwynne's words had brought home to him the immeasurable distance, the impassable gulf between Nesta and himself, and he looked upon her as a brother might upon a dear sister. Mr. Gwynne now thoroughly respected the young man, he saw with what a will he lent himself to his daily toil, and he never passed him without friendly greeting. Going out from the Howells he met him.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Hugh; have you seen this account of the terrible accident in America?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor fellow; and that poor little child, what will become of it?"

"I was just saying to the Howells, sir, what a comfortable thing it was that she—Nesta, I mean—was out of it, and in a good place."

"I am not quite sure of that, Hugh."

"Not that she is comfortable, sir? I thought you said."

"The place is everything that can be wished; they are most kind to her, but she should not be there."

Mr. Gwynne's faced looked so troubled as he spoke that Hugh took fright.

"Will any harm come to her there, sir? If I thought so——"

"You'd rush off like a knight errant and rescue her; I hardly know what to fear; Hugh, she is in her husband's house, attending upon the poor, innocent lady he thinks his wife."

"Oh, sir!"

Hugh saw the whole danger of the situation, and for a moment he could not speak a word. At length he recovered himself a little.

"She must be got away, sir."

"Yes; but how! I have written to the lady's father, Lord Scatterbrain, but it is impossible to tell them the true reason for wishing to get her away. They like her and refuse to let her go; the poor invalid has taken such a fancy to her that they will not risk a separation, and I don't know what to do. Poor girl, her mind must be unhinged, or she would see for herself the terrible consequences of remaining where she is."

"But does *he* not know her?" asked Hugh in a low tone; "I cannot make it out."

"He is not at home; he will not be for some time."

"Then she must be got away before he comes; can you not write to her yourself and make her see the misery that will follow if she stays?"

"I don't know what to do; it is a strange thing to bid a wife leave her husband's house; and yet, if she would only come to us for a time, till the young man could be warned. He is innocent, the poor lady is innocent, and yet what ruin and misery her appearance will bring upon them!"

Hugh again pressed Mr. Gwynne to write to Nesta himself, and he promised to do so. The next day the castle servant brought him a note enclosing the letter, for him to read.

"Seal it and post it, when you have read it," was written on the envelope, "and heaven grant it may bring her back!"

It was very brief:—

THE CASTLE, HAY, March 16th, 18—.

NESTA.—If you ever had any love or respect for me, let me implore you to leave Kildare and come here, at least for a time. Your sudden and unlooked for return, as well as your sudden and unfeeling presence, without warning, will entail on innocent people, I conjure you by the love you bear your husband, to leave before the shock kills the innocent invalid you are attending. Come to us at once, for your own sake we can think what to do in this great strait. Come, if you would not have your husband curse you when he finds his home wrecked. I will send you money as soon as I hear. Your sincere friend, BERNARD JWYNNE.

Miss Howell, The Dingles, Kildare.

The reply came by return of post:—

THE DINGLES, March 17th, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND.—I cannot leave this place, so do not ask me; if it be my husband's wish that I should go, I will do it when I have seen him and have met him face to face but I must stay till then, I can bear my life no longer. He must come home and help me to get my child, and then I will go, I don't care where.

HIS BERNARD GWYNNE, The Castle, Hay.

NESTA HOWELL.

"She must be mad, poor soul," the rector said when he had read the note. I can't see what can be done:—

The next day he read in the *Telegraph*:—

We regret to say that the interesting experiments in the neighborhood of Salzburg, under the superintendence of Horace O'Grady, Esq., have come to a temporary stand-still; that gentleman having been suddenly summoned home in consequence of the serious illness of his wife. He is expected to arrive in London on the evening of the 20th inst.

"That young man must be warned," Mr. Gwynne said to Hugh that same evening. "He shall not go home to such agony without preparation. I shall go to London."

"And I think I shall go to Kildare, sir," Hugh replied. "Maybe she would listen to me."

"Perhaps she would, Hugh. Get her away, if you can; I only fear that she is not quite herself with all her trouble."

So Mr. Gwynne went away to London, and Hugh Evans to Holyhead, where he took passage for Dublin.

* * * * * *

The fate of the child left with the American circus manager was, as Signor Armadini on his deathbed predicted, anything but a happy one. For the first week he was treated with decency at least, though the household of Monsieur Loyola was a rough one, and there was no one to show him the commonest kindness. The members of the troupe were not unkind to him; they seemed to feel for the forlorn child and did their best to make him feel at home with them. The women of the company, especially, fancied him, and showed him little kindnesses which made his life more bearable, but his new master discouraged such proceedings.

"I'm not going to have that young 'un made soft and good for nothing with coddling," he said. "He's been spoiled with the signor. Every one that comes to me has got to fly round spry, I can tell them."

And so poor little Don Jose was whipped and worked and made to perform feats which even his former master would have wondered at, and was kept the while on diet by no means sufficient for a growing boy, to say nothing of a working one, till he grew gaunt and pale, and his eyes looked large and heavy.

He grieved, too, for his old master, and spent his leisure in pondering how to get away, for the troupe had moved away inland and Captain Piper or any other help was far away across the sea. But he was a stout hearted little fellow and help came at last.

The company were at Trenton, doing well, and Loyola was getting up a spectacle in which there was some unusually difficult business for the little star. He tried in vain to do it right at rehearsal, and his repeated failures brought down upon him not only the tongue but the temper of his new master.

Time after time he essayed the hazardous leap, and as often fell into the sawdust, provoking Loyola to lash him as he lay with his long whip, till his childish limbs quivered with the smart and tears of pain and mortification fell down his cheeks.

The circus people, used as they were to see the children whipped, thought their master was going too far and one or two of the women audibly cried "Shame!"

"Shame, is it?" said the ruffian. "And who said it, I should like to know? Aint the young varmint to *work* for his bread? Come out, any of you sneaking skunks as said 'shame' and I'll give you the same and your notice into the bargain."

A dead silence was the effect of this speech. It was the slack season and no one could afford to throw up their engagement.

"They darn't speak, the poor critters," said a voice in the gloom at the back. "But it is a shame for all that, and a burning shame, to lash a likely lad as though he were a dog."

"And who may you be?" demanded Loyola, sarcastically, peering into the darkness, but failing to make out the intruder.

"None of your people, or may be I should be afraid to speak like them, poor critters," said the stranger, coming forward. "My name's Piper, Captain John Piper, at your service."

"And, pray, Captain John Piper, how did you get in here?"

"Through the door."

"Then, perhaps, you'll walk out the same way; this is my place."

"That may be. I'm come to have a word with you; I want that boy."

"Which boy?"

"That one that earns the money for you; the one you beat worse than you would beat your horses; I'm not a going to leave him here; I promised I'd take him back to Europe if he wasn't happy and I'm just going to do it."

"How?" asked Loyola, laying hold of the boy and pushing him behind him; he don't belong to you."

"No, but I know who he does belong to and I'll let them know."

Loyola laughed.

"Europe's a long way off," he said, "and I've the boy's prentice papers all made over to me in proper form. You talk to the magistrates about taking him away and see what they'll say to you."

Captain Piper was, perhaps, very simple, but he had not thought of that difficulty, for he gave a long whistle and looked utterly astonished, staring at the boy who looked at him with wistful, eager eyes.

"Now just get out of my place," the circus manager said, "I've stood enough of your nonsense."

"All right, governor, I'm going," he said, slowly, turning on his heel and apparently taking no notice of the child's wistful eyes.

"Your master's an uncommon nice man, my dear," he said to one of the girls standing by. "An uncommon nice, man and if he should want to send me a double order for the dress stalls, or any little favor of that sort I'm staying at the Star of Freedom, close by the Falls. The Star of Freedom, mind and don't forget."

"Get out of this," said Loyola gruffly, and mind you don't come prying round here any more if you don't want to find your way to the police office."

"Well, I don't," Piper retorted, "so I don't think you'll see much more of me, but, as I said before, if you want to send me any little token of remembrance, the Star of Freedom's the place."

He sauntered quietly out, looking steadily at the child as he went; the boy returned the gaze with a glance of intelligence.

"Now that's a plucky little beggar," the captain soliloquised. "And I'll bet a fiver he understood me. I'll go home to the Star and turn in early; they shan't catch me tripping."

He went to his hotel and summoned an old negro waiter to a conference with him. It was a good long one and the black came out of the parlor chuckling.

"Sure I'll do it, massa! Ole Neb's the boy—me see it all right, massa! Ten dollars! Then Neb'll get married!"

"Neb may go to the devil for aught I care," said the captain, laughing. "So you don't come near me till its done. If you bungle it I'll break your head, mind that."

"Couldn't do that, massa," said the black, grinning, "dis here chile's head am tough."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRESS AND MERIT.—Girad, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Languinais, then of the council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Languinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability that, on Girad's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied his visitor to the antechamber. The change was so striking that Girad could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Languinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

THE TACT OF WOMEN.—A great deal of the unselfishness, and consideration and tact of women is the result of long days spent in humoring the moods, and noticing the caprices and studying the tastes of those with whom they have been thrown into contact during their girlhood and their youth. Little things at such times make or mar the precarious sunshine of each day, and at a very early part of their life women thus begin to learn to be delicate tacticians and diplomatists of no mean skill. Hence comes, perhaps, their keen power of observing and remembering trifles, not to mention their habit of judging of character from small outward peculiarities.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ELSIE MAY.

Hark to the music of soft Christmas bells,
As on the clear air ascending, it swells!
Tremblingly, quiveringly, rises and falls,
As to the matins and vespers it calls.

Strange are the fancies that music doth bring,
And o'er my spirit a weird spell they fling,
Lulled into slumber my troubled thoughts seem,
Life and its duties appear like a dream.

Memory brings me the years that have fled,
Resurrects hopes from the graves of the dead,
Gathers the lost shreds of bright, wasted hours,
Twines wreaths and garlands of youth's withered flowers.

Dark is the day; gray and clouded the sky;
Winter has placed his cold signet on high:
I have known *heart-days* thus shadowed with gloom
Shut from the sunlight; bereft of their bloom.

Yet, God has led me by pathways unknown;
Never has let me to wander alone.
Over my pathway some darkness has cast,
Only to crown life with brightness at last.

Where shall I be when the next Christmas bells
Heavenward are sending their rhymings and swells?
Where, in the twelvemonth that shall intervene,
Will my life's varying record be seen?

Father, I trust Thee, whatever my lot—
Humbly I ask that Thy love leave me not
Be thou dear Saviour, my guardian and guide—
O'er life's rough paths ever walk by my side.

Then should the future bring shadows or light,
My life will glow, and *my* skies remain bright,
Till I at last with the blest and forgiven,
Join in the grand Christmas Vespers of Heaven.

THE ATTORNEY'S DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JACK PERCY.

It was Christmas eve, and Peter Bailey, attorney and counsellor at law, sat in his dusty law office, poring over a document by the light of a tallow candle, stuck in an old japanned candle stick. Peter's office was well known to the members of the profession, by the name of "The Spider's Web," and well it deserved that title. The windows had not been washed for months, and the panes of glass were patched here and there with pieces of old law papers. The ceiling was cracked in many places, and festooned with cobwebs. Desks there were none, but in their stead were two ricketty old tables, covered with table cloths torn in several places, and so covered with ink and dirt that their original color was not discernible. Two or three maps, yellow with the effects of time, and a couple of cards showing the terms and circuits, were suspended on the walls. A miserable apology for a fire was burning in a rusty little stove, and a half a dozen consumptive looking arm-chairs were scattered through the room without any regard to order. An odd volume of the Revised Statutes, Graham's Pleadings and the Code, were on the mantel-piece, but they were evidently but little used, for they were covered with a thick coating of black dust.

Peter himself was a fitting occupant for such a place. He was almost five feet ten inches in height, but looked much shorter owing to a stoop in his shoulders. His face was the color of parchment, covered with freckles, and seamed with wrinkles in every direction. He had little grey eyes set far back in his head, with great overhanging bushy eyebrows. His hair was coarse and of a rusty brown color. The top of his head was bald, but he had combed his hair forward, and tied it with a piece of black thread in a sort of cue just over his forehead. He wore an old fashioned black dress coat, worn threadbare, an old black satin vest, a dirty shirt, a pair of black breeches patched around the bottom, and a pair of shoes the soles of which were nearly worn out.

An old eight day clock on the wall strikes the hour of seven, but still Peter reads on. It is hard work, though; for Peter, skilled as he is in deciphering writing of all descriptions, finds it very hard to unders'and the mass of blots, erasures, and interlineations which lies on the table before him. Every now and then he comes to a full stop, and his brows knit as he meets a passage which is almost undecipherable.

"Mr. Bailey, can I go home now?" says a childish voice which proceeds from a corner of the room, shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness.

"If you want to go home, go home," said Bailey, crustily, without raising his head. The next moment the boy was out of the door, and bounding down stairs three steps at a time.

"Curse that boy—what a noise he makes," said Bailey, snuffing the candle. "Now that he is gone, I'll just lock the door and get on with this brief as quick as possible. Confound that Oatis, how he does scratch and blot."

Hour after hour rolled on, and still Peter Bailey pored over the manuscript. "It will bring a glorious fee," said Peter, as the clock struck eleven. "A glorious fee. Ah!" continued he after a pause, "the fire is 'most out; I guess I'll put on a little coal and draw over the table."

Peter carried out his intentions and again assumed reading. In spite of the counsel fee in prospective, Peter soon commenced to feel the influence of the fire and began to get drowsy. Several times his eyes closed and his chin sank on his chest, but he roused himself and went on reading as before. At last he fell into a much longer doze than usual, and when he once more raised his head he became aware of the presence of a stranger on the opposite side of the fire.

The intruder was seated in one of the old arm chairs exactly opposite Peter and was regarding him steadfastly. He was about six feet in height and rather corpulent. He had on a great shaggy over-coat, with a broad fur collar. His hat and gloves were laying on his knee. He had a great round, rosy face, without the slightest sign of a beard. His eyes were blue and sparkling with merriment. He had black curly hair and there was a little bald spot on the top of his head.

As Peter Bailey raised his head and looked at the stranger, the latter shook from head to foot with repressed laughter.

"Peter Bailey, you old scoundrel, how are you?" cried the stranger in a great rough, cheery voice.

"Who—who are you, sir? How did you get in?" said Peter with considerable trepidation.

"I came through the keyhole," said the stranger.

"Through the keyhole!" echoed Peter with increased fear. "Who—who are you?"

"An old friend of yours, but one that you have not seen for years. I'm Merry Christmas."

"That's a very queer name," said Peter, with a sickly attempt at a smile. "What do you want with me?"

"I came to make you a present—a strange present to make a lawyer, too. Ha, ha, ha!" and the stranger's jolly, round face was filled with little dimples, and the room resounded with his laughter, while Peter shook with fear. "I've come to make you a present of a conscience—something you have not had for a dozen years. You need it sadly. I'll give you one, and a good one, too."

Peter was silent.

"Perhaps you think you do not need one, but I think you do. Do you remember Thomas Ford, Peter? (Peter winced). It's unpleasant to hear that name spoken, isn't it, Peter? You remember how, when Ford was just emerging from his difficulties, you came down upon him with those old judgments that you had bought for a mere song, and how you sold everything he had in the world. He took to drinking, and finally committed suicide. It's a good many years ago, Peter, but you remember it. You remember his Embrecha family, don't you, Peter? You know the man that died and left you all his property? You forgot that there was another will in you safe, and that the one that was admitted to probate was forged."

Peter sat in his chair with his mouth open and his eyes starting from his head.

"You see I know you, Peter; know you well, old boy. You have not seen your sister in some time; have you Peter? Almost fifteen years, I think. You did not like the man she married. He was a poor student. Did not have money enough to suit your ideas. You wanted her to marry one of your own kind; a grasping, avaricious scoundrel like yourself. Ha, ha, ha." Again the stranger's face was filled with dimples, and the room echoed his cheerful, noisy laugh, and again Peter Bailey trembled. "She married the student, and you refused to recognize her. Her husband became sick, and she appealed to you for aid, but you turned a deaf ear to all her supplications. Her husband died and she took in sewing to save herself and her infant child from starving. Devilish good joke, wasn't it, Peter? Day and night she worked for years, wasting away by degrees by reason of her unceasing toil. Funny, isn't it Peter? At times she could obtain no work, and she was on the verge of starvation (capital, wasn't it, Peter?). But she prayed to God, and the Almighty answered her fervent prayer; work came, and she toiled on. Her little boy grew older, and by rendering such services as he could to the neighbors earned a little to add to the mother's store. That boy is twelve years old now, and yet he has never seen his uncle. Peter, would you like to see your nephew?"

Peter was silent. "Look," said the stranger. The end of the room became flooded with a soft light, the wall opened and Peter Bailey saw a little bed chamber; poverty was apparent in the furniture, but everything was as neat as care could make it. A little golden haired boy was kneeling by the side of the bed, while beside him stood a woman dressed in widow's weeds. Her face was pale and her brow furrowed with care.

"Pray for Uncle Peter, William," said the woman.

"God bless Uncle Peter and make him a good man," said the child.

Peter Bailey's head sank on his breast, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept violently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the man called Merry Christmas. "It's a good joke, ain't it, Peter? The loneliness of your days spent in humoring the moods, and noticing the caprices and studying the tastes of those with whom they have been thrown into contact during their girlhood and their youth. Little things at such times make or mar the precarious sunshine of each day, and at a very early part of their life women thus begin to learn to be delicate tacticians and diplomatists of no mean skill. Hence comes, perhaps, their keen power of observing and remembering trifles, not to mention their habit of judging of character from small outward peculiarities.

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"Well, I don't," Piper retorted, "so I don't think you'll see much more of me, but, as I said before, if you want to send me any little token of remembrance, the Star of Freedom's the place."

He sauntered quietly out, looking steadily at the child as he went; the boy returned the gaze with a glance of intelligence.

"Now that's a plucky little beggar," the captain soliloquised. "And I'll bet a fiver he understood me. I'll go home to the Star and turn in early; they shan't catch me tripping."

He went to his hotel and summoned an old negro waiter to a conference with him. It was a good long one and the black came out of the parlor chuckling.

"Sure I'll do it, massa! Ole Neb's the boy—me see it all right, massa! Ten dollars! Then Neb'll get married!

with the cold; "but it is all true. Pshaw, what if it is?" said he, picking up the paper he had been reading the night before, which had dropped from his hand when he fell asleep. "It is nothing to me." He then commenced building a fire in the stove, and soon it blazed up merrily and Peter sat down and commenced reading the brief.

"There is not much more to read," said he, "and I might as well finish it before breakfast."

Peter tried hard to bring his mind to bear upon the subject he was reading, but it was impossible; his sister and her son were ever present to his vision. At last he laid down the paper and began to muse as he gazed into the fire.

"I'll do it," he said, at length, a smile flitting over his wrinkled features— 'I'll do it."

It was about eleven o'clock on Christmas morning when a man stopped before a large tenement house in M—— street, and asked one of a crowd of dirty faced boys who were playing on the sidewalk if Mrs. Rivers lived there.

"Yes, sir, fourth floor front," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the man, as he entered the building. He soon reached the door spoken of by the boy, and knocked at the door. The man's heart sank within him as he heard footsteps approaching the door, and for an instant he seemed undecided whether he should turn and fly, or remain where he was. The door opened, and the man started back in astonishment—a golden haired boy stood there gazing inquiringly at him. "Is your—is Mrs. Rivers in?" said he to the boy.

"Yes, sir, wont you come in?"

The man entered, and the boy ran into another room saying, "Mother, there's a strange gentleman wants to see you."

The next moment a pale faced woman dressed in black entered the room.

One glance was enough.

"Mary!"

"Peter!" Another instant and the brother and sister were clasped in each other's arms. "Oh, Peter, I have so wished to see you," said his sister.

"I know it, Mary; I know it. I have been a hard hearted brute, but thank God my heart has changed; we shall never part again, my sister. I have enough for both of us, and if you will share my home all I have is yours."

"Mother, is this Uncle Peter?" said the boy.

"Yes. I am your Uncle Peter; and we'll have a jolly Christmas."

"Will you take me to the theatre, Uncle Peter? I have never been there and I should so like to go."

"Of course I'll take you, my little man," said Peter, patting his nephew's head. "I'll take you to-night. What have you got for dinner, Mary? Never mind. I'll go to the market and I'll get a good turkey, and we'll have a royal dinner. Come, Willie, we'll go right away," and off went Peter and Willie, while Mrs. Rivers looked after them with a smile on her countenance, the first that had been there for many a day.

Peter and the boy soon got to the market and Peter bought the best turkey in the place and ordered it to be sent home. Then he thought a new suit of clothes would improve his appearance, and off he went to a tailor's and purchased a complete outfit for himself and Willie.

When they got back to the house they found Mrs. Rivers busily engaged in superintending the cooking of the turkey, which she said was splendid. Dinner was soon ready and they did it ample justice. Afternoon wore on, and they were, indeed, happy. Peter laughed and told funny stories, and even sang a song. If any of his professional brethren had seen him then they would have deemed him crazy. Evening came and they had supper, and then started for the theatre. Little Willie was delighted with everything. It seemed like fairyland to him, and Peter felt more delight in witnessing the child's pleasure than he had felt before in many years.

When Peter retired to his lonely bed that night he wondered how he could have been so blind.

The next morning Peter Bailey's more immediate circle of professional friends were astonished to see him come down town with a new suit of clothes upon his person, and their surprise deepened into astonishment when he informed them that he intended to retire from the practice of the law.

That very day a lady named Embricht received a package containing the sum of fifteen thousand dollars in bank bills, and, strange to say, it was the exact value of the property her father died possessed of. No note or explanation accompanied the package, but she thought she knew who it came from.

Peter Bailey and his sister and little Willie are now living in a handsome dwelling in the upper part of the city, and their home is a picture of happiness and contentment.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

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NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

ROB ROY, Phila.—"A, B, C and D are playing a game of euchre. A and B are partners against C and D; A deals, C, B and D pass; A takes it up and says he will play alone; D says he will play it alone against him. The questions are, if D takes five tricks, how many points is he entitled to? Or if A, the dealer, takes five tricks how many points is he entitled to?" .... As A took the responsibility of the trump, he is entitled to four points should he secure all five tricks on a lone hand. Should D take five tricks (which is not at all probable when the adversary goes alone) he scores two points.

W. HAMER, Philadelphia.—1. The opportunities for professional cricketers to get engagements in America are not numerous or frequent, because of the lack of earnest competition or emulation between the more prominent clubs, and because of the "noble game" being overshadowed by base ball. You might advertise in the CLIPPER, however, which would be the most likely mode of getting a "posish." 2. Preliminary practice and club matches commence about the middle of May, weather permitting, but matches between clubs not until June is well in, as a rule.

L.—If a card be accidentally exposed by the dealer while in the act of dealing, the player to whom such card is dealt must accept it as though it had not been exposed. If a player discards and draws fresh cards to his hand, and while serving him the dealer exposes one or more of the cards, the dealer must place the exposed cards on the bottom of the pack, and give to the player a corresponding number from the top. It is not optional with the player to accept or decline the card or cards thus exposed—he has no choice in the matter and cannot receive the card.

LA PETITE AMI, Baltimore.—1. We cannot advise you when Elise Holt will visit your city. 2. The largest number of people admitted to any one entertainment in a theatre in this city was within a few of 5,000, on the opening night of Tammany. For the first Saturday night and matinee there were over 8,000 tickets sold. Joe Coburn had over 4,200 people at his benefit at the Stadt Theatre. 3. We have not heard that Mr. Fisk was going to build a theatre in your city.

OYSTERS St Louis, Mo.—"Four of us were playing 'seven-up;' my partner and myself were five to our opponents' six, and my partner's deal; he dealt and turned Jack, which made us six; our opponents begged and the cards were run and my partner turned Jack again. Our opponent showed the ace and claimed the game. Were we not entitled to it by the turning up of Jack after the cards were run?"......Yes; Jack turned up counts before anything else.

BUCKEYE BOY, Salem, O.—1. Mace is 5 ft 9 in. in height and he used to fight at 150 and 152 lbs., but he would now weigh, in condition, between 165 and 170 lbs., we think. 2. We do not believe there are any pictures of him in ring costume for sale in this country. By addressing a letter to him, in our care, you can obtain fine photographs, of various sizes, taken in citizen's clothes.

TYPO, Galena.—1. Joseph Jefferson did reside in your town for a little while in early life. 2. Hamill and Brown each used two oars. 3. In speaking of the fastest time on record, England as well as America is included. 4. The Menken was divorced from John C. Heenan. 5. He has travelled with various troupes, but we cannot say positively whether he traveled with Shay's party or not.

H. B.—"A bets B that Liverpool, in England, is not a city. Who wins?" .... In England a borough town corporate, which is or has been the seat of a bishop or the capital of a see, is the only one to which the term city is applied. Therefore, in the English acceptation of the term, Liverpool is not a city, and the party who bet that Liverpool in England is not a city, wins.

R. M.—Francis Attinall defeated Francis Bethel in a ten mile race at the Red House track, Harlem, March, 29, 1858. The time was announced as 55 minutes, and Attinall was about 151 yards ahead at the finish. He at present resides at Yorkville, we believe, and is on the police force, having lost his "running form" altogether, although his "biceps" are still well developed.

NED, Johnstown, Pa.—The democratic majority on the whole state ticket of the State of New York, (excepting judges and constitution) was as follows:—In Secretary of State 20,251; Comptroller, 23,735; Attorney General 31,611; Treasurer, 29,142; Engineer, 26,160; Canal Commissioner, 29,621; Prison Inspector, 28,467. Average 27,000.

A MERRY CUSS, Philadelphia.—Mr. Bonner owns Dexter, Pocohontas, Joe Elliott, Flatbush Maid, Lady Palmer, Lantern, Peerless, Edward Everett, and probably others that we know not of. We cannot give you the prices he paid for each of the above, but Dexter cost $33,000, and Edward Everett (late Major Winfield) $30,000.

STRANGER, Washington, D. C.—1. There is no such thing as going alone in whist, that play being confined to euchre. 2. The National and Merchants' hotels, in Cortlandt street, appear to be most patronized by the base ball clubs visiting New York. Both are equally good and comfortable hotels. 3. We do not reveal the names of our contributors to gratify personal curiosity.

J. M. L., Salem, Mass.—We understood you to say Cleghorn instead of Cleghorne. The latter was beaten by Weldon, Montgomery and Travers, beat Reilley and forfeited to Tweddle. The battle with Reiley was fatal to the latter and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Cleghorne.

N. T. Springfield, Ill.—1. Yeddo is considered the largest city in the world. 2. There is no way of telling the difference in population until after the census is taken, but Paris is credited with one and a half millions and New York about one. 3. George Wright was a Morrisania Union man in 1868.

INQUIRER, Montreal, C. E.—"Did Ned O'Baldwin ever beat Andrew Marsden in three rounds? If so please state at what time and place?" ...... No, but Marsden beat O'Baldwin in 3 rounds. 3½ minutes, Oct. 27, 1865. O'Baldwin beat Geo Iles in 3r. 59min., Feb. 19, 1866, and Marsden in 1hr. 10m., Sept. 25, 1866.

OPERA.—1. The manager—and not the individual members of the company—is responsible for debts contracted although hotel proprietors can hold each individual's baggage for board. 2. Pauline Cushman resides in this city, and a letter sent to our care will reach her.

I. F. J., New York.—1. Start undoubtedly stands at the head of first basemen. 2. Ferguson and Mills are so nearly equal as catchers that it is hard to decide. 3. The Atlantics did not lose a first nine game in three years. Their second nine was beaten by the Mutuals.

C. H. S., Rahway.—1. Robert wins the $20; for George was backing his own pre[illegible] or prior knowledge of Harry's condition against the former's. 2. A man wins who bets on a sure thing, unless fraud or misrepresentation has been used to induce the making of the bet.

NEBRASKA CITY.—If the lowest throw was to pay, then B is the victim. A and B having thrown two each, had no right to shake off before C and D had thrown, the two latter throwing against the two thrown by A and B.

COTTON, Baltimore.—1. The party who bet that the bale of cotton weighed 401½ lbs. won. In stating that as its weight, he took that as its minimum weight, and as it was over that figure, he won. 2. A compressed bale of cotton will sink in water sooner than one not pressed.

W. M., Philadelphia.—Low goes out before high, Jack; for, although the holder of the latter only wanted one point to go out, he must make the two points he gave for the privilege of pitching before his opponent makes one, and this he failed to do. 2. In auction pitch, in case of a tie, there is no game out.

S. B. J., Grand Rapids.—1. Gladiateur is recorded to have won the Two Thousand Guineas, 1 mile 17 yds. in 1:38, by the London sporting journals. 2. Herzog ran an even mile in 1:43¾; Fanny Ludlow a mile and an eighth in 1:56¼, which is at the rate of 1,411-9. 3. The fastest walking mile is 6 min. 43 sec.

C. O. R., New Haven.—1. Not his wife. 2. Alice Dunning and Dickie Lingard are sisters. 3. It is rumored that he was married about a month ago to the pretty blonde. 4. J. Hearn is a brother-in-law to Lucille Western.

D. B.—1. Pauline Hindley is married, and her husband plays in the orchestra at the circus. 2. Some of the ladies are married. 3. Billy Conrad was married about one year ago to a German girl. 4. Charles Conrad is at Mrs. Warner's Circus, in Philadelphia.

N. McG., Philadelphia.—"At cribbage, A plays a 4, B a 7, A a 6, B a 3 and A a 5, for which he (A) claims a sequence of five. Is he entitled to it?"....Yes. As stated in your second letter it is also a sequence. We don't answer by mail.

BONEVILLE, Bridgeport, Conn.—"P bets that Harry Howard Hose, in the old fire department, was No. 55. B bets that it was 36. Who wins?"......P wins. Harry Howard was 55 and Oceans 36.

PEELY BOWERS, N. Y.—If the cue ball first touches a red ball and then rests on the cushion or falls on the floor, it counts three against the player; if it just touches the white ball it counts two. The law is just the same as though the cue ball went in a pocket.

J. F. H., Ashland.—1. The party you refer to has not received such a letter from you, as far as he can tell by your initials only. 2. Such questions are mere "catches" and not worth bothering about.

M. C., Pittsfield, Mass.—1. Morrissey and Sullivan fought for $2,000. 2. Tom Cribb was Champion of England when Dan Donnelly and Oliver fought, and he was one of the latter's seconds. In 1823 he retired in favor of Tom Spring.

J. L. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—"A bets B $100 that the fight between Morrissey and Sullivan was fought at Chatham Four Corners. B bets it was at Boston Four Corners. Who wins the money?......They fought at Boston Four Corners.

J. G., East Bridgeport, Ct.—Westhall, in his first and only attempt to walk 21 miles in 3 hours, was successful, with 59 seconds to spare. He had previously failed to manage a shorter distance within the same time.

K. O. S. C., St. Johns, N. B.—The Paris crew are not the recognized champions of the world, as they rowed against amateurs only at Paris in 1867, and consequently did not encounter the best men in England.

NEWARKER.—1. Professor Hamilton was very successful with his system of breaking and training horses, but since his death we do not know who publicly teaches it. 2. We do not know where the late Professor's assistant, Mr. Ackerman, now is.

UNTERRIFIED, St. Louis, Mo.—The present New York Fire Department was organized in November, 1865, and the Brooklyn Department in September, 1869.

T. R. C. B., Dayton, O.—As the winning and losing is equal all round, neither one can be considered either the particular winner or loser.

BALDY, Parker's Landing, Pa.—1. There are no houses of ill fame licensed in the United States. 2. McDevitt's highest run is 1,483 in the crotch, and 1,458 without.

DICK, Boston.—1. About $15 a week if he is clever. 2. We cannot inform you when or where Dick was born. He is a much better performer than Harry. 3. There is no champion clog dancer.

BRIDESBURGH.—John Brougham played in New York on Thursday evening, Nov. 13, 1856, at the Old Bowery, and at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, the same evening.

C. C. T., Cincinnati.—Elise Holt was born in London, Eng. She first appeared at the Surrey Gardens, London, in a comic song, in 1863.

L. N. L., Suffolk, 1. The Forrest and Macready riot occurred in May, 1849. 2. The Hyer and Sullivan fight took place February 7, 1849.

SILAS, Alleghany City.—C and D, having euchered A, play another game for the turkey, or dispose of it as they may mutually agree.

FIRE FLY, Baltimore.—1. Olive Logan was born in New York state. 2. Mrs W. J. Florence and Mrs. Barney Williams are sisters. 3. Cannot state when Lotta will visit your city.

JACK, Buffalo.—You are right. Tricks do count first; consequently if B, being at "twenty-five," could take four tricks, he was entitled to the game.

F. G.—1. The Mutuals left town on the 19th. 2. It is hard to say what the Mutual nine will be. 3. They have given up the idea of a new club in Cincinnati. 4. Patterson has joined the Mutual Club.

J. A. G., Hoboken.—"F and G are playing a game of euchre; G plays it alone, F plays it alone against him and euchres him. How many is F entitled to?"......Two points.

T. H. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. John Morrissey, M. C., was not at the fight between King and Heenan. 2. He was born at Templemore, Ireland, Feb. 5, 1831.

BETTOR.—O'Baldwin and Mace were matched in England, but they did not fight, Mace having been arrested and bound over to keep the peace. The stakes were afterwards drawn.

A. J. S., Boston, Mass.—1. Sullivan did not fight the Tipton Slasher. 2. Will endeavor to secure that information in time for our next.

WALTER, Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. You had better apply to him in person. We do not consider his performance properly authenticated.

A. J. B., Fort Riley.—Mrs. Tannyhill was, at last advices, with the Anna Morris and J. Nagle Combination, traveling through the west. A letter sent to this office will reach her.

C. B. H., Boston.—1. We never heard of such a separation. 2. Edith Challis is at Niblo's Garden, this city. 3. The Lydia Thompson Troupe will not open in your city until late in the winter.

EUREKA, Washington.—1. The clubs named have no junior nines that we are aware of. 2. Brown beat William Sadler. His race with James Renforth fell through.

T. P. A., Huntsville, Ala.—1. Thanks for your suggestions; will see what the effect of the one we are now giving is. 2. Will look up that international canine affair you refer to.

J. M. F., East Orange.—If B is satisfied with his two throws, he is not obliged to throw a third time. The privilege of throwing thrice is optional, not compulsory.

A., Fort Russell.—1. B is entitled to one point for the Jack, which scores whenever turned, even if the suit has been passed. 2. Three points.

B. H., Monroe.—We should be pleased to receive show items each week.

ION, Baltimore.—She is the leading lady. [illegible] when not playing.

W. G.—We answered you last week, as you have doubtless learned ere this.

[illegible]

J. H. B. AND M. S., Buffalo.—The card by which you refer was an advertisement, and can be replied to in the same department only.

[illegible] in the CLIPPER from week to week.

A. D. H., Plainfield, [illegible].—We published a list of the times several times during the [illegible].

[illegible] doing that trick [illegible] address find elsewhere.

[illegible] an article a year after deposit, [illegible] within that time.

[illegible].—Your partner cannot assist and go alone [illegible] order up if he wishes to go alone.

[illegible]AYNE, Washington.—Rita Percy is at present in this city. She is unmarried.

W. H. B., Northville.—There is such a paper published, but we know nothing of its business.

J. J. R., Lincoln, Ill.—Apply to some of our dramatic agents. We do not make engagements for parties.

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—All right, but what have the labels of tooth-ache drops got to do with it?

J. F., Edinburgh.—You can get what you want, we presume, through Benjamin Pike's Son, No. 518 Broadway, New York.

NEWTOWN.—Your best plan would be to apply to the War Department for that information.

OLD MIKE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joe Coburn was born on the 20th of July, 1835.

H. D. Boston, Mass.—Sayers never fought the Staleybridge Infant. The latter was beaten by Mace.

ENQUIRER.—Mr. James H. Hackett appeared in this city and Philadelphia on alternate nights in October, 1833.

OPERATIST, Sandusky.—B is wrong; A can build on the 7 spot with his 3, having a 10 spot in his hand.

J. N., Manchester, N. H.—The Derby is not a three mile race, it is only a mile and a half.

DEXTER. Chicago.—Enquire of the Secretary of the Dexter Park, and he will give you the information.

C. L. D., Amherst, Mass.—Mr. Bonner gave $33,000 for Dexter to Mr. George Fawcett, of Chicago.

S. P. H., Boston.—Helen Western was 26 years of age when she died.

CONSTANT READER, Ithaca, N. Y.—McCoole has never been to California.

W. G. M.—Lola Montez died in New York Jan. 17, 1861.

OPERA.—Mad. Celeste is at present in England.

A. W. F.—Accepted.

J. B. T.—Respectfully declined.

J. C.—Will look it over.

J. R., Brooklyn.—We do not need anything of the kind.

PARLOR SHADES.—It is a misdeal, and A loses his deal.

JOSEPHUS, Boston.—Yes.

CHEROKEE, Fort Gibson.—We do not know.

SPORT, Cincinnati.—As the men did not fight the bet is a draw.

THEATRICAL, Cincinnati.—We will bear it in mind.

SHOO FLY, Cincinnati.—We know nothing about them.

V. O. GORDILLO.—The letters have been mailed.

LOUISIANA.—Cummings ranks as a first class pitcher.

HAROLD, Chicago.—$5 balance due.

S. N. M., Providence.—One of the songs is in this week's CLIPPER.

P. N.—Tom Hyer died in this city, June 26, 1864, aged 45.

LASALLE, Chicago.—Cuthbert ranks as a good average fielder.

DENNIS.—Lotta is 22 years of age.

SPIRIT.—We cannot say whether or not you get the "pure article."

SEGARS.—There must be a new deal, and No. 1 loses his deal.

O. K., Cincinnati.—He was.

H. S. D., Detroit.—They are published as advertisements.

SLATER.—Coulter received assistance from his guide boat.

FEMALE SMUGGULARS.

Many matters of a "high figure," illustrating wrong doing in the acts of those who officiate in the receipt of customs, are current now-a-days, as all the daily papers show. "Caution" is urged against our largest importers of the richest fabrics, who, it is intimated, have been "faulty;" and now come in the traveled fashionable ladies returning home from Paris. Look to *them!*—the lady smugglers, and their rich silk and lace swathings! A "Custom House Breeze" is blowing; and a *searching* wind is after them. One of them couldn't be persuaded to go ashore the other day "before her friends came for her towards dark." No, in spite of gang-way plank and ladder, there she stuck, and wouldn't, "no she wouldn't" go ashore at Hoboken:—

> "But, ma'am," the steward interfered,
> The wessel must be cleared;
> You must'nt stay aboard, ma'am—no one don't!
> It's quite agin the orders so to do.
> And all the passengers is gone but you."
> Says she, "I cannot go ashore, and won't!"
> "You ought to!"
> "But I can't!"
> "You must!"
> "I shan't!"

In looking after drawback frauds, false weighers and false invoices, let not the fashionable lady smugglers escape being under looked while being overlooked.

THE TROTTING CONGRESS.—The day for this important movement for the reform of the trotting turf has been fixed for Wednesday, February 2d. Mr. Charles Chamberlain, of the Club House, 1,160 Broadway, had tendered the use of his establishment to the Congress, but owing to the rooms not being sufficiently large to accommodate the expected large attendance, it was decided to accept Mr. Burrows' kindly proffered use of the large hall of the Everett House. It is anticipated that fully two hundred delegates will meet to devise means for the reform of the turf and the punishment of wrong doers. It is to be hoped that the different associations throughout the country, who purpose being represented at the Convention, will be careful in selecting as their delegates men of intelligence, culture, experience in trotting matters and sound judgment, so that, when assembled in council, they may without delay proceed to the dispassionate consideration of the momentous questions which will necessarily engage their attention.

OUR JIM, who seldom says anything at the dinner table, because, he insists, "actions speak louder than words," was "drawn" out the other day after having patiently listened to a discussion among his fellow boarders on the merits of "smoked herring." "Gentlemen," said James, who had finished his dinner, "in my opinion the best fish to smoke is the *sea gar!*"

HOW'S THIS?—An exchange, in speaking of conductors on our city railroads, says:—"They are paid about two dollars and a half a day for eighteen hours work, and enjoy holidays at their own expense." "Our Jim" thinks it strange now twenty shillings a day will afford handsome gold watches, fancy sleeve buttons, studs, etc.

HEAR HER.—Miss Susan B. Anthony at a late talk spoke thusly:—"I can have Susan B. Anthony on my tombstone, and not relict of some fool of a man." Spunky if it isn't spiteful. Rather guess, though, Susan is only trying to get some feller "just suited to her mind" up to the popping point.

GREETINGS TO CHRISTMAS.

According to the best chronological authorities, just twelve months have elapsed since we last sat down to chronicle the arrival of the Christmas deity on his annual round; but this time his sleigh must have been hitched to a Dexter, or a Flying Dutchman, for it appears as though twelve hours had hardly elapsed since we took our leave of him. And this time also he is more ruddy and jovial than ever. Events have transpired in the interim that have shaken thrones and empires, divided continents and altered the map of the world, yet there is not an added wrinkle in the lines of his countenance; a good example to the multitudes of faithful subjects who are hastening to prostrate themselves at his shrine. See the shop windows, how they glisten and glow with the treasures dispensed from his bountiful store. He must surely be in league with Pelz Nickel, or must have at control a gigantic fairy workshop, with an army of laborers. Behold the illuminated posters of the temples of amusement—how they coruscate and entice with the good things in store! In glancing at them one does not reflect that it is only those who act as the illustrators in the passing festivities to whom this will be no holiday at all. That, on the contrary, the work of the public's benefactors will, most likely, be doubled, and what is fun for the million will be death to them, in the sense that Sam Weller meant it. "Talk of your Christmasses!" said a popular performer, one day in our hearing; "what all are they like? *I* never see anything of our, nor your New Years, nor any other of your so-called festivals; and, what's more, I don't believe in 'em. Meant on purpose, no doubt, to pile up the agony on us poor fellows that must be always doing something that amuses others, but never can get in front ourselves to observe the effect!" It is a treat, about these times, just to witness the goings on of Mr. Sam Prettyman—the representative of a very large tribe—who overflows with a spirit of beneficence towards all created humanity, and who, for once if no oftener, unties his purse strings and distributes his munificence broadcast, including, as he ought to do, all classes, from the little gutter hoppers and alley grepers of the highways, up to the more favored friends and inmates of the avenues—owning thus that mankind are all kin. "Well, you *are* a goin' of it, Solomon Grump!" an acquaintance exclaimed who dropped in upon that worthy—a man never before known to squander a dime in his life—and found him surrounded by a room full of happy women and children, to whom he was giving an entertainment. "Sure, the heavens be raining larks." "Yes, *mud* larks," replied Solomon. "I had distributed a dozen fat turkeys to the Lodging House, and it did me so much good to see the eating, and what a frolic was had over them, that I kept it up when I got home, and have been treating all the neighborhood." And, doubtless, Solomon Grump has many an imitator. Saint Nicholas keeps house to-day for his friends, and the general enjoyment of holiday makers is hugely increased by the prominent share borne by the juveniles in the festivities. And if we must insist upon it that there is still manifest on the parts of fond mothers too great a tendency to over-dress (or rather *under*-dress) their offspring, toting them about at times with a paucity of clothing that would send half the most vigorous lads of the city to a land where fashion is unknown, we may admire the elegant appearance they yet present in their holiday toilettes. Children with drums and trumpets, to say nothing of fish horns, are barely tolerable at any other time, but now it would be as absurd to question their right to upset the peace and quiet of their respective vicinities with all the appliances invented by the toy makers, as to deny them their pin-wheels, crackers and double headers on the memorable day of Independence. Whistles in the mouths of [illegible] become soothing sounds in the ears of the [illegible]. Rattles, similarly agreeable. Velocipedes—it is a pleasure to be run over by them, although people who indulge in corns may indulge in a howl. Balloons, says Old Crusty, the bachelor, would be the more acceptable if they could be constructed of sufficient capacity to carry off the little [illegible] bodily. The clubs are now sufficiently demonstrating the purpose to which they were meant to be applied, and the very [illegible] [illegible], are laying out to have a good time —following up Mark Tapley's philosophy of "being jolly under the circumstances." How it warms the cockles of one's heart to sniff the pungent odors that issue from the bakery and the restaurant, and to see even the most commonplace arraying their premises in twining robes of Christmas greenery! Well was Christmas named the holiday of holidays, the season of all sorts of cheer; and welcome, always, whether he come on glancing runners, or with a sleigh and pair to the music of jingling bells, keeping time to the melody of innumerable bands.

HOT TODDY FOR THE MILLION.—Railroad and other stocks may decline in Great Britain; but a shrewd Scotchman has started an enterprise in Edinburgh, the shares in which will prove a safe investment. It is called "The Great National Union Joint Stock Whiskey-Toddy Company of Scotland," and has a reservoir on the Culton Hill, calculated to mix and project seven thousand gallons of hot Glenhirst toddy per minute, through pipes to be conveyed to every house in the city and suburbs, with a main pipe to Glasgow! Here is an opening for Gough, in his own "Old Country."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—Several gentlemen were in our sanctum the other day, talking about figures of speech, and among the rest the word "hyperbole" was mentioned. "Hyperbole! what's that?" asked old Josey Jessup, for the first time joining in the conversation. A "gentleman and a scholar" explained that it meant making a thing greater or less than it really is. "Oh, yes," said Josey, whose intellect at once grasped the mighty fact: "that is often done; these whiskey dealers do it every day; they buy one barrel of whiskey and sell four!"

THE EXCELSIOR MUSICAL UNION of this city contemplate a combination of the lyric and terpsichorean arts and graces on January 13th, 1870, at Masonic Hall, in East Thirteenth street, on the occasion of their first annual invitation ball. The society, time and place, are indicative of "merry moments," when music's charms and graceful evolutions on the "light fantastic" will be much enjoyed. An invitation to be there is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

"4-11-44."—They say that there's a nice little quarrel going on between the Honorable John Morrissey and the equally Honorable Ben. Wood; that one has had an injunction served on the other, and *vice versa;* all about the lottery and policy business. Some of our judges have been brought into the "little unpleasantness," and threats are made of "awful disclosures." By all means let the sports begin, and in the end we may be able to learn under which thimble the little joker lies.

THE JOLLY FELLOWS ASSOCIATION are to give their second annual ball at Brooks' Assembly Rooms in this city, on New Year's eve, and that a jolly night's sport will be the result of this annual gathering admits of no doubt. We acknowledge an invitation to be a jolly fellow on the occasion.

A GENTLEMAN of New Hampshire who has lately connected himself with a newspaper, commences his editorial career by writing an article fourteen columns long. He'll soon get over that, and then he'll think fourteen lines enough for once. The fiercest fires soonest burn themselves out.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent calls for the repeal of the tax on ladies' gold watches, and says:—"It is a small thing for our great eagle to swoop down on such small prey." If the tax should be repealed wouldn't there be lots of fellows carrying watches belonging to their wives, sisters, etc.? "You bet."

THE REMOVAL of the Stock Exchange from the present location to one further up town—perhaps in the neighborhood of City Hall Park—is being discussed. Landlords in the lower part of the city need to keep their wits about them if they wish to retain business there.

G. A. R.—Cameron Post, No. 79, are to give their first annual ball, at Irving Hall, on Dec. 23d. Thanks to the committee for posting us on the subject, and inviting us to be present.

A DWELLING HOUSE OF GLASS is being built in Buffalo for Fargo, the express man. "People who live in glass houses," etc. Wonder will he forego the juvenile pastime.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR., has been inspecting the cotton mills of Salem, Mass. Is it the mills or the "millercsses" he "cottons" to?

THE CARDIFF GIANT is multiplying with astounding rapidity; two of him are now in this city, and a third is in Philadelphia.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—As this is the time when appropriate presents are sought for, we hereby call attention to W. Carpenter's card in our advertising columns. He is a competent microscopist, and his knives, etc., that have in them two likenesses in one lens, are more than a mere curiosity—they are a wonder, as well as quite a novelty. Call and see.

SAUSAGES.—Paris has two rival sausage manufacturers whose shops are adjoining. One has painted on his sign a pile of sausages and the words:—"At ten cents a pound—to pay more is to be robbed." The other gets "square" by painting over a picture of sausages, "At twelve cents a pound—to pay less is to be poisoned."

IN PARIS "subjects" for dissection can be had for about six francs ($1.12). In London they bring about $15. A friend of ours was looking for a "subject" for dissection the other day and found it would cost him about thirty cents a pound. Query—How much will the "subjects" "dissected" on Christmas day cost?

Squibs and Things.

—A man was arrested a few days ago in Trenton for being drunk and disorderly. When brought before the Justice he exhibited the following memoranda as proof that he provided well for his family:—"Apples, 18 cents; gin, 25 cents; bor-bon, 25 cents; ale, 12 cents; bor-bon, 25 cents; bor-bon, 25 cents; pepper, 5 cents."

—A Mr. Street a few years ago emigrated from Salem, Mass., to Ohio, and founded the town of Salem; from thence he removed to Indiana, and established the town of Salem; after which he removed to Iowa, where he started another town called Salem. If he keeps on, the towns out there will be only Street's.

—The young men of Wapakoneta, Ohio, have formed themselves into a wood-sawing party for the benefit of widows. Wouldn't it be more to the advantage of the aforesaid "widders" if they were to organize themselves into a society of "Benedicks?"

—An evening paper says:—"Ear-rings representing hop-toads, snails, snakes, etc., are both unique and fashionable." Perhaps we shall next hear of fashionable people carrying polecats about with them as a fashionable perfume. Who knows?

—There are present at the Œcumenical Council two Bishops who are 95 years of age, two aged 90, and twenty octogenarians. The youngest are between 30 and 35 years. If in age there's wisdom, here ought to be a fine opportunity for its display.

—Beecher spoke a piece at the Hub on the 16th on "The Household," but made no reference to the McFarland-Richardson case, for which Henry Ward has lost cast with the modern Athenians, who expected to sup on a spicy dish.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hearington, aged one hundred and twenty-two years ten months and eight days, died in Pearce County, Ga., on the 20th of November. She was able to walk without help until a few days before her death.

—It has been asserted that "women pay their debts instinctively." Jess so. And just as "instinctively" do their dear little fingers abstract the stamps wherewith to pay "instinctively" from the wallet of husband or parent.

—Benjamin Baker, of Key West, Florida, has sold the produce from less than half an acre of pine apples for nearly $7,000. He has seven and a half acres planted, from which he expects to realize $60,000 next year.

—A lady of Cleveland, Ohio, is about starting a subscription—none but married ladies to contribute—to raise funds to defend McFarland. If the women set to work in earnest he'll come out "right side up."

—Strawberries and peas were ripening, blackberries in bloom, oak buds bursting into leaf, and fresh pork spoiling in Oregon, during the last week in November, because of the mildness of the weather.

—A party of cullud cusses played at cards at Fort Union, N. J., on the night of the 15th, when an angry discussion ensued, a fight followed, and the final result was fatal to one of 'em, by stabbing.

—Mrs. Schutt, 107 years of age, died at Mount Washington, Berkshire Co., Mass., on the 13th inst. Five score years and seven is a long life to look forward to, but oh! how short in retrospect.

—"Pretty waiter girls" are taxed in Virginia City, Nevada. In this city they are not taxed, but they "tax"—and heavily too—that portion of the human species whose outer garments are bifurcated.

—Six months ago the town of Calvert, Texas, existed chiefly on paper, containing at that time about 50 houses and 800 souls; now there are over 1,000 buildings and a population of over 6,000.

—The sisterhood of Salt Lake City were recently lectured by Brigham Young on economy in food. He recommended them to avoid a multiplicity of dishes and rely on "Johnny Cake."

—A good speculation was that of the government in purchasing the property in Nassau street, now occupied as the post office. It cost $250,000 and is now calculated to be worth $1,000,000.

—The window of Ditson's music store was broken open a few days ago, and several music boxes and instruments stolen therefrom. The thieves have "music in their souls," sure.

—Illicit stills are the object of search by United States officers. Illicit noises [illegible] successfully discovered, we apprehend, more particularly in the dead hours of night.

—The latest Pittsburgh sensation is the elopement of a pair of [illegible] who "never told their love." Perhaps they may live long enough to wish it had been "toll'd."

—At the great cattle show in London, on which British butchers make their annual raid for Xmas beef, [illegible] the rinderpest has broken out, we are sorry to hear.

—"A strike of stonemasons is threatened in Harlem," says the daily press. Well, what of it? Stonemasons are on the strike all the time, ain't they? That's their business.

—A teamster of anti-pacific tendencies came near beheading Mr. Bergh with a cart rung on the 14th instant. Cruelty to animals was evidently the question involved.

—The editor of an Atlanta, Ga., paper says:—"A Ku-Klux editor calls us a liar, but we have not sufficient confidence in his word to believe him." Whose turn next?

A pneumatic railway has been in process of boring for almost a year, under Broadway, commencing at Fulton street. Its dimensions are reported to be 10x8ft.

—A new school house is to be built in the nineteenth ward, of this city. There's room for a good many more in various parts of this "cosmopolitan" town.

—Seven sons, three sons-in-law and nine grandsons of James Moon, of Westboro', Ohio, went through the war scatheless. So it is said. Wonder if its true.

—A gentleman in Providence, R. I., presented a lady with a bird cage, in return for which she breach of promised him and recovered a verdict of $10,000.

—A quarrel over a game at cards resulted in a Mr. Taylor, clerk of the Bancroft House, Marysville, Ky., on the 14th inst., being shot dead by a stranger.

—Geo. Brown, an artist, is said to be painting "Rome by Moonlight." "Our Jim" thinks George must lose a great deal of time when the moon isn't out.

—A Chicago mercantile house advertises for a woman to travel as commercial "drummer." It looks as if that firm were advocates of woman's rights.

—Edward Healy, 70 years old, for murdering his wife in South Boston in November, was sentenced to *imprisonment for life* on the 8th instant.

—Too much cheek. One Quinn was mulcted to the tune of $4,500 on the 15th inst., for biting a piece out of O'Connor's cheek in a Harlem saloon.

—There is but one pure blooded survivor of the once powerful tribe of Narragansett Indians left in Rhode Island—a female aged eighty-seven.

—A lady advertising for a situation as governess, among other qualifications says she is perfect mistress of *her own tongue*. Most women are.

—Paris proposes to establish a life insurance company on "the American plan!" That's only fair—for we've lots of hotels on "the European plan."

—300 suits are being prepared for the Erie R. R. Co. Law, won't they be well clad for the winter. Hope they won't be con-fisk-hated.

—Five thousand quail have been contracted for by the Long Island Sportsmen's Club, for stocking the counties of Queens and Suffolk.

—The Bangor, Me., papers are discussing whether one of their Sunday schools is a success. It takes two policemen to preserve order.

—The Young Men's Christian Association had an accession of three hundred and fifty-seven members on one evening of last week.

—Rachel Sansberry, a colored woman, aged one hundred years, died in the almshouse at Trenton, N. J., on the 12th of December.

—An advertisement of a Woman's Rights meeting in a western city says:—"*Ladies, without regard to sex,* are invited to attend."

—Deer and wild turkeys are said to be unusually numerous in Pennsylvania this season. The people are living in clover.

—Chief Engineer Kingsland has resigned from the Fire Department. "Perhaps" there won't be a scramble for the succession.

—A triumphal arch of beer barrels was part of the reception programme of the King of Prussia, after a late hunting excursion.

—The Canadian Court of Appeals has decided against a man who sued to recover $400 deposited as a stake in a bet on election.

—A lynx, measuring 5 feet 2 inches between the fore and hind feet, was shot at Henrietta, Wis., by Auson Brown, recently.

—It is said that Grote, the historian, has been offered a peerage—he declined it on the ground of its not being worth a groat.

—A farmer in Indiana keeps a pair of black snakes in his barn, and is never troubled with vermin. Who said that he *was?*

—A youth named W. Prill was drowned on the 17th inst., while skating on the canal in South Market street, Jersey City.

—A French physician recommends castor oil as "preventive of suicide." That remedy is but little better than the "disease."

—A proposition to raise $5,000,000 is being agitated by the Presbyterian church leaders." What are they going to do with it?

—Gold down to 120½ on the 18th. Uncle Sam's credit is fast improving, and his paper will soon be as good as his chink.

—Venison steaks will be plentiful this winter, as there are many deer in Minnesota and the western region generally.

—Cut off her little toes to be able to wear smaller shoes, is a charge made against a Chicago belle. A lie-belle, we guess.

—"The fish trade of New Orleans is monopolized by two companies." Suppose they are the catchers and eaters.

—A lady of Montreal, Canada, has lately come of age, matrenically speaking, the "baby" being the twenty-first.

—Bulgines, as Young America calls 'em, have been successfully used as locomotives for omnibuses in Paris.

—100 wolves have been killed in Stearns Co., Minn., this year, for which the state has paid $1,013 as bounty.

—The managers of the Five Points Mission wish to give the children a Christmas dinner, and solicit contributions.

—700 is the whole number of women in Wyoming Territory. That's the spot for wilful bachelors to migrate to.

—A teacher in one of the public schools of this city was put in prison on the 17th for brutally whipping a scholar.

—The N. Y. Mercantile Library has 115,000 volumes, valued at $70,000. It's real estate is valued at $300,000.

—In Indiana Lizzie Boynton is a candidate for congressional honors. Good boy, Lizzie. Go in and win.

—The production of the Pennsylvania coal mines for this year is estimated at about fourteen million tons.

—The property of the Manhattan Club of this city is valued at over $123,000 more than its indebtedness.

—A Zoological Garden is to be opened at Konigsberg, Prussia, with a joint stock company of 30,000 thalers.

—New gold coins called "internationals", of the value of $1 each, are about being struck at the Paris mint.

—On the 12th of Dec. there were sixteen thousand letters for Germany mailed at the Chicago post office.

—Andrew McMackin, formerly a newspaper publisher in Philadelphia, died in New York on the 12th inst.

—Deacon Bachelor has for forty years led the singing in the Congregational Church at Northbridge, Mass.

—Another telegraph cable uniting England and France was landed at Selcombe, Devon, on the 18th of Dec.

—Lorillard's yacht Meteor has arrived at Tunis.

—During the week ending Dec. 18th there were 424 deaths, 262 births and 232 marriages in this city.

—A splendid bald eagle, seven feet from tip to tip of wing, was recently shot at Rochester, Min. Ter.

—"Sut Lovengood"—George W. Harris—died near Knoxville, Tenn., on the 13th of December.

—"The French Prince Imperial has successfully smoked his first segar." This is important, if true.

—Within ten days three district attorneys have been found dead in their beds in New England.

—Yale College purposes training two crews, from which the University six will be selected.

—70,000 frogs per week are exported from Venice to France for culinary purposes by one dealer.

—At Berlin, Wis., is a sign which reads:—"Thease Ceder posts wear put hear fur sail."

—Frogs are shipped from California to China as medicine. We like 'em as "wittles."

—Rocking chairs from America are among the latest "social improvements" in Italy.

—The house and observatory of Sir Isaac Newton, in London, are offered for sale.

—It is proposed to preserve beefsteaks by vulcanizing them. Good—for dentists.

—Buffalo has a female bigamist seventeen years old. "Bring up a child," &c.

—$7,000 a year is paid for the music in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

—A married woman of Ottawa, Ill., has sued her own father for slander.

—The handsomest billiard saloon in the U. S. is claimed by Omaha.

—England has nearly 30,000 soldiers in Ireland.

THE RING.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Tom Allen Will Fight Mace for Five Thousand Dollars.

LETTER FROM ALLEN.

By the noon mail of the 20th inst. we received the communication which appears below, written on behalf of Tom Allen, intimating his willingness to encounter Jim Mace. It will be observed that he therein proposes to do battle for $2,500 a side, and from this we are led to infer that he had not, at the period of writing, received our issue of last week, in which it was stated that Mace would not re-enter the ring for a less sum than $5,000 a side. There are many persons in the west so favorably impressed with Allen's abilities as a fighter since he first put up his hands in this country that there is little if any doubt that they will willingly find double the sum mentioned in the communication for him. We expect to be better advised in the matter in time for our next issue, and now call attention to Allen's card:—

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16th, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I see by your last issue that Jim Mace has accepted Tom Allen's challenge. Tom Allen has been very sick for the last week—so bad as to be confined to his house—and could not attend to the challenge, as he would have done by the return of mail. Allen is ready to meet Jim Mace, to draw up articles, put up a forfeit of five hundred dollars, and meet him half way between here and New York, which would be about Pittsburgh. The fight to take place fifty miles from Cincinnati, or fifty miles from Detroit, which will fetch us in Canada. Allen, as you know, has been in training five different times during the last year, and that is enough for any one; consequently he needs some rest. Should this meet with Jim Mace's approval, Tom Allen will fight him for twenty-five hundred dollars a side, six months from the date of signing articles, and as the citizens of St. Louis are getting up a Champion belt to be presented to Tom Allen, the latter will put up the said Champion belt against Jim Mace's Champion belt of England. Now if Mace means business, let him put up or shut up, for Allen does not intend to take notice of anything but business.

Yours respectfully, BILLY CARROLL for TOM ALLEN, Champion of America.

BILLY EDWARDS AND PATSY SHEPPARD.

NO MATCH MADE YET.

Fight Talk between Collyer and Edwards.

TIM COLLINS CHALLENGES ANYBODY.

EDWARDS' CHALLENGE THROWN OPEN TO ALL.

The call issued by Billy Edwards resulted in a meeting being held on Saturday, 18th inst., at this office, for the purpose of arranging a match between him and Patsy Sheppard, at which both parties were present, but nothing was done, owing, it was stated, to those who had promised to back Sheppard failing to make good their word, a further meeting being arranged for Monday, 20th. Patsy, who was accompanied by Barney Aaron, left with the intention of proceeding to New Haven and obtaining the required amount from some of his friends there, but during the evening he met Tommy Costello, an up-town sport, who, upon hearing how matters stood, volunteered to find a century for Sheppard, promising to be present with the sugar at the second meeting. Monday brought together an old fashioned crowd, Edwards having for adviser the far sighted Dooney Harris, and Sheppard being accompanied, as before, by Barney Aaron. Costello, however, didn't make his appearance, though they waited a full hour past the time appointed, and so no satisfactory arrangement was effected. Patsy seemed much chagrined at this state of affairs, saying that rather than have the affair end thus he would fight for a few hundred dollars if anybody would put it up, but as he could'nt do it himself, nothing could be done, and so the matter ended, greatly to the regret of all present, especially Edwards. The latter, who placed an additional $150 in the hands of the temporary stakeholder on the 18th inst., making $250 in all, thinks it very strange, after Sheppard talking so much and repeatedly challenging him, that now, when the time for putting up arrives, he cannot find anybody to put up a dollar on him, and advises him to know where the money is coming from before he indulges in so much bounce. Sam Collyer's brother came on from Baltimore on the morning of the 20th, and after the negotiations ended between Edwards and Patsy made a proposition, on behalf of Sam, to fight at 128 pounds for the light-weight championship, but Billy said he would not mill at that weight, but would meet Collyer at the same weight they fought before, 124 lbs., weigh the morning of the fight, which was in accordance with the terms of his challenge. Sam's brother then said he would make the match to fight at 124 lbs., and weigh the day before fighting, but he was not authorized to do more than that. Thus the matter ended, and whether anything will come of one or other of the proposed matches time alone can tell. In the meantime Edwards leaves his original challenge to fight at 124 lbs., weigh on the morning of fighting, open to any man in the country. Below will be found a communication from Sam Collyer, who is certainly very anxious for a match with his old opponent:—

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 16th, 1869.

FRIEND QUEEN.—I see that Edwards is out in a challenge to Patsy Sheppard, which I think looks very bad on his part, as every one knows that I have been after him, and anxious all the time to make a match for fun or for as much as he could raise; and as he did so faithfully promise to give me the first chance if he ever fought, I think that if he don't keep his prom se and fight me first, nothing but fear is the cause. But I think that, taking into consideration that I am the Champion of Light Weights, that will induce him to come right out flat-footed to compete for it in a good, square, stand up battle. Respectfully yours, SAM COLLYER, Champion of Light Weights.

We neglected to mention above that Aaron, during the meeting, offered to fight Edwards at 120 lbs., for $2 500 a-side, upon the latter saying that he could get to that weight, to which Billy replied that he would see certain parties, and if they thought well of it he would do so. Tim Collins has also been stirred up by Edwards' blast of defiance, and by the following it will be seen that he accepts Billy's challenge, so there is a chance for a match in some quarter. Read Tim's letter:—

MARBLEHEAD, Dec. 16th, 1869.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Having seen a communication in your issue of the 18th from Billy Edwards, to fight Patsy Sheppard for $1,000, at 124lbs. or catch weight, and if he does not accept the match to fight Sam Collyer or any other man in the country at 124lbs., weight on the morning of the fight, I now propose to fight Billy Edwards, at his own terms, two months from signing articles, and weigh on the morning of the fight for $1,000; and to show that I mean business I have sent a Post Office order for $100 as forfeit, the fight to take place in Canada. By his covering my forfeit and sending the articles to me, in care of Mr. John Marrs, Marblehead, Mass., I will sign them. If not accepted by Edwards, I will fight any man in America at 124lbs., to weigh on the morning of fighting, for $1,000 a side. Yours respectfully, TIM COLLINS.

MCLEAN AND EDDIS' MATCH.—This affair continues to wear a favorable aspect, and the principals are reported to be getting themselves in fix with a will. It is said to be for $500 a side, at 138 pounds, and is announced for decision on March 8th. The sum of $150 is said to have been posted when the protocol was signed, and the second instalment of $100 a side was fixed for the 20th inst., the third, $100 a side, is called for at the house of McLean and McCormack 1,310 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, on January 20th, and the final deposit, $150 a side, must be put up at Jacob Stanley's (final stakeholder), 17th street and Ridge avenue, February 20th, when the place of fighting is to be settled upon. The articles are witnessed by James Hutchinson and Wm. J. Aikens.

SHORT FIGHT.—A correspondent says that Jim Allen and Tom Condon, a couple of novices, residing in the upper part of the Empire State, recently had a "falling out," which they agreed to settle by an appeal to muscle, a small purse being also at issue to repay the lucky man for the punishment he met with. They fought in a pic-nic grove on Battle Island, about 50 miles from Rome, in presence of some four hundred persons, and after welting one another for the space of 37 minutes, in which time 8 rounds were contested, Condon couldn't respond to the call, and up went the sponge as a token of his defeat. He had a couple of teeth extracted without payin', his lip slit and both lamps in deep mourning, while he was knocked clean off his pedals three times. Allen was likewise severely "bruised," as Hughey Dougherty would express it, and fully earned the money at stake.

THE LATE ASSAULT BY MIKE MCCOOLE.—The hearing in the case of McCoole and Kelly, arrested for committing an assault upon one of our St. Louis correspondents recently, has been postponed until the recovery of the injured man, who has been under the care of Drs. Park and Frank, City Hospital, since the assault. It was feared that his eyesight would be impaired by the injuries received, but this danger is past, we are glad to learn, and the gashes inflicted with a soda water bottle are gradually healing. The press and public severely condemn the assailants, and by the advice of his friends our correspondent intends to prosecute McCoole.

THE WOODBINE.—This is the title given by Jim Colbert to his new establishment, located at No. 223 Arch street, Philadelphia, which he intends formally opening on Wednesday evening, 22d inst., upon which occasion a first class "set out" will be provided for those who may give him a call. Jim is widely known, and his new house will doubtless form one of the chief resorts of the sporting fraternity in the City of Quakers.

AN OFF-HAND SCRIMMAGE is said to have taken place on the outskirts of New Haven on the night of the 11th inst., between Tom Blake and Frank McGuire, arising from an altercation. In the ninth round McGuire received a shot which knocked him out of time.

ABOUT AGAIN.—We are pleased to state that Old Bill Tovee is once more able to be about, after several weeks' illness, the severity of which is attested by the wan appearance of the old gentleman's face. He is improving, however, and we hope it may be a long time ere he is obliged to take to his bed again.

MIKE TRAINOR proposes taking a benefit in this city about New Year's. Barney Aaron has promised to wind-up with him.

MIKE TRAINOR is on his feet again, looking somewhat thinner after his sickness, but beginning to feel like himself.

BILLY DWYER is convalescent, and once more "promenades the Rialto" in the city of the Golden Gate.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Ed. Touhey and J. W. Touhey.

THE NEW TOWN HALL in Newark, N. J., was formally dedicated on the afternoon of the 16th inst. As might have been expected, despite the rain, there was a grand turn-out of German athletes with their armorial and harmonious bearings, and Teutonic mirth and jollity ruled the hour. The Newark Turner Society, established in 1851, has now a very convenient and well appointed castle.

BASE BALL.

ÆTNA vs. QUICKSTEP.

On the 9th inst., the Ætna Club, of Santa Clara College, and the Quickstep, of San Jose, Cal., played a match, the score of which we give:—

ÆTNA.	H.L.	R.	QUICKSTEP.	H.L.	R.
Sullivan	6	3	Belden	3	5
Campbell	4	4	Hobson	0	6
Raleigh	3	6	Rogers	6	2
Wright	4	4	Baile	2	5
Wilson	0	6	Adams	4	4
Kelly	4	3	Carothers	1	6
Drew	1	4	Schroeder	2	3
Bernard	1	4	Fisher	3	4
Hayes	5	3	Said	5	1
Total		37	Total		36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Ætna	5	12	2	1	6	0	4	2	5	—37
Quickstep	4	1	1	10	1	7	1	4	7	—36

Fly catches—Ætna, 12; Quickstep, 3. Umpire—F. Hubbard. Scorers—J. Rodriguez and W. James.

OFF TO NEW ORLEANS.

The Mutual Base Ball Club, of this city, started on their trip to New Orleans on the evening of the 19th, by the Erie Railway. They will breakfast at Cincinnati on this (Tuesday) morning, and will dine at Louisville on the same afternoon. The Crescent City will be reached at 11 A. M., or thereabout, on the 23d. The balance of the week will be spent in recuperating from the fatigues of their long journey by rail. The first game will take place on Sunday, the 26th inst., the champion Southern club being their opponents. On the following two days they will meet the Pelican and Star clubs. The last game will be played on the 29th, on which occasion they will meet a Picked Nine. A ball and supper will be tendered to them on the evening of the 27th, at the St. Charles Hotel. The players consisted of last season's nine, with Nelson and Patterson in place of Carleton and Gedney, with Billy McMahon as substitute. The entire party numbered about twenty, and included the President and Secretary of the club, Messrs. Wildey and Davidson, Archie Fullerton, Coroner Keenan and his brother Terry. The visit of the Mutuals ought to have an invigorating effect on the game in the south. The games will take place on the Metairie Race Course. The railroads converging in New Orleans are to run excursion trains at low fares, and it is expected that many strangers will visit the city to witness the playing of the New Yorkers. The entire expenses of the trip will be in the neighborhood of $2,000.

Regarding the excursion, the New Orleans *Republican* says:—"The Mutual Club, of New York, are expected to arrive in this city during the holidays. Our famous Southern boys will offer first at the strangers, the game to come off on the 26th. After this game they will engage other clubs of this city. It is also the intention of the visitors to make a short trip to Mobile to encounter the Dramatics of that city. On their return they will play a match game with a picked nine of this city, probably on the Sunday after New Year's Day. A grand ball, in honor of the occasion, is spoken of, and will probably be given on the 27th or 28th.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ITEMS.—At a regular meeting of the Independence Club, held December 7th, the following officers were elected:—President, T. J. Boyle; Vice President, C. P. McCarthy; Secretary, C. M. Oakley; Treasurer, Fred Callundan; Captain First Nine, F. Wagner; Sergeant-at-Arms, Timothy Field......The Brooklyn Club have elected the following officers:—W. McCaul, President; J. Drake, Vice President; C. Spratz, Captain First Nine; J. Shepherd, Captain Second Nine; J. B. Bloor, Treasurer; H. Sarrall and L. Sarrall, Directors; A. Richter, Secretary.....The Pioneer Club is now officered as below:—President, F. Hussy; Vice President, J. Orr; Secretary, J. Arnold; Treasurer, J. Quillen; Directors, J. Glimartin, E. Younger and F. Higgins; Captain First Nine, T. Quillen; Captain Second Nine, G. Orr......A game took place on November 28th between the Young Eagle and the Crescent Clubs, which resulted in a victory for the Young Eagles by thirty-six runs......The Young Amador Club has elected the following officers:—President, R. Sampson; Vice President, L. Arnold; Secretary, Hiram Lovely; Treasurer, George Tossey; Captain First Nine, B. Faulkner; Directors, W. Adams and J. Gilmartin.

KEARSARGE VS. CLIPPER.—Among the games included in the averages of the Clipper club of Lowell, Mass., which appeared in our issue of Nov. 20, was one between the Kearsarge club, of Stoneham, Mass., and the former club. A note, signed by the President and Secretary of the Kearsarge club, informs us that they did not engage in a match game during the past season, according to a previous resolve. That the Kearsarge defeated the Clippers twice in 1868, and that during the past season the Clippers visited Stoneham to play the Union club. The Unions could not play, and a second game took place, which the Clippers won. This latter game is the one which appears in the averages of the Clippers as having been played with the Kearsarges. We are pleased to set the Kearsarge right on the record.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES.—President Bush has appointed the following committees:—

Rules and Regulations—Henry Chadwick, E. H. Hayhurst, M. M. Rogers, T. W. Cantwell, J. H. Westervelt.

Judiciary—John I. Rogers, John Wildey, R. W. Drinkard, L. P. Fuller, W. Glenn, J. C. McDougal, Wm. Moffatt, H. B. King, J. C. Bartholf.

Nominations—W. A. Conant, C. R. Byram, J. E. Ketterer.

Printing—C. E. Coon, J. B. Wells, A. T. Goshon.

"DOUBLED UP."—Mr. C. W. Brigham, first baseman of the Fairmount Club, of Marlboro, Mass., was doubled up the other day, being united for life to Miss Nellie M. Winch.

SOCIAL HOP.—The Old Erin Club, of Pittsfield, Mass., will give their fifth social hop on the evening of the 22d, We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation.

THE AROMATICS (col'd), defeated the Young Eagles, at San Francisco, Cal., on the 5th inst. Score, 58 to 24.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WILD AND STAPLETON'S RACE.

On Thursday, 16th inst., during the heavy storm, Patrick Fitzgerald, *alias* "Johnny Wild," of this city, and Patrick Fitzpatrick, *alias* "Stapleton," now residing in Philadelphia, attempted to decide their one mile foot race, for $500 a side, at the Fashion Course, L. I., and some seventy persons faced the storm, and made their way through the rain, mud and fog to see the sport, the match being play or pay. The track was in a very bad condition, being several inches deep with mud, rendering the marking down of the anticipated fast time out of the question. The majority of those in attendance were, of course, friends of the New Yorker; in fact there were very few others besides Thos. Elliott, Bill Smith (formerly of Paterson) and John Barlow, of Philadelphia, with Stapleton, the former being his backer. This was, we believe, the first race in which Wild has engaged with a professional, while Stapleton has run against some of the best men beyond the seas, from whence he came but a few months ago, and has, ever since his arrival, sojourned in the Quaker City. In appearance he looks as though he could get over the ground very fast, while no one would adjudge Wild to be one of the fleet-footed brigade to look at him, being a large, heavily-built man. The betting before the start was at odds on Stapleton, whose backers had so much confidence in him that they were ready to give the odds asked, though the weather acted somewhat as a damper upon the crowd. The men were to have been on their marks between 2 and 3 o'clock, but it was long after three before they were sent off to the crack of a pistol. The Philadelphia representative was quickest in getting away, bounding off with a slashing stride some feet in advance, which he rapidly increased, but before the quarter pole had been reached Wild increased the pace and bowled past him. It seemed that Stapleton was running well within himself, however, for he shortly afterwards closed the gap and dashed ahead of Wild, and from here to the half mile pole a fine race ensued, it being difficult to tell from the stand which was ahead at this point, both claiming to have held the advantage. The backers of both men could see that they were not doing their best, and feeling assured that they would show a much faster gait on the homestretch did not in the least weaken. As the men raced up the third quarter the crowd became greatly excited, and a few of that ruffianly class, who so often disgrace sporting events of every character with their presence, made attempts to impede the progress of Stapleton, one of them striking him in the mouth when near the pole. He eluded their attempts, however, gamely continuing the contest, though obliged to do considerable dodging, until about one-third or so up the homestretch, when he was obliged to stop on account of the pressure of the crowd, while Wild continued on, running the race through.

Both parties claimed the stakes, but the referee, Alex. Patterson, a gentleman well known on the trotting turf and a man of integrity, refused to give his decision then, agreeing to meet the men, their judges—Steve Geogheghan for Wild and ——— for Stapleton—and backers at the CLIPPER office on the following morning, when be would render it. Accordingly they met at eleven o'clock on the 17th instant, when, after hearing the statements of the judges and listening to the contradictory evidence of the opposing parties, he ordered the men to run again at the same place on Wednesday, 22d instant. To this Stapleton said emphatically that he would not run upon Long Island upon any consideration, and instead of insisting that the referee's fiat be obeyed, as they could have done, the backers of Wild consented to make a draw of it, and the money was accordingly returned by the stakeholder, thus finally ending the matter. It is very unfortunate that the race should have terminated so unsatisfactorily, but we are confident that the backers of Wild were in no way to blame for the treatment received by Stapleton. There are always a few unscrupulous characters to be found at all such events, who for the sake of saving the few paltry dollars they may have invested, or out of a mistaken spirit of friendship, will stop at nothing to ensure the defeat of the opponent of their favorite. Such persons always do injury to those whom they seemingly intend to render good service to, and none, we feel assured, regret more deeply than Wild's real friends the conduct which inflicted injury upon his antagonist and at the same time swept away all their own chances of victory. During the conversation which followed the drawing of the money the utmost harmony prevailed, though it developed an offer by Mr. Barlow to back Stapleton against Wild or anybody else, for any sum up to $5,000, providing the race took place at Trenton. This was declined, but one of the latter's friends offered to back him for $1,000 against Stapleton, and run at Paterson, N. J., afterwards offering to toss for choice between the two places, but as Mr. B. held out for Trenton nothing resulted from it. Mr. B. then stated that he would be prepared to back him for the sum mentioned above at any time, or he would give any one a race at fifty yards. Here is a chance for somebody. Who will take it up. Mr. Barlow can be heard of in relation thereto either by addressing a letter to this office, or in care of Bill Smith, Smith's Hotel, Amber street, near the Kensington depot, Philadelphia.

J. PARKER, of Yorkshire, and A. Swalls, of Lancashire, hopped on one leg 100 yards, for £50, at the Victoria Grounds, Leeds, Eng., on the 20th ult. They were on even terms after covering half the distance, but Parker won; time, 14 secs.

HARRY CRANDALL writes to us from Niles, Mich., saying that if either Adsetts or Forbes want to run him, they can get on by going out there—to run from 130 to 200 yards, for from $250 to $1,000 a side.

GEO. FORBES AND WM. ADSETTS were to decide their 150 yards race for $1,000 at Providence, R. I., on the 20th inst., providing the latter previously "settled" with his former backers in New Jersey.

A 120 YARDS race took place at Manchester, Eng., on the 20th ult., between J. Storey, of Pendleton, and G. Woolton, of Stratford, for £50. Storey won by 4½ feet in 12¾ secs.

T. PARRY BEAT C. SIMMONITE in a four mile walking match, for £50, at Hyde Park, Sheffield, Eng., on Nov. 29th; time, 34 min. 2 sec.

THE RINK of the Montreal Club, at Montreal, C. E., was formally opened on the evening of the 15th, by H. R. H. Prince Arthur. The members of the club played until a late hour, the scion of royalty also taking a hand in.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

THE NEW TROTTING TRACK FOR NEW YORK.—During the past week we paid a visit to Fleetwood Park, the new trotting track now in course of construction in Westchester county. A more convenient locality for a course, as far as facilities of frequent and easy access to New York is concerned, could not possibly have been located. By road the route is a delightful drive through Central Park and over McComb's Dam bridge, from which it is distant only half a mile. The Harlem railroad trains stop at Melrose and Morrisania depots, between which villages the track is situated. The horse cars from Harlem run through both these places, and are especially convenient to our up-town residents who love to witness an exciting trotting contest; while the steamboats land their passengers at the Cromwell's Creek dock, not a great distance from the track. It will consequently be seen how easy of access Fleetwood Park will be to the sport-loving masses of the Empire City, so far surpassing in this respect the Long Island trotting tracks. The grounds are sixty-five acres in extent, and are held on a lease of fifteen years from Mr. Morris, the owner of the estate. The soil is a dry, red loam, well adapted for a fast track. A large and elegant hotel, three stories in height, will be erected on elevated ground, commanding beautiful and extensive views of charming scenery. Upwards of one hundred men are daily at work grading the track, and there is no doubt but that it will be ready for public trotting this summer. The estimated cost of Fleetwood Park Course, when completed, is $100,000, and the enterprise is in the hands of fifteen gentlemen, who are determined to make it second to none in the country.

THE PRICES OF FAST TROTTING STOCK.—Since Mr. Robert Bonner gave the unprecedented price of $33,000 for the "King of the Trotting Turf," Dexter, every breeder of fast trotting stock, who has had his mare served by Old Hambletonian, is morally certain that the produce, if a colt, will prove in time a second Dexter, and puts a price on him in accordance with his ideas of his anticipated excellence. Especially is this the case with the breeders of Orange County, who seem pervaded with the conviction that a really fast trotter cannot be raised out of that favored district. A breeder, residing near Goshen, in the above-named county, has got a promising young stallion, and under the impression that all the world is eager to get possession, by purchase, of this horse, which has never done anything in public to show his extraordinary merit, he has published a letter through the press, in which he informs the world at large that $30,000 is the lowest price he will take for the horse, and not a cent less. Until Tom Moore, as he calls him, shows something in public more reliable than rumored fast time in private, we think he will long remain on his owner's hands.

TURF ON DITS.—The age of the Hambletonian stallion George Wilkes, recently the subject of so much dispute, has been finally settled by Mr. Rysdick, the owner of Hambletonian, who pronounces him fourteen years old. ......Mr. Black, of Lancaster, Pa., recently gave Mr. Ball, of Chester, Orange County, $3,500 for a yearling bay colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Long Island Black Hawk...... The Prospect Park Colt Stakes for 1870, 1871 and 1872, close on January 1st.......The construction of the Long Branch Race Course is proceeding.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Leamington and Warwick Hunt Meeting and Croydon Steeple Chase.

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S LIBEL CASES—THE WINNING JOCKEYS OF THE YEAR—DEATH OF IGNORAMUS—ILLNESS OF ADMIRAL ROUS—THE KELLY AND SADLER LAW SUIT—THE BETTING ON THE DERBY AND TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

With the Leamington and Warwick Hunt Meetings the Steeple Chase Season is inaugurated, to be continued with little interruption until it culminates with the Grand National at Liverpool in the spring. The sport at this meeting was of unusual excellence, the fields of starting horses being large and the contests close. The opening race, for the Welter Stakes, was won by Sir J. Leyard's old horse Indigestion, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1868. He had not run before this year, being somewhat shaky on his legs, but having been tried very satisfactorily with the Newmarket horses in the same stable, he was backed pretty heavily, and the soft ground suiting him, he won cleverly. Mr. George Payne was in luck with two of Lord Glasgow's legacies, for Newsman won the Nursery Handicap, with 5 to 1 against him, and Hobart the Marden Plate; both beating large fields. Sir C. Leyard won the Great Autumn Welter Cup with Border Knight, carrying 154 lbs., a pretty good weight for a three year old, and the performance stamps him as a wonderfully good colt, for he gave away lots of weight to every one of his ten competitors. Mr. Brayley's Chevy Chase won the Warwick Steeple Chase from nine runners, and Miss Dayrell, a 3 year old, with 115 lbs, won the Guy Cup, giving the second horse, Little Go, 35 lbs.; 3 years and 13 lbs to the third horse, Rodomonte, and 17 lbs to the Amaranth colt, who won the Great Eastern Handicap in the commonest of canters. A three-year old filly, Hymen by Voltigeur, belonging to Mr. Johnstone, the owner of Pretender, won the Great Midland Counties Handicap from a field of fourteen opponents; her stable companion, Argyle, owned by the same gentleman, being second. The winner started at 7 to 1, and in the field were Romping Girl, Martyrdom (second for the St. Leger), Cecil (winner of the Ceasariwitch), and other good horses. Braemar, a two-year old, by Blair Athol, with 94 lbs. up, beat a field of seventeen for a handicap; and Scipio, a son of Leamington, now in this country, won the Leamington Grand Annual Steeple Chase.

At the Croydon Steeple Chase Meeting Lord Paulett won the Grand National Hurdle Race with his French bred colt Crystal (whom he purchased of the Duke of Hamilton for $3,500) beating Brick, who was the favorite in the betting, and ran second, and seven others. Mr. Brayley's old horse Moose won the Stewards' Steeple Chase Plate in a field of nineteen runners, and having backed him strongly, won a large stake. The great event of the meeting, the Great Metropolitan Steeple Chase, on the second day, was postponed on account of the heavy frost, which made the ground so hard that running was out of the question.

Sir Joseph Hawley is resolutely determined to punish the editors of the sporting papers, the *Sporting Times* and *Man About Town*, for the libellous attack upon his character, based upon the scratching of Blue Gown and Siderolite for the Liverpool Cup. Notwithstanding the most abject apologies on the part of Dr. Shorthouse, the editor and proprietor of the *Sporting Times*, and of Mr. Robins, of the *Man About Town*, the Kentish baronet declined to discontinue the suit, and both parties were bound over to appear for trial at the Criminal Court Sessions on the 6th instant.

One of the best sons of the Flying Dutchman, Ignoramus, died suddenly while at exercise quite recently. This horse was once well known on the English turf, having at two years old showed great promise, winning all his engagements and beating such good horses as Saunterer, Theodore, Sprig of Shillelah, Vanity and many others. At three years old he won the Stockbridge Derby, beating Anton among others, but was not engaged in the great Epsom event. He met his first defeat in the memorable St. Leger of 1857, when he and Blink Bonny were such immense favorites, and their meeting produced such intense excitement throughout the country. The idea that anything in the race could beat the pair was never entertained, yet they could only gain fourth and fifth places, John Scott's Imperieuse winning easily. Their defeat affords another instance of the uncertainty of racing. At four years old Igoramus showed wonderful form, for he beat Saunterer and Commotion at Newmarket, Fisherman and others at Stockbridge and Doncaster. He was sold to Count Renard to go to Germany, but proved a complete failure as a stock horse.

The list of winning jockeys of the year has made its appearance, and again does that clever horseman, Fordham, head the roll, having won 95 times out of 294 races. His record would have been greater had it not been that in consequence of his increasing affluence he does not care to travel to so many country meetings as formerly. Wells, who now only rides for Sir Joseph Hawley's stable, has 16 wins out of 27 races. The determined little light weight, Hunt, has 92 wins out of 352 mounts. French, Challoner, Butler and Jeffery come next in order.

As an instance of the permanence of institutions in England, we find that the Gimcrack Club, a social society of racing men in the city of York, recently held their 103d anniversary in that city. The club was founded in 1767, and was named in celebration of a great York favorite on the turf, Gimcrack.

At the Victoria Turf Club, in London, one of the largest bookmakers recently offered the large bet of $75,000 to $50 against the two favorites, Sunshine and Kingcraft, for the Derby coupled. No one, however, accepted the bet.

The serious illness of Admiral Rous, the Nestor of the British Turf, is a subject of anxiety among racing men. He recently underwent a painful operation for a dangerous malady, the effects of which seriously alarmed his friends. His death would be a serious loss to the turf, for he has for years, by his powerful influence and authority, contributed successfully to stop the tide of corruption that has risen against it and threatened to overwhelm it.

In the protracted lawsuit brought by Sadler, the London oarsman, to recover his stake in the disputed rowing match with Kelly for the championship of the Thames, in which, it will be remembered, the referee awarded the stakes to the latter, the actual defendant was Mr. Charles Bush, the well-known London bookmaker, who had given that official a guarantee against any loss or damages that might be awarded. The case has been carried on appeal from court to court, and Mr. Bush has been at an outlay for costs to close upon $10,000. A movement is now on foot among racing and rowing men to re-imburse Mr. Bush for his large outlay, and subscriptions are being raised for this purpose.

There is little change in the betting on the Derby and Guineas. Sunshine is freely backed for the latter at 4 to 1, and her stable companion Sunlight at 100 to 7. Kingcraft meets with support at 9 to 2; and Camel at 6 to 1. For the Derby two outsiders only are backed for much money; Prizeworker at 1,000 to 60, and Coulta, a stable companion of Kingcraft, at 1,000 to 25. Cymbal is nimbler at 40 to 1, and Bay Roland at 100 to 1.

CHRISTMAS, 1869—REMEMBER THE POOR.

The engraving on our first page gives an unmistakeable idea of the wide chasm which separates the poor from the rich. There are multitudes of the former who are fit subjects for the consideration of the latter. The wintry nights are cold to bare, blue feet; and the gnawing of hunger will be felt—is felt—nightly in the poorer neighborhoods of this great city. Let those who doubt it go to the station houses and charitable institutions, where a crowd of homeless and destitute men and women with little children cluster. Let us all remember the poor when we are casting up the cost of our Christmas fare; and, if we profess to have a christian love for our fellow men and women—if we can look in the faces of our little ones and not forget that there are poor, homeless, hungry, destitute children who have a claim on our hearts—let us knock off something from the list of seasonable luxuries with which we make merry, and so have one blessing the more in our heart's account at the end of the year. It is no proof of wisdom to cease to be charitable because of false claims to our alms. We need all the wider charity—the charity that determines to set itself not only to give, but to inquire, to work as well as to bestow.

MESSENGER TO EDBROOK.—In the communication below A. P. Messenger makes a counter proposition to that contained in the challenge from F. R. Edbrook, published on the 18th inst:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, '69.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—In your issue of last week you inform the public that Mr. F. R. Edbrook, the English Champion Velocipedist, says he is desirous of making a match of from five to one hundred miles with me. I deem it inadvisable to make a match for money, since so many of the so-called money matches have proved fizzles. But I am willing to meet Mr. Edbrook and together purchase a suitable belt, to be known as the Champion Long Distance Velocipede Belt of the World, and this belt to be put in the hands of suitable parties to be presented to the winner on the day of the race. If Mr. Edbrook is desirous of meeting me on these terms, he will find me at your office at two o'clock on Wednesday, Dec. 22d.

Very respectfully, A. P. MESSENGER,
Long Distance Champion of America.

BILLIARDS.

DANIELS vs. FOSTER CONTEST IN BOSTON.

A match of two games, for $200 each, made between Melvin Foster, of New London, and Edward Daniels, who, besides being ex-champion of Massachusetts, has the advantage of residing at the "Hub," was played in Boston on the 13th inst. The first consisted of 150 points, French caroms, and the second of 750 points, push shots and crotch barred—both on a 5½x11 carom table, probably not new. Foster regards the French as his best game, while others, who have watched his play closer than he has himself, think differently. Be that as it may, he certainly plays it well, and, though it is not much known outside of Boston—so does Daniels. He thinks nothing of rolling up 20, 30 and 40 in an innings, which figures are not to be contemplated with other feeling than that of awe by an American who ever swung a cue. To men like Carme and Rudolph, who were born contemporaneously with the French game, and have grown with its growth, 30's, 40's, and even 60's are not appalling; but runs of 10 even seldom reward the American who, from the habit of playing on a larger table, has acquired the knack, difficult to be shaken off, of hitting hard whenever the stroke is one of long range. Among American players there are harder hitters than Daniels, who goes slowly, cautiously, almost mechanically to work, and plays the balls for all they are worth. And he evidently played them for all they were worth against Foster, as that expert's "sure thing on the French game" was transformed into a defeat. He was beaten by 6 points at that game, and he came very near losing the other, notwithstanding his best run was 426, while Daniels' was but 102. The winner's majority was 97.

CURIOUS ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN THE COAL CITY.—A four handed game of billiards was played on the 17th, at Pittsburgh, Pa., between John Nelson and Richard Stafford on the one side, and William Dodds and John Robinson on the other, for a century a side, 1,000 points up, on a carom table, Nelson and Dodds barring the "push," while the others did not. The reputation of the players caused a good deal of interest in the game, a crowd witnessed it, and considerable money changed hands. It was a very pretty and evenly contested game up to the first 500 points, but a run of 145 made by Nelson at this stage of the game seemed to settle all doubts about the result. Stafford also did some very fine playing—he making 94 off the red and white without moving them over one foot. Dodds did not play with his usual brilliancy, while Robinson played very well, being considered only an amateur. The game occupied about 3 h. 5 min., and resulted in Nelson and Stafford winning by 96 points. Harry Warren was game keeper and Bernard Kennedy referee.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.—At present there are four matches for the championship of states, all of which have, within the past four weeks, been "bones of contention." Parker defeated Snyder for the Illinois championship, and Snyder has re-challenged. Gregg defeated McCracken in a contest for the championship of Indiana, and is now in receipt of a cartel from Byers, who pushed him hardest in the tournament held about two months since. No sooner had Williamson come into possession of the champion cue of Ohio, which was on the 2d inst., than a David, in the person of Casper, stood forth and dared the Buckeyes' Goliah to do battle. And Wilmarth, who, on the 10th inst., defended the Massachusetts cue against Brooks, has been invited by Murphy, of Boston, to "put up" again. All this denotes spirit. There is an abundance of tables, and only life in the cues is needed to make music in the balls.

A GRAND OPENING.—Neil Bryant, the musical, the sportive, the jeweled, known, too, as the Earl of Fourteenth street, has well nigh completed his arrangements, and announces that, with the co-operation of his legion of friends and an appreciative public, he will, on the night of the 30th, enter into his new business, that of keeping a billiard-room. He has helped to "keep" many a billiard-room. That, however, was done for pleasure. Now he is going to keep just one for profit. And from the signs, there will be click-clicking of balls twenty-eight, and clink-clinking of glasses galore, when on Thursday night Minstrel Neil has assembled the clan with sturdy blasts from his far-sounding trombone. The establishment, which is on Broadway, near 32d street, is superbly appointed.

FINE PLAY IN ESSEX.—Edward Daniels recently visited Essex, Mass., and while there made such telling runs as 306, 213 and 93 in a push barred game, the average of which was 150. In a three-ball game which followed, the same player made runs of 24, 30 and 36. All of which is indicative of progress.

A CHANCE FOR SPORT.—Having learned that Thomas Gallagher is desirous of making a match with him, young George Slosson answers that he will play him the push barred game, 1,000 points up, on a four pocket table, for $100 a side, on condition that he is conceded 200 points to start with.

MICHAEL PHELAN.—The governor left Chicago on the 14th inst. for Cincinnati.

COCKING.

THE APPROACHING SEASON.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

Although winter is the season for the exciting sport of cock-fighting, unusual dulness this year prevails among the patrons of this department of sport. We hear nothing of any important mains being on the carpet in this locality, and such well known fanciers as John Mulholland, Ed. Mackey, James Murphy, and William Walton, have not arranged a single contest. Last year, at this time, the great match between the North and the South, the former represented by New York and the latter by Virginia, was the all-absorbing event, but the hollow defeat which the South sustained may deter the fanciers of that section from making a second main with the well-bred game fowls of the North. The recent main between New Jersey and New York, reported in another column, proved a most unsatisfactory affair; the Union Hill representative of the New Jersey party, after losing four out of seven battles, refusing to fight the remaining two fights, so as to save the money which his friends had bet on the main. The truth is, that, like too many of those affairs, the parties were not fighting for a dollar except the money bet by outsiders on each battle and the main. The subjoined challenge, however, is of a totally different character, and is a *bona fide* defi to the fanciers of cocking of every country, without exception. The challenger is well-known as one of our most prominent and experienced patrons of the sport, and he has given an earnest of his meaning business by depositing in our hands $150 as a forfeit:—

EAST NEW YORK, Dec. 17th, 1869.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The season for cock fighting having fairly commenced, and being desirous of taking some part in the sport and setting the ball in motion, I hereby throw down the gauntlet and offer a challenge which is open to all the world. I will fight two mains of cocks for any amount, from $1,000 to $2,500 a side each main, and $50 to $100 a side each battle. To show fifteen cocks on each side, and fight all that fall in, at weights ranging from 6lbs. 2oz., or 6lbs. down to 4lbs. 4oz., or from 5lbs. 8oz. down to 4lbs. 2oz., or 4lbs., as may suit the parties accepting this challenge. As the parties connected with the Long Island game fowls have lately been boasting extensively of their superior merits and invincibility, I would prefer fighting the proposed mains against them, but "first come, first served." Herewith I enclose a forfeit of $150*, and, when covered, I shall be ready at once to meet the acceptors and agree upon the time and place of fighting.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM WALTON.

* Money received.—ED. CLIPPER

MAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.—The main between New York and New Jersey, previously alluded to in the CLIPPER, came off at Union Hill, N. J., on Monday, the 13th inst. The contestants were to show fifteen cocks on each side and fight all that weighed in for (nominally) $25 a side each battle, and $200 the main. John Ludlow represented New Jersey and Wm. Clinker New York. The first fight was between the heavy weights, two 5lb. 10oz. birds, and was won by New York, as was also the second fight between the light weights, a 4lb. 5oz. fowl for Jersey, and a 4lb. 3oz. New Yorker. In the third fight between two 4lb. 11oz. birds, New York had his leg broken at the first fly, and was defeated. Two 4lb. 14oz. birds contested for the fourth fight, and after a desperately fought battle New York came out victorious. The fifth contest was won by New Jersey, and the sixth also, making the score even. New York won the seventh battle, when the manager of the New Jersey fowls, with a view of saving the bets of his party on the main, refused to fight the two remaining battles, and amid the disgust and indignation of the New Yorkers, the main remained undecided.

THE TRIGGER.

MATCH BETWEEN IRA PAYNE AND EDWARD TINKER.—The long talked of match between those two crack pigeon shots, Ira Payne, of New York, and Edward Tinker, of Providence, R. I., has at last been made, and articles signed for a contest of skill to come off in New York and its vicinity on the 22d of February next. The conditions are to shoot at one hundred single birds, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, 1⅛ ounce shot, for $1,000 a side; to be governed by the New York rules of pigeon shooting. In their previous match at Providence last year, Tinker proved the winner, but Payne has since made such great improvement, as manifested in his matches with John Taylor, Ward, of Canada, and others, that his friends feel confidence in the result of the coming match. Previous to the match with Tinker, Payne is engaged in two separate matches; the first with Charles Morgan, of Hoboken, for $500 a side on January 7th, and the other with Moses Myers, of Newark, N. J., for $250 a side; the time of which has not yet been agreed upon. The stakes in the late match between Ira Payne and John Taylor, which resulted in a wrangle, have been given up, in accordance with the referee's decision, to the former.

AQUATICS.

NOVEL ROWING CHALLENGE.—*Bell's Life* publishes the following challenge without comment:—"I have been authorized by the Deputy of the Province of Biscaya, in the name of the fishermen of that province, to challenge the British fishermen to a trial of skill and endurance in a long sea pull, for a thousand pounds a side, the race to be rowed in Spanish waters, in the neighborhood of Bilboa. The boats are about 50 feet in length, 8 feet beam, 4 feet 6 inches to 5 feet deep from gunwale to keel, and pull 20 oars, flat-floored amidships, fine entry and run, and when light, set on the water very much like a gondola. Will you be good enough to publish this challenge, and do what you can towards getting up the match? It would be an interesting one. The Biscayan fishermen are renowned for their skill as oarsmen. I enclose my card. Yours, &c., PISCATOR."

IONE YACHT CLUB SOIREE.—The fifth annual ball of this metropolitan organization is announced to take place at Trenor's Lyric Hall, 723 Sixth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st. We tender our acknowledgments for an invitation to attend and "fetch our girl."

LACROSSE.—This, the national game of Canada, has been brought more prominently before the public of late years, until now there are clubs in other countries than the provinces, and the rules governing it have been more thoroughly digested and explicitly arranged, as will be seen by an excellent work just published by Townsend & Adams, for the reasonable price of $2. It contains photographic likenesses of prominent players in position, etc. W. G. Beers, Secretary of the National Association of Canada, is the author, and from a cursory reading we should judge that he well understands his subject.

MUCH HOTEL.—Some idea of the magnitude of the Central Hotel (late Lafarge) now being "re-constructed" on Broadway, this city, may be gained from the following:—The area of the several floors combined is equal to ten acres. Carpeting sufficient to cover seven acres are necessary for its floors. It will contain seven hundred rooms, three hundred suits of rooms and four dining rooms, besides parlors, reception rooms, offices, etc., and is calculated to accommodate two thousand guests. The cost of the building and ground is $1,500,000.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN AND AROUND THE METROPOLIS.

Notwithstanding the fact that there has been ten days of skating at the open rink at Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, the season in this vicinity cannot be considered as fairly under way. Although we always have considerable skating in December, our winter amusement does not generally begin till about New Year. As yet none of the rinks have been open, and it will require several days of continued cold to put them in skating order. The Central Park ponds are also waiting the advent of the Frost King. The weather during the past week was too warm to warrant a continuance of the sport, and the Fifth Avenue Pond was closed most of the time. The ball was up on one or two occasions, however, and the attendance was quite large.

At the Boston Rink there was skating the first three days of the week. George Lafayette, the Canadian skatist, is the star at present. Frank Swift, it is said, will succeed him.

Carrie Augusta Moore, the Queen of the Rink, wishes engagements, as will be seen by reference to her card in another column. In addition to her usual programme Carrie has added a velocipede act to her *repertoire*.

Buffalo is to have a new skating park. It is to be 200 feet long, by 100 in width.

We have received a communication from Master Van Sancroft, of Bath, Me., in which he challenges any boy under 16 years of age to skate him a match for $100 a side.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Washington Gymnastic Association occurred at Washington, D. C., on the 15th inst. The entertainment was given in the spacious rooms of the Gymnasium, and, although the evening was very stormy and disagreeable, a large audience witnessed the performance, which was in every way a complete success. The class in calisthenics, under direction of Dr. T. C. Calver, and consisting of Messrs. Birckhead, Kinsey, Wood, Larurr, Whittlesey, Robinson, Gilman and Avery, opened the exercises, and in their performance displayed great proficiency. Frank Myers and John Pugh performed in a very creditable manner on the double trapeze, and the single ring feat by E. B. Tuttle was exceedingly well done. The dumb bells were very cleverly handled by Messrs. Nolan, Myers, Avery and Tuttle, the heaviest (one hundred pounds) being performed by Mr. Nolan. Vaulting, by the class, was exceedingly well executed, and the performance of Daniel Warren on the single trapeze was highly commendable. Mr. Myers gave an astonishing performance on the suspended pole and his efforts were greeted with the heartiest applause. Posturing by Mr. Charles Brown and his little pupil, Clinton Moore (a precocious little kid of eleven years), was one of the most enjoyable acts of the whole performance. The gentlemen who performed on the parallel bars were frequently and deservedly applauded. Batoute leaping was particularly good and was participated in principally by Messrs. Alden, Brown, Pugh and Moore. Mr. Tuttle distinguished himself by cleverly executing the slow movement on the horizontal bar. This feat is considered one of the most difficult of any performed in a gymnasium. The ladders and double rings were performed by Messrs. Tuttle, Warren, Whittlesey and Robinson. The rope performance by Mr. Nolan was certainly well done, and the rapid manner in which he and Mr. Tuttle ascended the peg pole gave evidence of astonishing muscular development. Messrs. Nolan, Robinson and Avery gave a very pleasing performance with Indian clubs, Mr. Nolan quite easily handling clubs weighing twenty-eight pounds. The giant swing by Mr. Alden was well done and the audience responded with liberal applause. The officers of the association are as follows:—President, William C. Wood; Vice President, Joseph L. Miller; Secretary, Z. Eberbach, and Treasurer, Thomas B. Nolan.

THE BERLIN THEATRES.—The *Vossische Zeitung*, of Berlin, says that two officials, Police President von Wurmb and General Intendant von Hulsen, are now making the rounds of the Berlin theatres in order to prepare a report of their character. On the 16th of November they attended the performance at the Belle Alliance Theatre, saw the first comedy and a *ballet*, and then declared to the director their entire satisfaction with the conduct of the place and the character of the piece. As will be remembered, a petition entitled "The Public Immorality" was lately presented to the North-German Reichstag by the Inner Mission of the German Evangelical Church, in which the Berlin theatres were designated as hotbeds of vice and corruption.

ORIGINAL WATER WORKS.—A pair of eyes.

AMUSEMENTS.

ARI HOLSTON,
CHARACTER DANCER AND BURLESQUE ARTISTE,
late of Niblo's Garden, can be engaged for white or Minstrel business, for long or short engagements. Managers please address care of Clipper. 38-1t*

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Send me that money to Trenton, N. J., by January 1st, or I will give you a free notice, stating the full particulars how you got it.
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GEO. L. FOX, C. K. FOX
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HUNGARIAN SENSATION DANCERS,
THE KIRALFY BALLET TROUPE,
will appear in G. L. Fox's Original Pantomimes at
WALL'S OPERA HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
DECEMBER 2D AND 11TH, INCLUSIVE.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTSBURGH, PA.,
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NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI, OHIO,
DEC. 20TH AND JANUARY 1ST, INCLUSIVE.
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BANJOIST AND COMEDIAN.
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Can be engaged for and after Dec. 27th. 38-1t*

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a copy of the Farce entitled THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY. Address, stating price, JOHN DENIER,
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NOW IN THE THIRD WEEK
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CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
AN ORIGINAL ROMANTIC IRISH DRAMA,
BY COL. THOS. FITZGERALD, OF PHILADELPHIA.
FIRST PRODUCED ON ANY STAGE
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NEW SCENERY AND NOVEL EFFECTS.
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TO RENT FOR 1870.—Candy stand, Concert and Side Shows. None but substantial parties with cash need notice "Yankee Robinson," care N. Y. Clipper. 38-1t

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BUSINESS MANAGER FOR McKEAN BUCHANAN,
is at liberty to negotiate with Responsible Managers, for the remainder of the season, EITHER AS ADVANCE AGENT OR ACTING. BIZ, JUVENILE AND LIGHT COMEDY,
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NEARLY ALL THE OUTFIT
LATELY KNOWN AS
LEVI J. NORTH'S CIRCUS
AND
MENAGERIE,
Will put it on the road the coming summer
IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
Parties wishing to communicate on business can address,
JAMES T. JOHNSON,
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The undersigned hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for debts contracted in his name by parties other than himself, as he does not authorise any one to represent him.
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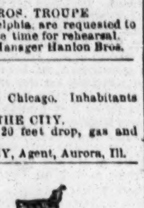

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Letters will reach him at his residence, 2,208 Redner street, Philadelphia, Pa. 38-3t*

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Respectfully, CHARLES ARRIZONA.
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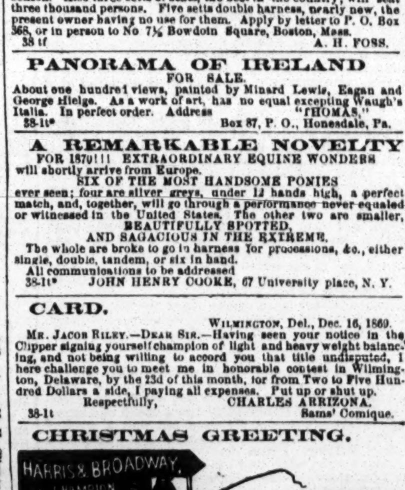
CHRISTMAS GREETING.


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We remain, sincerely your obedient servants,
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The Variety Temple of America.
OVER 100 ARTISTS
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The following artists are now playing at the
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The 3 Best Song and Dance Artists on the Stage.
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PRESENTING MORE TALENT AND NOVELTY than was ever embodied in any BELL RINGING TROUPE IN THE U. S.
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During this engagement she will appear in her great character of MAZEPPA, in the rendition of which she made the name of
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Responsible managers wishing to negotiate with this decided sensation will address MADAM SANYEAH,
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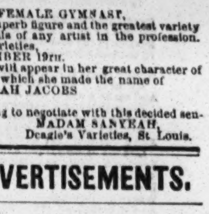

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It is NOT a "sell." Has been published regular since 1863.
Largest circulation in New Hampshire. If you will try it ONE year you will come again.
You have often thought of subscribing—NOW IS JUST THE TIME. We will refund your money if you are not PERFECTLY SATISFIED. IT WILL PAY. You run no risk.
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Remember you get the elegant parlor engraving, "EVANGELINE," (richly worth $3), and the paper a WHOLE YEAR, all for only 75 cents. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, or will return your cash. Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER,"
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A FULL SET, comprising 600 Com. Checks, Painted Layouts, Plated Dealing Box, Case Keeper, Check Holder, Card Press, containing six packs Hart's best squared dealing cards, and 200 Tabs, for $100, with privilege of opening and examining goods before paying for them. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill. 38-1t

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Having the exclusive control of these Checks for the Western States and Territories, we will sell at the following reduced prices:

1½ inch plain	$7 per 100	1½ inch fancy	$9 per 100
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1⅜ inch plain	9 per 100	1⅜ inch fancy	11 per 100
1½ inch plain	10 per 100	1½ inch fancy	13 per 100

PUT UP IN SETTS OF 600 FOR FARO, with extra Checks, Coppers, Splits, and Markers complete.

1½ inch plain	$50	1½ inch plain	$60
1⅜ inch plain	60	1⅜ inch fancy	70
1⅜ inch fancy	60	1⅜ inch engraved	75
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As these Checks can only be obtained through us, parties will save both time and money by sending their orders to us direct.
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HINDOO ONGUENT.—The Secret of Perpetual Youth and Beauty. Sent to any lady addressing [illegible], No. 2 Amity street, New York City.

A CHRISTMAS LYRIC.]

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As from his softly cushioned rest,
To which an evening's sport gave zest,
Young Racket raised his aching head
And wondered how the hours had sped.
Some inklings of a Christmas Eve,
With troops of cousins at the hearth,
And merry children full of mirth,
'Gan with his waking thoughts to weave,
And slowly in his brain was born
A vague idea—'twas Christmas morn.

Eventful morn! whose nearer call
Brings balm of peace to sorrowing man,
And, breathing hope and peace to all,
Doth scarce remind him of life's span;
So welcome, too, to high and low—
Not only to the "Racket" tribe,
But quite as much to those whose woe
Forms for said Racket food for jibe!

The clink of gold for once is still,
The earth's huge pulse beats faint and low;
Adown the dell, upon the hill,
No longer clacks the busy mill,
The worn clerk's arms are in quiet crossed,
Day book and ledger aside are tossed,
The golden scales have for time a rest,
And the Devil with *ennui* is sore opprest.
"Let every day but a Christmas be,
And I may shut up my shop," quoth he.

How peaceful all! In the stony town,
Wall street's as lonesome as Trinity's sod,
And the pave that echoed till deep sundown
Is scarce by a passing footstep trod.
In yon high aisle, where the dancing lights
Slant dimly athwart the colored pane,
Revealing here and beyond a Saint
In the chiselled stone, or a sculptured name,
Rumbles and thunders and dies among
The multiplied arches a hallowed strain,
And an anthem rises in praise to Him
Who came that man might be born again.

To-day round many a homely hearth
Bright faces gather and the voice
Of age and childhood blends in mirth.
A cry is heard—"Rejoice! rejoice!"
Sleep, human passions! banished be
The lures that bid ambition spring;
The God to whom we bend the knee
Disdains a hollow offering.
And a note of Handel or Mozart to-day
Is worth more than a banker's promise to pay.

The lights they blaze brightly in palace and hall,
There's a kiss for each guest and a welcome for all,
Not less in the commonest cabin that clings
To the bleak mountain side than the palace of kings.

Kriss Kringle is lord of the parlor to-night,
He lurks in the boughs of the Christmas Tree,
And many a merry and frolicsome sprite
Takes part in the harmless revelry.
He skips in the jovial pantomime,
And as Harlequin capers so glib and spry,
And a world of fun, as the young ones know,
Lies hid in Merryman's twinkling eye.
Even yon wight, who staggers along,
Reeling and singing a maudlin song,
Looks up at the firelight's cheerful glow,
Where the forms of the dancers come and go,
And with memory sadly the worse for wear,
Half utters a wish that he might be there.
But it may not be, for the fiend of the still
Has fettered him fast with a nameless spell;
And he bends his head as he hurries by,
For a low den stands too temptingly nigh,
And already the air, that seems tipsy as he,
Is rent with the sounds of bacchanal glee.

The red wine flows in a ceaseless stream—
What if both heart and brain go sere?
"This life's at best but a fitful dream,
So charge your glasses. What, landlord, here!
Beauty and song shall our joys prolong,
Let the board groan 'neath its weight of cheer;
Chorus! tip us a lusty song.
Christmas cometh but once a year!"

Wild grows the revel, and yet more wild
The laughter peals on the air of night.
Pity a feast should be so defiled,
But money is plenty to make it right.

The revelers join in a frantic reel,
And the skeleton knight sits grimly by,
For ere through the shutters doth daylight steal,
A soul must rest in eternity.
A rush and a scuffle of many feet,
An oath, a curse, and a crash of glass,
A scream which the echoes afar repeat;
But hark! the bells are calling to mass.

They gather round the Christmas tree,
The old and young of every clime;
How ill assorts their innocent glee
With the horrible mirth of yon haunt of crime.
Age with its wrinkles and silvery hair,
Youth with its wiles and its curls of jet,
Childhood dancing so *debonnaire*,
Saw ye ever a merrier set?
God's angels peep from the light that plays
'Mid the golden curls of yon fairy band,
And the thrill that over the heart-strings strays
Is the blissful touch of a spirit hand.
Here gather at the social board
That group of friends so tried and true;
Last twelvemonth two more pledged in wine,
Now funeral wreaths their caskets strew;
But we who still time's darts disdain
Only more strongly feel the tie,
So, come! the old toast pledge again,
That bids both care and sadness fly.

Many a Christmas comes, I ween,
And many a social group will gather
Beneath the shade of the evergreen
To chant the praise of the All-Wise Father,
And yonder youth with the thoughtful brow,
And yonder maid with the gleaming eye
Will wear the "yoke" and repeat the vow,
And be as settled as—you and I.
Then, those who tender the outstretched palm
Will scan the tracings of memory's page—
They have passed the strife and enjoyed the calm,
For friendship mellows, like wine, with age;
And another childish group will dance,
With shout and laugh, round the Christmas tree;
While we, whose shadows are in advance,
Rejoice in their fireside harmony.

To-day the cup greets all we've loved,
And with the wine are mingled tears
For friends whose worth was often proved,
As grew their fame with gathering years.
And, ere the sparkling draught we drain,
The lips repeat a voiceless prayer;
Who gather still the gods may deign
For many a prosperous year to spare.

Star of the West! still brightly glows
The beam that o'er the manger shone—
Undimmed through all the centuries
That since our Saviour's birth have flown;
And still the pilgrim's step it guides
To where the paths of empire tend;
And still the modern magii bend
Where yet the sprite of peace abides,
In homage at the sacred shrine
Where Christ's disciples share the sacred bread
and wine.

KRISS KRINGLE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

A NIGHT WITH ST. NICHOLAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Although everybody is supposed to be familiar with his antics, it is only to the favored few that St. Nicholas, the patron of all jollity and good living, condescends to unveil himself. That he does occasionally drop in upon his worshippers in person, although he has cast off his old fashioned habiliments and adapts himself to the times, we have irrefragible evidence. Our Christmas deity is a jovial fellow, exhibiting an old head upon youthful shoulders, and having a genial welcome for every one, although, sooth to say, delighting in crowded skating rinks, and frozen streams, and blasted verdure. While some enjoy as the coming glory of winter the fantastic pleasures of the Carnival, as a "big thing on ice," or in crowded drawing rooms bid defiance to frost and snow, there are others, nevertheless, not so fortunate, who await with fear and trembling the approach of those twin conspirators against their peace and comfort. Of these was Master Hank Wilder—a reckless devil-may-care student, whose theology was of no more puritanical sort than is to be found in the works of the dramatists; who more highly prized a troll from a drunken chorus than all the homilies that ever were written, and who, having by this means exhausted a liberal patrimony, and so reduced himself to the condition in which Mephistophiles discovered Faustus, was nigh at his wit's end to discover a balm for his troubles.

His twenty-fifth Christmas eve had come, and found Hank fast asleep with his head upon a ricketty table in his wretched garret, his locks straying among the fitterings of the draught he had purchased with his last maravedi. He dreamed of a Christmas passed in a pleasanter climate, where the bloom was in the gardens of the dooryards, the green was upon the trees, and the air was redolent of the balm of spring. The vines crept over the thatch, and a river brawled on its seaward course amid banks of thyme, with no more of winter in its aspect than though it had been in truth the "merriest month of all the glad new year;" and one would scarce have thought that without the blast was raging and the snow lay crisp on the ground for many a rood, and blythe were the sleigh bells jingling.

Hank had been drinking freely, lulled by the influence of certain musical strains which came wafted upon his ears from the playhouse adjoining, like the echoes of a vesper hymn from some distant convent in the Ægean, and might have slept on till past midnight, when he was disturbed and recalled to his senses by some sound of tipsy revelry in the street. His candle was out, but the room was filled with a glow from the expiring embers. He stooped, and, with a heavy sigh, lighted his pipe at the coals, when a noise, as of some one rubbing his palms together, caused him to look around. A brilliant light of a sudden had filled the place, and on the other side of the table, whereon stood his empty tankard—empty because he lacked wherewithal to replenish it—sat a stout, rubicund personage, with a round, ruddy countenance that told of good living and a mind at ease with the world. His dress was a fashionable suit of glossy black, the coat with difficulty buttoned over a spotless white waistcoat, into which his huge paunch fitted like a pudding in a bag. His faultless boots shone with a painful shine, and equally glossy was his hat, while a sprig of evergreen adorned his buttonhole. The countenance was familiar, and had it not been that the well trimmed whiskers were blacker than ever were whiskers seen, Hanks could have sworn that he had gazed upon the face of his mysterious visitor in times foregone.

The stranger returned the bewildered stare of the student with a look of the most imperturbable good humor, and, laying his neat rattan upon the table, pulled off a pair of immaculate kids; then touched his hair with both hands, on which twinkled innumerable rings, and sat contemplating the fire with his hands upon his knees.

While Hank was determining in his mind whether the stranger was the "Orator of the Day," who had hit the wrong number, or a visitant from the spheres, there entered several white jacketed waiters with trays bearing decanters and glasses, which, after spreading a cloth, they deposited upon the table and as silently departed. Once more they were alone—the youth with his bitter reflections and vain regrets, and the portly stranger with his air of *bon hommie* and aristocratic ease.

The visitor poured a glass for himself, and pushed the decanter towords his *vis-a-vis*.

"Drink, sir," he said, with a leer of good humored invitation. "'Tis the genuine Lachrima Monti. The tripple is before us, and this is Christmas eve."

"Drink! with all my heart," replied Hank, "although we are strangers and I may not return the favor. But a merry eye like thine can harbor no falsehood. Yet was I more than half minded never to taste the seductive draught again."

"Tut! that were sheer folly. A little of the good things of this life will never harm one. You have heard the old adage:—

'Who loves not woman, wine and song,
A fool is he his lifetime long!'"

"You say truly," rejoined Hank; "I have sung the distich often, and especially in my college days, when *crambambuli* was more in vogue with our class than Virgil or Horace."

"Why, aye," said the stranger, "and, indeed, both Virgil and Horace have written in favor of the vine, and, as for Anachreon, why he, you know, was nothing without his nectar."

The taper glasses rang with a cheering tinkle as the two pledged each other good health; and, certainly, had he not been told it was wine, Hank would have taken the beverage for something akin to that which the lemon distils.

"There is sociality in the friendly glass, which we find not even in crowds," quoth the hearty stranger; "and, *apropos*, I had taken the liberty to invite a few friends, that we may not incur the imputation of selfishness in our revels."

Just then the door was opened, and some half dozen persons entered, whom the bewildered Hank Wilder recognized for friends of the olden time, for long years unsaluted. He was now fully warmed with the juice of the grape and the spirit of the occasion, and a right merry time they had of it, that roystering, reckless crew, while the fire blazed up the brighter, and the logs seemed to crackle with laughter at the old gentleman's witty stories and reminiscences. And the best of it was that the lethargy which had stolen over the student's senses had entirely disappeared, and though a load was taken from his heart, the fumes of the liquor did not addle his brain, but, on the contrary, made him more capable of appreciating the entertainment that was before him.

Then came once more the train of ghostly attendants, who, as though everything had been previously agreed upon, served up in royal style a famous game supper—in which the luxuries of the season were comprehended. And fast and furious now grew the fun, and quip and repartee went smartly round, until the jovial stranger, rising to his feet, trolled out the following lay, with a voice worthy the old minnesingers:—

I troll the lay of Saint Nicholas,
Our fathers' Saint was he;
Who holds the same in honor meek
Unlucky ne'er shall be.
On boundless plain, in forest dim,
Or on the raging main,
Who calls with guileless heart on him
He calleth not in vain.
Then blessings on Saint Nicholas!
The hearthstone's god is he;
Pile on the logs, fill high the bowl,
And drink with three times three!

In the sunny summer weather,
When birds and streamlets sing,
The woodland nymphs and dryads swarm,
And the deer drinks from the spring;
But when the snow is on the thatch
And springs with ice are sealed,
And birds no longer pipe their songs,
They fly both grove and field.
Then comes our blythe St. Nicholas,
The hearthstone's god is he;
Pile on the logs, fill high the bowl,
And drink with three times three!

A good friend is Saint Nicholas,
He loves the honest poor,
And leaves, with free, unstinting hand,
A blessing at each door.
The snow may fall and piercing shrill
May rage the winter wind,
Where'er he goes he scatters smiles
And leaves content behind.
Then blessings on Saint Nicholas,
Thrice welcome shall he be;
Pile on the logs, fill high the bowl!
And drink with three times three!

Just then the clock struck four, with sonorous peal, and a shrill Shanghae rooster, clambering an adjoining fence, warned them of the lateness of the hour by his vigorous chanticleering.

"Stay," said Hank, somewhat unsteadily, as the strange visitor, last of all, was about departing; "you have not yet told me your name, which certain familiar lines in your countenance admonish me that I may have heard before."

"Heard it? I'll wager you have, and lisped it, too, in your cradle, or you're no true Christian."

And when the jovial stranger had departed, Hank Wilder knew that he had been celebrating Christmas Eve with no less a person than Saint Nicholas himself; but Saint Nicholas in a different guise from that in which he had been wont to present himself. For the Santa Claus of old was a white haired, crooked old fellow, with a beard reaching almost to his knees and a costume more in keeping with the dress of Punch in the pantomime; whereas this Santa Claus was the very pink of fashionable perfection, not even omitting the quizzing glass and the hair dye. Yes, surely it was he—Saint Nicholas, keeping his annual holiday!

The belated reveler was aroused from these reflections by the pealing of bells, and, looking forth, he saw that the sun was up and the morning mists were dispersing. Into the portals of the church, just visible from his windows, a train of youths and maidens were advancing, bearing fresh garlands and singing a chorus of rejoicing which echoed and reverberated in measured cadence among the sculptured arches, like the harmony of a celestial choir. BOB O'GOTHAM.

ADVENTURE WITH BOOTBLACKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE "MODEST QUENCHER."

Sitting quietly in our City Hall Park the other day, enjoying the many beauties of the place, I was rather startled at seeing three savage looking young creatures, armed with dirty boxes, rushing ferociously towards me. By nature timid, I was rather annoyed at the sight, but was reassured when they approached, and, throwing themselves and their boxes on the ground before me, politely inquired whether the gentleman didn't want to have his boots polished. Not exactly in that language, however. The biggest "feller" spoke first:—

"Black yer boots, Colonel?" Now, flattery is decidedly distasteful to me; therefore I could not conscientiously encourage this young man, who, seeing that his prospects were poor, gave way to the next one, who exclaimed patronizingly:—

"Shine 'em up, Cap'en?" Now, here was this detestable flattery again, although in a smaller degree. No, I would have none of it, so I shook my head, and he gave way for the smallest "feller," who, probably taking warning by the fate of his comrades, simply ejaculated:—

"Blackem?" Ah! this suited me. Here was no base flattery used in order to gain a job. No, this was short and to the point; so I signified assent and he went to work with a will.

And what a little one he was to be sure. From my position I could see nothing but an agitated mass of hair, innocent alike of comb or soap, and a pair of heels which certainly required boiling in order to extract the dirt therefrom. His companions seated themselves near him and began a highly interesting conversation, which, I am sorry to say, won't bear repetition. When the youngster had finished, I asked him what the price might be, when the little rogue, with a jocular expression, remarked that "it might be a dollar, but 'taint; 'taint more'n a dime."

This mighty exhibition of wit greatly pleased his companions, who laughed until the tears came and washed a clean streak adown each side of their respective noses. Wishing to bring out any latent wit that might be concealed within him, I asked him if it might not be a half dime; whereupon the young villain, with a cunning leer, answered and said that "he'd be dimed if it would." Here was a stunner for his companions, who rolled over and over in the dirt in an agony of delight. Decidedly, I was being worsted in this encounter; so, to finish the conversation, I drew some money from my pocket to pay my bill. While so doing, I accidentally dropped a dollar greenback, which was immediately grabbed and scientifically conveyed to the pocket of the little fellow before I could prevent him. Anxious, however, to see how they would act in the matter, I pretended not to notice it. A short silence reigned. Then ensued a subdued conversation, during which I distinctly heard the expression: "Greeny," "Flat," etc. After another short silence, the big "feller" authoritatively, exclaimed: "Halves," whereupon the little one, putting his little finger alongside his dirty nose, whispered the cabalistic words, "Nix a weeden!" and immediately there was silence. One of them then remarked that it would be good policy to prepare to "sherry their nibs," and they forthwith arose to go. Now, although their conversation was perfectly enigmatical to me, their actions were sufficiently plain; therefore, when they made preparations to go, I thought it high time to interfere; so I called them, and they returned and awaited my pleasure. Putting on a serious cast of countenance, I said:—

"Boys! I've lost something. What do you suppose it might be?"

An ominous silence for one minute. Then, with fearfully innocent faces, they loudly protested, one and all, that they could not, by any means, imagine what was lost.

"Well, boys, I'll tell you. I've lost a dollar bill!"

"You don't tell me so, sir," was echoed from the trio. "P'raps you ve drapped it on the ground!" suggested the youngest rascal, looking up in my face with a painfully sympathetic expression. "Fellers! Le'ss look for it, will yer?" To this they each responded "Le'ss," and in two seconds they were on the ground diligently searching for the money.

"Oh! no, my boys! 'Tis not on the ground. Shall I tell you where it is?"

They all rose, and impatiently asked to be told where it was.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. It is in the little boy's pocket."

As I spoke I watched them closely. The two big boys looked around, as if to "vamoose," but the little rascal played it out gamely. With an expression of the utmost astonishment he exclaimed:—

"You don't say so. Le'mme feel." And he felt for it, carefully and anxiously. Finally he reached the pocket in which I had seen him put the bill. He soon came across the money, and, drawing it out, with a perfectly indescribable expression of mingled innocence and astonishment, exclaimed, slowly and deliberately, "Well, I swear. So it is. Fellers, who'd believe it? Look!"

And forthwith the "fellers" looked, and uttered like expressions of astonishment at the unexpected appearance of the money, and, after transferring the bill to my hands, they all walked off, discussing the wonderful occurrence with great interest, declaring it to be one of the strangest things they had ever heard of. But in a short time, as they got further away, I could hear that the conversation had abruptly changed, and I could distinctly make out the expressions—'fraud'' (with an adjective), "smart" (with two adjectives), "dish" (numerous adjectives), and such like expressions of disgust at the failure of their little game.

A SMART CHILD.—A Canadian boy, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question, "Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?" The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, evaded an answer, but the child, persistent, again asked:—"*Did* you tell lies when you were little?" "No," said the father; "but why do you ask?" "Did ma tell lies when she was little?" "I don't know, my son. You must ask her." "Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you *must* have told lies, or you could not have a boy who would!"

A NEW DANGER SIGNAL.—A young man living in Kingston, N. Y., went to see his girl the other night, and when he started for home, the night being dark, his inamorata gave him a red paper lantern to light his lonely way. He took the railroad track, and was walking leisurely along, his mind no doubt filled with agreeable thoughts of the fair one he had just left, when his reverie was ended by some one in the rear, who gave the Chinese lantern a kick that sent it flying. "Confound you," said the person from behind; "here I've been slowing my train for the last two hours on account of that red light." And, on looking behind him, the young man saw a freight train whose engineer had disturbed his meditations.

KILLING OLD NICK.—A young lady from the country, lately on a visit to a Mr. H., a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H. left the meeting house with his young friend, he asked her, "How dost thee like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it; to go and sit for whole hours together, without speaking a word, it is enough to kill Old Nick!" "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

"YOU CHARGE me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

TEN LITTLE NIGGERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One little nigger—didn't know what to do.
So he got married—then there were two.

Two little niggers—married—do you see?
Soon there came another one—then there were three.

Three little niggers and one that lived next door,
Added up together, made exactly four.

Four little niggers—gosh! how they did thrive!
They took a nigger boarder, and then there were five.

Five little niggers—things began to mix.
They found a baby on the door-step—then there were six.

Six little niggers—the number being even
They split the youngest child in two—then there were seven.

Seven little niggers hadn't long to wait—
A cousin came from Africa—then there were eight.

Eight little niggers—didn't they feel fine!
And with the cousin's lovyer there were precisely nine.

Nine little niggers; O, wickedest of men!
The lovyer acted naughty—and one morning there were ten!

The rain it fell—the wind it blew!—so horrid was the weather,
It upset their little shanty and they perished all together.
J. H. B.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.---No. 14.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Dere is no use, Sharley, of you drying to deny id, cause I saw you do id. You musn'd dink dot you can close my eye dot vay. Of I didn'd saw you do id den dot vood be a easy madder for you to chin me oud of id; bud ven I see anyding mit my eyes den I'm boody sure dot I saw id myself. No, sir, I seen you vink ad dot gal, und you musn'd dry und make me dink dot I didn'd, eider. You hafe god a berfecd righd to vink ad all der vomens in der coundry, of dey vill allow you to done id, und I ain'd god any righd to find some fauld mit you, cause dot's not my pisness; bud ven you do vink, und I kedch you doin id, you musdn'd dry und bead me. Led's go ofer on der oder site; I vand to saw Jack Runnett aboud der Baxder Hob. Der boys is gedding ready for id, und dey say dey are goin to make dings hum. Dey alvays hafe der cream ball of der season, und der cream of der cidy goes to id. Of I don'd gid dere dis year id's a funny ding, und you can come in righd pehind me.

"Shoo fly, don'd bodder me." Here is von of dem Shoo fly fellers—dis is Jim Gaynor, der nigger singer, and he is von of der few dot is of any account in der pisness. He is a goot berformer, und as a insdrumendisd is avay ub head. He blays der fiddle bedder dan von haff of der leaders, und mit a banjo I don'd dink efery von dot comes along can gid avay mid him. He has god a goot foice, und is a glever acdor—he is vat you might call a fery useful man. Outside of der nigger pisness he is a fine gentleman, und I like him boody vell. Veneter he does anyding on der shdage he does it right ub to der handle, und is a favoride verefer he goes. Dot dall, shlim feller mit him is Billy Hart, also of Burnd Cork pisness besides. Billy is a card, und, like Jim Gaynor, shdudies und vorks hard to blease a audience. As a dancisd, exbeshally mit dem fling dances, he is immensife, und he is alvays sure of dwo or dree *encores* venefer his fling is but on der bills. Dey are botd goot breformers, Sharley.

Here comes der Shief, Harry Howard, vorn oud in der harness, as goot a man as efer hollered drough a horn or shlid down a four shdory latter mit a baby in his arms. Yes, Sharley, dis is Harry Howard, or vat's lefd of him. Harry vas a memper of der old Fire Departmend, und he serfed in efery cabacidy from a runner to Shief Engineerer. He vas also der Alterman of der 6d Vard, der flower garten of New York, und, vile he vas dere, done vat vas righd. I use to like to vent down dere ven dey had a session, und hear Harry und Briggs, der barrel feller from der 13d Vard, shling chin moosic ad von anoder. Dem vas high old dimes, und Harry he use do keeb ub his end bully, und he voodn'd dake vater from any of dem. Bud he's gone in now, dough; he's losd his bull, und he has god do gid avay back. Der dime vas ven he vas so big like any of dem, bud he's old und blayed oud. Dousands of beeples dot he has safed millions of money for bass him by efery day und don'd know him. I don'd know as he cares aboud or vants anyding from dem, bud id vood be bedder if dey had a kind vord for him, if nodding else. Did you efer hear dot song, "Boor olt horse, let him die?" Dot's vat's der madder.

Dis fine looking feller mit der black musdash und dot drifing cab on is Frank McIntyre. Frank is a poody goot kind of a feller, und he is "oil." I be eef he is hid avay somevere on der Bay Roll, und he is deserfing of id, doo, for no man in der coundy has vorked harder for his bardy dan Frank. He leefs ub in Bloomingdale, und vatefer he says ub dere is all righd. He dou'd dalk a gread deal, but vat he says is shord und righd to der boind. Frank use to vas very heafy on der hid oud ven he vas a goot deal younger, und I cuess of anypody shood gid him riley he vood show dem dot he didn'd forgod how yed. He has drained a goot many goot men, und dey say he makes dem do chus'd as he dolds dem, und of dey kick he buds on his coad und vont hafe anyding more to do mit dem. Dot's der righd vay to do; of der man shood habben to lose cause he vasnt in condishion, den efery von blames der drainer, und says dot id vas his fauld. I vant you to undershdood, Sharley, dot id aind no slouch of a chob do drain a man und gid him in condishion. Id's almosd so hard for der drainer as it is for der feller dots goin to but his hands ub.

Vait a minude—here comes Browney—Browney of der Vesdern Oonion Delegraff Combany. Sharley, allow me to gife you a indroducemend to my friend, Misder Alfred J. Brown, der manager of der Vesdern Oonion Delegraff Oombany, und led me dell you dot he's von of der nicesd leedle men in der coundry; he's a No. 1 a feller, und of he cand bull vires den he nefer vill go to Heafen. He's deadth on vires, Sharley, und efery von around der Vesdern Oonion office likes him poody vell. He is a goot, shmard feller, und he vas Masder of Bacific Lodge dwo derms. Efery von sbeaks of him in der highesd vords, und dey hafe god der createsd confidence in him. He is vordy of id, und I don'd peleef he vood do a mean action to safe his life. Dot dall, good looking berson mit him is Gus Falling; I vood hafe introduced you to him bud I didn'd see him dill chusd now. Gus is a gay boy, und he's lifely like a gricket. He keebs a hodle in der summer dime, und in der vinter he is mit Bruce, der dype founder. Dey are a hefdy deam, Sharley, und verefer dey are den dere is moosic, sure.

Olt Dimes Rocks; here comes Nelse Seymour, und I didn'd saw him since he come back from der olt coundry. He looks firsd rade, dond he? Of he keebs on he *may* gid fad enuff to jine der Fad Men's Assosiashion, und den agin he may nod. Nelse creaded a big oxcidemend mit dem fellers ofer dere, und ven he vas comin avay he god a hole lod of nice dings from der mempers of der Boney Moore bardy, und id goes to show dot dey dougnd something of him. Boney Moore gifed him a vadch und shain; somepody else gife him a diamond bin und a wriding desk, und a half a dozens oder dings. Dot England's a nice blace, Sharley. I been dere—bud dis coundry suids me bedder as any oder, und I vood radder be hung here as die a nadural dead any oder blace. Der red, blue und vite is goot enuff for me, und I aind lookin for any oder. Ven I can'd leef under der Shdars und Shdribes, I'll mofe ofer to Jersey und jine "Von Druck." "Efery von for deir daste," dough, like der cow said ven he kissed der olt lady.

Dis gendleman comin along is Johnny Hardy, Esq., der Alderman of der 20d Vard, und he is von of der soonesd fellers dere is in der hole Board. You can'd cadch him ashleeb, cause he is all der dime on der look oud. He is a midey shmard feller, Sharley, und fery few men is god so goot a educashion like him. Johnny is a graduade of der Free Academy, und he vas von of der brighdesd schollars vat dere vas in der hole building. I forged to remember how many meddles he vin ad von dime dere, bud id vas poody close about to eight or nine. He is a fine shbeaker, botd in English und German, und is a aple lawyer. Johnny has god hosds of friends in dis leedle town, und he keebs on adding to dem. He is a goot bolidishian, und he dakes care of Nummer Von. He is von of dese kind of fellers dot is bound dot dey vill god along, und of he don'd see a shance to do id, he'll dake id und gid along anyhow.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

THE WATER-CURE.

Showing How a Minstrel Band Became "Respectable Members of Society"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The boys of Grabtown had it bad. A strolling minstrel company had visited the village, and for weeks afterwards might be heard the rattle of bones, and the well-worn wit that had been indulged in by the end-men. At last it began to take a definite shape. A number met together and organized themselves into the "Grabtown Consolidated Minstrels," and forthwith began preparations for a "show." The village boasted two fiddlers, and their services were soon enlisted. The end-men were elected by ballot, and one daring youth distinguished himself by having a triangle manufactured at the shop of the "village blacksmith." Choosing an interlocutor was the main difficulty; all the other posts of honor being filled, each one was naturally anxious for the "posish." It was finally agreed, however, that the Squire's son should have the "middle," he having been to the common school in the neighboring market town, and consequently knowing the most "language." The rehearsals passed off as they usually do under such circumstances, and, as many of my readers have doubtless "assisted" at such undertakings at some former period of their lives, need not be described. As the day of performance drew near, the boys might have been seen cautiously leaving their homes, with small bundles under their arms, the results of their rummaging among wardrobes and rag bags, and hurrying towards a large barn in the village, which had in the meantime been converted in such a manner as to answer the requirements of a temporary opera house.

The night came on! The barn was crowded from pit to dome—in other words, from the ground to the hay loft. Half an hour before the advertised time the minstrels appeared on the "stage"—a large hay rack covered with rough boards. They "began the performance with the introductory overture"—and such an overture! And then, on inquiry by the Squire's son, the audience were informed that "Bones" felt "scolloptious," and that tambo "had a sort of a gallicious feeling still so gently o'er him stealing." But why describe in detail? Suffice it to say that the programme consisted, as usual, of "Bones" going to sit down and somebody pulling the chair from under him, allowing him to fall to the stage; of tambo having a plate broken over his head and throwing flour in Bones' face in return. All this and much more they did; but the funny men were compelled to give the honors to the adventurous trianglist aforesaid, who executed a nondescript dance—something of a cross between "Juba" and the "Essence"—eliciting a triple *encore*, which so exhausted the poor fellow that he suffered from asthma for a week. The performance was attended by all the usual drawbacks of a "first night" and many more. The walk-around concluded, then came the "washing up." None had provided themselves with towels and but one or two with soap. Such hurry—such confusion—such putting on another's clothes and having to take them off again—such a time generally among the "men who couldn't get clean." They finally emerged from the theatre of their exploits—the far-seeing reader may discover a faint glimmering of a pun in the word "theatre"—each one with his ears full of burnt cork and a dark ring around each eye.

But their fame was great. Joe Tapp, the publican, offered to take them out for a "traveling tour," and arrangements were soon completed to that end. Flaming posters shortly afterwards announced to the startled inhabitants of Mudhole—a neighboring hamlet—that "Tapp's Original Minstrels" would have the honor, &c. A few days elapsed and "Tapp's Original Minstrels" arrived in a two-horse wagon, with streamers around the sides proclaiming who they were. In the evening the school-house was jammed to see and hear "Tapp's Original Minstrels," and "Tapp's Original Minstrels," feeling that it was now or never, did their utmost to please. Tambo skinned all the knuckles on his right hand and Bones distorted his features so that the wonder was he did not dislocate his "jaw bone." The audience were delighted with the performance and the performers with the audience.

But where was Tapp? A search revealed the fact that during the performance he had posted to the hotel, hitched up his horses and driven off with the entire receipts, $12.37½, leaving the 'Originals" the privilege of doing as they pleased in the premises. 'Twas a fearfully stormy night, but, nevertheless, cold water had been thrown upon their hopes and a little more of the same element would not hurt them. So, consigning all their wardrobe and paraphernalia to the janitor, they sorrowfully took their way homewards on foot. None spoke—they were too full for that. But curses—aye, and deep curses, too—were poured upon the devoted head of Tapp, who was, by this time, snoring peacefully in his bed at Grabtown. "Tapp's Original Minstrels" also arrived at home shortly after daybreak, tired, wet and footsore, and were immediately disbanded. Since then—now some years ago—burnt cork has been tabooed in Grabtown, and the rattle of the bones is remembered by the oldest inhabitant as a thing of the sorrowful past. DOCK.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

CUPID'S CUPIDITY EXEMPLIFIED.

THE PANEL GAME SUCCESSFULLY PRACTICED.
A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE APPROPRIATES $1,500.
A SOUTHERNER VICTIMIZED.

An unfortunate southerner, Alfred Canicker by name, and a resident of Charleston, S. C., arrived in this city on the 16th inst., ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing a bill of goods, having in his possession $2,000 in greenbacks—*i. e.*, two $500 bills and one $1,000 bill—making his headquarters at the Westchester House, corner of Broome street and the Bowery. Feeling lonesome, and having a desire to see the sights of city life after dark, he, says the *New York Herald* of Dec. 18th, from which we quote the details, "concluded to visit some one of the many places of amusement in this seductive city, and sallied forth for Wood's Museum, where the magnificent display of scenery exhibited by the 'blondes' now playing there had a very demoralizing effect upon him, and he felt half persuaded to ferret out some one of the many bewitching creatures who had looked so lovingly upon him on his way to the Museum. He had proceeded down Broadway as far as Houston street, and stood in front of Reddy the Blacksmith's saloon, halting between two opinions—whether to go or remain—and just as he came to the former conclusion a fashionably attired young lady, dressed in the style of the 'girl of the period,' with a pretty face, slapped him on the back and exclaimed, in that style peculiar to her class:—'I say, old fellow, what troubles you?' Alfred looked around, blushed, and was loth for words to reply, as the dear little creature before him, standing under a gas lamp, was, in his eye, the finest specimen of femininity he had ever before encountered. Her name, *pro tem.*, is Mary Disto. His bashfulness gradually wore off, and, proffering her his arm, the two proceeded towards Bleecker street, Alfred as happy as a clam at high tide, with nothing to mar his thoughts except, occasionally, the wife and family he had left at home and the money he had about his person; but the former trouble was soon expelled by the thought that she was far away and would never know of his unfaithfulness; and as to the latter, he knew he had the money secreted away in a blind pocket in his pants. It did not need much persuasion on the part of Mary to procure Alfred's consent to accompany her to her room, No. 141 Bleecker street, where they were shortly afterwards joined by two of her companions, named Mary Jane Patten and Charles Jameson, the latter a nice young man, and a particular friend of Mary's, who had accidentally dropped in. Alfred, who is a good-natured man, concluded that a friend of Mary was a friend of his also, and, as he was extravagantly arrayed in a faultless suit, with his 'hair parted in the middle,' he cultivated his acquaintance and entered into a lengthy discussion on the benefits likely to result from bestowing the elective franchise on the people of the southern states. This nice young man fully concurred in everything that Alfred said, and, before they parted had become fast friends, Alfred engaging him as head salesman in his store, at the munificent salary of $2,000 per year and 'found.' While this conversation was being carried on, the party indulged in several drinks at the southerner's expense, until the latter, becoming somewhat sleepy from long travel and worn out with bad whiskey, concluded to retire, and Jameson and his companion left the room, after taking an affectionate good night, and promising to see him again on the following morning. Alfred states that about one o'clock he and his companion retired, but thoughts of his family and the snoring of Mary prevented him from sleeping. He heard the clock strike two, three and four, and, as the last stroke had been given to the last named hour, he surmised he heard some person leaving the room. Quietly stealing out of bed, he discovered his pants were not in the position that he had left them upon retiring, and, seizing hold of them, breathlessly drew them towards him. Placing his hand on that portion of his pants where he had his roll secreted, he discovered it was not as large as it was when retiring, and a suspicion entered his mind that he had been robbed. Removing the money from its place of concealment, his worst suspicions were realized, as he soon discovered that the $1,000 bill and a $500 bill had been taken out. Almost frantic at his loss, and apparently not knowing what he did, he threw the pants on the floor and rushed into the street with nothing on him but his linen, shouting 'murder!' 'police!' 'watch!' While proceeding in this novel costume up Bleecker street towards Broadway, officer Dittmars, of the Fifteenth Precinct, who had just rounded the corner of Thompson street, beheld him, his shirt extended at an angle of forty-five degrees, and, not being a very valorous person, surmised it was a spook and fell fainting across the sidewalk. Alfred at this moment tripped over him and also fell to the pavement. The two rose at the same moment, the peeler's hair on end, and pale from fright; but Alfred, beholding his shield and uniform, grasped his hand and commenced relating his adventures, which resulted in the officer accompanying him to the house and arresting the three parties who had been in the room with the unfortunate southerner, but none of the missing money could be found. The party were all conveyed before Justice Ledwith, at Jefferson Market, next morning, and remanded to the station house until the following morning, for the purpose of procuring additional evidence against the prisoners."

CORA PEARL,

THE MISTRESS OF PRINCES.

A wood engraving of this dashing and fascinating lass appeared in last week's CLIPPER, and, according to the promise then made, we here give a brief penographic portrait of her. Cora is described, by those who have seen her, and by a *World* correspondent, who recently "interviewed" her, as being a little above the medium feminine altitude, with rich, silky, brown hair; lustrous eyes, having a tiger-like expression when excited; neck well poised and of artistic outline, as are also her face and shoulders. Her mouth is large, teeth white and regular, and, when in conversation, her expression is attractive, although somewhat bold, or, as some would remark, "brazen." Her voice is not musical, and her gestures, despite a studied ease, somewhat masculine, which, as physiognomists would have it, are indicative of character; for her display of ornaments and wardrobe, and negligent manner generally, are hardly indicative of a virtuous woman. In fact, the conversation, manner and appearance of the "Princess of the Parisian Demi-Monde," as she has been styled, though of English birth, is calculated to be very attractive to the not over sensitive of the male persuasion. Her visitors are of the highest class of French fashionables, such as Colleredos, Brunswicks, Mitterniches, Hamiltons & Co., for, says she, "I cannot bear low people," thereby evincing a tendency to be aristocratic. She likes her glass, preferring "my own dear Cliquot," as she terms it; and in terpsichorean demonstrations she is dashing. Although evidently her *forte* is physical or animal display, yet she is not entirely neglectful of mental cultivation, as is proven by the following quotation from one of her readings:—

"'Twas the boy's mite, and, like the widows, may
Perhaps be weighed hereafter, if not now;
But, whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,
And Love's a God, or was before the brow
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but chronology best knows the years."

She has read Swinburne, and thinks his 'Laus Veneris" beautiful, and Byron is classed by her as "a duck of a man and a love of a creature." In fact, to "sum her up," as a bench magnate would have it, she is reckless, extravagant, dashing, insincere, faithless; loves finery, jewelry, also horses, but a man only as long as his purse holds out. In fact, it is this style that has made her famous and the observed of all observers in Paris. Her residence is or was in the Rue du Chasse d'Autin, which is furnished in most elaborate and costly style, the saloon walls being clothed in crimson folds of arras, with a costly mirror framed in gold, rich velvet upholstery, a costly carpet, and statues of all styles and material, from Parian marble to bronze, pictures of Diana of Poictiers, Margaret de Valois, Thuvigne de Mericoult, Charlotte Corday, Lady Jane Grey and more of that character, the place of honor being reserved for Ninon de L'Enclos, the mistress of one of the Bourbon kings—indicative, perhaps, of her idea of some day becoming a Napoleon's mistress. Cora was once a performing actress or ritualistic *ballet* girl in the "Folies Dramatique," which calling she has evidently given up for one faster, more fascinating and more profitable while it lasts, but one which paints without alloy "woman's frailty." Cora is by name a pearl, but not in nature, and careers like hers, though tempting, inevitably result in ruin. So much for Cora.

A MISERABLE MISTRESS.

HER DEATH AND BURIAL.

Mrs. Ann Kelly, a miserly female of eighty-five years, died suddenly yesterday morning in one of those miserable rookeries that make the name of Baker street distasteful. Her abode was No. 619, a frame building but a single story high, looking as if a strong breeze would demolish it in a twinkle. Here this aged piece of humanity had lived alone for half a century or more. A single room was all that the house contained, and an almost paneless window cast a glimmer of light over the picture of wretchedness and apparent want. The deceased was clad in tattered garments hardly sufficient to hide her nakedness. She lay upon a carpetless floor. An old bed, worn out stove, dilapidated chair and a leafless table comprised all that the room contained, if we except an emaciated dog who stood guard over the remains of his departed mistress. The poor animal was faithful to the last. When Coroner Taylor entered the wretched habitation the canine snarled, and as he approached the dead body the animal flew at him, and had to be driven from the room.

Mrs. Kelly's death resulted from debility. The only witness in the case was a young man whose cheeks were pouched out with rum. He mumbled out, in answer to a question by the Coroner, that the deceased had been supplying him with funds to purchase liquor. "Only yesterday morning," he said, "she gave me a ten cent note, and while away getting it changed she died." The deceased had wasted away to a mere skeleton, her lifeless form weighing less than forty pounds.

The Coroner, after summoning a jury and ascertaining the cause of her death, was preparing for her burial at the expense of the city, believing that she was poverty stricken and that her death had been hurried on by want, when a gentleman made his appearance and announced himself as the agent of the deceased. It was then that her history was made known. She was not poor, yet she had lived a wretched life in that iniquitous locality, and had by some means amassed a little fortune. She had from time to time invested her money in real estate in the neighborhood, the income from which was alone sufficient to support her nicely.

The body of the old lady was taken in charge by the agent, and subsequently an undertaker drove up and carried the remains away, with instructions to give them a decent burial.—*Philadelphia Post*, Dec. 15.

A YOUTHFUL FRAULEIN, of Chicago, of sweet seventeen, who married a man who claimed wealth to the tune of $300,000, but had nary a red, has recently been freed from marital slavery and accompanying punching that she alleged she was treated with, by due process of law.

WIT, WINE AND WOMAN.

AN UNFORTUNATE YOUTH SHOOTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE HEART IN A FIT OF REMORSE.

A young man named John F. Purck, a clerk in the State Savings Bank of Chicago, shot himself through the heart at the house of ill-fame kept by Nellie Costello, on Monroe street, on Tuesday morning, 16th instant. The unhappy suicide, up to within a very few weeks, bore an examplary character, and was respected both by his employers and all who knew him. Some short time ago his acquaintance with a young woman of not very virtuous reputation began to be spoken of, and the youth took to habits of drink and dissipation. The officers of the bank, with whom the unfortunate deceased was a favorite, having discovered that he was acting in a very reprehensible manner, took occasion to warn him that, if he did not change his habits, discharge from his situation was inevitable. The young man appeared to deeply feel the warning, and promised reformation. He adhered to his resolution until a few nights ago, when he again gave way to his evil genius, the inebriating demon, and conducted himself in a most unwarrantable manner. He wound up his course of dissipation by entering a house of prostitution, and for several nights past he has been in the habit of sleeping therein.

On the evening of Saturday he declared his intention of committing suicide; but, as he had no pistol, he deferred the sacrifice. When he retired on Monday night he placed a small revolver beneath his pillow. When he arose in the morning he took the weapon, and, suddenly placing the muzzle opposite to his heart, fired. The bullet sped, and, before the eyes of his startled paramour, the unfortunate young man fell to the floor a corpse. The woman shrieked for assistance, which, of course, immediately came. There lay the body of a youth barely one and twenty years, stark and cold, the victim of intemperance and libertinism. Deceased was journal clerk in the State Savings Bank, and was the son of respectable German parents, who reside near Chicago. He was the favorite of the establishment, and, had he shunned the pathway of vice, might have become an ornament and acquisition to his profession.

A CLEVELAND SENSATION.

A Cleveland policeman, while recently patrolling his round, saw a box lying on the sidewalk near the fish market, on Michigan street, apparently left there for some one to pick up. On opening it he found inclosed the dead body of a child just born, wrapped in a cloth, in the first stages of mortification. The officer replaced the body in the box and took it to the Central Police Station. When re-opened the following letter was found:—

TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME, GREETING.—Please bury this poor child where the sun can shine on his grave all day long, and where the gentle zephyrs will wait o'er his little head the sweet perfume of flowers. The name of its father is ——, and is a man high in society in Cleveland. Oh! what will become of its poor mother? The doctor took my dear little Willie and was going to cut him to pieces, but I took him away from him. If any one should find this, please give it a good burial. I shall never sin again. I will live a good, virtuous life, and may God have mercy on me and on its father. I love him still. A SUFFERER.

I should like to keep little Willie forever; but he is smelling badly now, and we will soon meet above.

The letter was written in a small but legible hand, and the spelling was accurate, showing that the mother was a woman of some education. The coroner was notified of the finding of the body, in order that an inquest might be held and the remains properly buried.

THE McFARLAND-RICHARDSON CASE.

McFARLAND INDICTED FOR MURDER.

This sad affair, which has been among the leading events for gossips for a month nearly, still stands prominent, and on the 17th inst. another phase of the case was reached by the grand jury taking into the Court of General Sessions an indictment for murder in the first degree against Daniel McFarland, on account of which he will, probably, be arraigned this week to plead to the indictment. It is the general opinion that no jury will, or can be, summoned that will unanimously pronounce him guilty.

On the same day an informal application was made in the Surrogate's Court for letters of administration on the estate of Albert D. Richardson by his brother. He stated to Mr. Tucker that the widow (Mrs. McFarland) and children were in Massachusetts, and the bulk of the property of deceased, except $10,000 worth of *Tribune* stock, was in New Jersey. The Surrogate denied the application, on the ground that the administration belonged to the widow of Mr. Richardson.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

Scenes in Scotland.---No. 7.

STIRLING CONTINUED—MAR'S WORK—THE BATTLE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN—THE BORE STONE—COFFIN AND SKELETON OF KING JAMES 3D—THE OLD BRIDGE OF STIRLING—ABBEY CRAIG, ETC.

From the esplanade of the castle and the new cemetery there are walks entirely around the fortress, and from the "Ladies' Rock," which rises abruptly in the cemetery, the ladies of the court used to witness the knightly feats of their admirers, which were performed on a space of ground beneath set apart for tournaments and other chivalrous sports. On crossing the esplanade, and descending it to the town by a steep and narrow street called the Castle Wynd, we come to Argyle's Palace, now used as a military hospital in connection with the castle. It has had an interesting history. It belonged to the poet, Sir William Alexander, who, in the reign of Charles I, was made Earl of Stirling. Here Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles the II, enjoyed the hospitality of the Marquis of Argyle, who little thought, at that time, his royal guest was, a few years later, to order his execution. (He was beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh, May 27th, 1661). Passing along, we come to the remains of a stately dwelling called Mar's Work, intended as a residence for the Earl of Mar; in the centre are the royal arms of Scotland, and on the projecting towers on each side those of the Regent and his Countess. Tradition says that it was built of stones taken from the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and that for this sacrilege its founder was cut off before it was finished, and so it remains a dilapidated ruin to this day. Within a few yards distance from Mar's Work is Grey Friars Church, an old Franciscan edifice erected in 1494 by James 4th. In this church the Earl of Arran, regent of the kingdom, abjured Romanism in 1543, and the coronation of the youthful James the 6th took place in the choir on the 29th of July, 1567, on which occasion John Knox preached the coronation sermon. The massive gothic columns of the interior remain intact, and the external walls are likewise in good preservation, with the exception of the transept. The battle field of Bannockburn is about a mile from Stirling, and is accessible by an easy walk. But there is nothing particular to strike the attention in the spot except, perhaps, the ridge of the celebrated Gillies' Hill, and its concern with the battle is better seen and understood on a closer inspection; it may be said that a better idea is derived of the character of the battle ground from the walls of Stirling Castle. The site of the battle field is now a well ploughed agricultural district, penetrated by a small stream.

At Newhouse, a village about half a mile from Stirling, a desperate skirmish took place between the Earl of Moray and a part of the English forces commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, the night before the battle, and on what is called Brock's Brae. A little south of St. Nivan's lies 'The Bore Stone," on which the Scottish standard is supposed to have been raised. In order to protect what is left of this stone from the rapacity of relic hunters, it has been found necessary to enclose it within a heavy grating of iron. A visit to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth is very interesting from its picturesque position and historical associations; it is about one mile from Stirling, on the opposite side of the river of Forth. The walls of the building have all been traced, and are now exposed to view, including the site of the high altar, the chapter house and the church; the only part remaining entire is the tower, a square, massive, Norman looking structure. Recent excavations at the ruins have led to the discovery of the coffin and skeleton of King James III, who was defeated and slain at the Battle of Sauchieburn in 1488; the stone coffin in which his remains were found is still to be seen inside the grating of the new tomb, lately erected by order of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The tomb is of freestone, and is about five feet in height, and eight feet long, with the following inscription finely cut in raised letters on the sides:—

"This restoration of the Tomb of her ancestors was executed by command of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, A. D. 1865."

"In this place, near the high altar of Cambuskenneth, were deposited the remains of James III, King of Scots, who died on the 11th of June, 1488, and of his Queen, the Princess Margaret, of Denmark."

At the head and foot are the Scottish arms quartered with those of Denmark, and the monument is enclosed within a neat iron railing. The death of the king is accounted for in this wise:—the barons of Scotland, being dissatisfied with his government, rose in rebellion against him, and drew into their party the king's eldest son, then a youth of fifteen, afterwards James IV. The unfortunate monarch, with inferior numbers, attacked the army of the insurgents. The consequences proved disastrous; the royal forces, after an obstinate struggle, gave way, and the king, flying from the field, fell senseless from his horse at Beatton's Mill, near the village of Milltown, and was carried into the mill without being recognized; on recovering his senses, the king asked for a priest to whom he might make confession. One of his pursuers coming up, exclaimed:—"I am a priest," and approaching the unfortunate monarch, stabbed him several times to the heart. The building in which this tragic event took place is still pointed out. James the 4th was seized with deep remorse for his conduct in this affair, which manifested itself in severe acts of penance, among others in wearing a heavy iron belt as long as he lived. The old Bridge of Stirling is not only an interesting piece of architecture, but remarkable for its historical associations. It existed long before there was any bridge over the Tay or upon the Forth, and was thus absolutely the gate between the north and south. Nor was it a very broad or even gate, but narrow, tortuous and steep. Its inconvenience suggested the erection of a modern structure by its side, but the old bridge was, with good taste, allowed to remain as a relic of other days. Upon this bridge Hamilton, the last Roman Catholic Archbishop of Scotland, was hanged for his complicity in the murder of the Regent Murray. About a half a mile from this bridge, higher up the river, is the scene of the battle of Stirling, fought on the 13th of Sept., 1297, in which the Scots, under Wallace, gained their first victory over the English. Opposite the town of Stirling is a pile of rock called the Abbey Craig, which rises to the height of 560 feet, and on the top of this the Scotch have erected a beautiful monument to their hero, Wallace. The structure is a lofty baronial tower, 220 feet in height, ascended by an open staircase, which winds up at one of the angles, and is surmounted by an open crown; from the summit there is an extensive and beautiful prospect for miles around. The craig is the property of the town of Stirling and is free to visitors. Having seen all the sights in and around Stirling, we took passage on one of the little steamers that ply between Stirling and Edinburgh and the intervening towns. The trip is very interesting; the river at and below Stirling for miles winds like a serpent and is called the "Links of Forth," and the windings of the river bring you frequently in full view of Stirling and the Wallace monument long after you have left the town. After passing the town of Allan the river widens into the Firth of Forth, and so continues to Edinburgh. MONS. LA THORNE.

LONGEVITY OF ACTORS.—It is no more extraordinary than true, that there are no set of beings who live so long or enjoy better health than the members of the stage; and they almost invariably retain their faculties to the last. The only reason assigned for it is, that the mind and the body are alike continually in action. In taking promiscuously a hundred players from 1830 to the present day, we find that there have died, under 30, 1; between 30 and 45, 5; between 45 and 50, 8; between 50 and 55, 8; between 55 and 60, 11; between 60 and 65, 12; between 65 and 70, 8; between 70 and 75, 15; between 75 and 80, 11; between 80 and 85, 6; between 85 and 90, 6; and between 95 and 100, 6.

ANTISTHENES wondered at mankind that in buying an earthen dish they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack, yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

A TOAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY TITUS A. BRICK.

Here's a good health to the "Girl of the Period,"
May the size of her waterfall never grow less,
May her bend *a la* Grecian ne'er relax or straighten,
May her corseted waist ne'er lack a caress.

O, Art! she is one of your fairest productions—
A delicate, intricate, beautiful thing;
O, Nature! she is one of your rarest creations—
As fresh and as fair as the roses of spring.

So, here's to the union of art and of nature,
May nothing e'er part them asunder again;
For by their joint efforts the "Girl of the Period"—
A very *dear* boon—is vouchsafed to us men.

CONUNDRUMS.

HE that takes a wife takes care—do you take?

WHEN does a hen like beer? When she has a little *brood*.

WHY is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it gives in all directions.

WHEN is claret like a pig's tooth? When it is in the nogshead (hog's head).

WHY is anything that is unsuitable like a dumb person? Because it won't answer.

WHAT is the worst kind of husbandry? When a man in clover marries the woman in weeds.

WHY is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

WHY is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because whichever way he moves, down must come the dust.

WHY should a man be careful always to note where the wind drops? Because he may be called upon to raise it at any time.

WHAT is the difference between a cat and a document? One has *clawses* at the end of its *pawses*, and the other has *pauses* at the end of its *clauses*.

IF a woman expressed a dislike to decayed cheese, the name of what woman mentioned in sacred history would you apply to her? A Shun-a-mite.

BREVITIES.

SILVER GUILT.—Stealing spoons.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.—*Not* the chignon.

TO ASCERTAIN THE LONGITUDE.—Take a foot rule and measure it.

PRIZE FIGHTERS' children are said to suffer from fisthiccoughs (fisticuffs).

VAGUE, injurious reports are no men's lies, but all men's carelessness.

AS NO DAY is without some clouds, so no fortune is without some shadow.

WHEN spite and impotence meet, nothing is more clamorous and extravagant.

THE evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

THE destruction of an old institution is always the discovery of an older principle.

WHEN a man looks a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

MATRIMONIAL history is a story of many *words*, but the tale of love may be told in a few *letters*.

I WOULD have all men elevated to as great a height as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

LADIES who use an excess of perfume must think men, like seals, most assailable at the nose.

"YOU don't look like a miss," as a young lady said to her beau when he had her bonnet on.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

TRUE love, as well as virtue, has this advantage, that we are rewarded for every sacrifice we make to it.

MANY who seem to carry the liberty of the subject highest serve them like trout—tickle them till they catch them.

EDITOR says, "Woman is a link between earth and heaven." "Jim" says, "So is a sausage tossed in the air."

THE woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

MANY ladies, who profess an enthusiastic love of Nature, sit in their parlors as if expecting her to make a call.

A POET, to be happy, must have sympathy, intelligence, enthusiasm, which will reflect back and encourage his own.

THE fame of those who *think* may not always be as eminent as the fame of those who *act*, but still it is a lofty fame.

THE world of the young is the domestic circle; all beyond is fabulous, unless brought home to them by comment.

ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the exact truth, for the sake of apparent good.

SNORING is a grating of rusty machinery, a creaking of unlubricated hinges, a family of sneezes, a kennel of barkings.

IT is a remarkable fact that, although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not anxious for green pastors.

MANY a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

THERE is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry he ceases to be a fool.

MANY books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.

SOME of the savage tribes wear bells on their noses. We have sometimes, at crowded *soirees*, had *belles* on our *toes*—and didn't like the fashion.

TO speak the truth is useful to him to whom it is spoken, but sadly the reverse to him who speaks it, in some cases, for it makes him hated.

PLEASANT recollections promote cheerfulness, and painful ones gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

BEFORE AND AFTER.—A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself—and don't use scissors.

"WHEN men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place."

AN elderly gentleman, who has given much attention to the "natural relations of things," wants to know if a "ship's husband" is necessarily related to the vessel's *buoy* or the sext-*ant*.

FORTUNE has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

MERRY MOMENTS.

A QUESTION OF RIGHTS.—"Has a man," asked a prisoner of a magistrate, "any right to commit a nuisance?" "No, sir, not even the mayor." "Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance; and as no one has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

PURE AND SIMPLE.—Are these pure Canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a gift for his fair." "Yes, sir," said the bird dealer, confidently, "I raised them 'ere birds from the very best Canary seed."

A GOOD WAY TO SETTLE.—A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them:—"Gentlemen, I have been extremely perplexed till now how to satisfy you, but, having done my utmost endeavor, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—A cobbler living in Baltimore thus announces his calling: "Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis."

THE ORATOR CRASSUS, having wept the loss of a murena, a fish which he himself had fed, was taunted with the weakness by Domitius, when pleading against him in the Roman Senate. "It is true," he replied, "that I shed tears for my fish; but that is more than you did at the death of either of your two wives."

MISERIES.—Writing an appointment to a lady and a disappointment to a tailor, and cross directing them. Paying your rent punctually on quarter day to your landlord, and being distrained on the next day by his landlord. Abusing a person whom you have never seen, to a stranger, who quietly observes that he is the man.

"ANYTHING MORE."—One evening, with a friend, I stepped into an ice-cream saloon, in which, at the time, there chanced to be but two couples. Almost immediately after our arrival they arose to go. As they did so, one of the young gents, turning to the young lady nearest him, said: "If there is anything more you want, *jest spit her out*."

TYPICAL IN POLITICS.—"Sedley," said Charles II, "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the north, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your Majesty, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert! you dog," said Charles, "why Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted," said Sedley.

A SCOTCH ANECDOTE.—An Edinburgh physician having ordered a blister to be put on a patient's chest, called to enquire what had been the effect. "Oh," replied the brother of the invalid, "we had na a *kist* to put the blister on; but we put it on a band-box, and George is weel eneuch." "Well, well," answered the doctor with a grin, "that's all right if he's better."

VON MORE OF THEM LITTLE HOKS.—Some years ago, at a public dinner, a Dutchman was one of the company, and during the banquet he paid so assiduous attention to a roasted pig immediately in front of his plate that he devoured the entire animal. As he finished the last morsel, unctuous and savory, a bustling waiter asked him what he would be helped to next. "Oh," replied the feeder, "I'll dank you for von more of dem leetle hoks."

HARD ON THE OLD ROOSTER.—A friend of ours, who lives in the country, has a bright little "four-year-old," Willie by name, who often says things that are quite amusing. The other day the mother, noticing that he was chasing the "male chicken," called to him: "Willie, Willie? why are you chasing the rooster?" "I'm going to kill him," responded Master William. "Why, what has he done?" asked the mother. "Why," said Will, "*he hasn't laid an egg this year!*"

NEW PLAN OF REPORTING.—"You can't stand there," said a watchman to a thin man in a suit of rusty black, who was endeavoring to maintain a favorable position for viewing a late fire, "you *must* come down, sir." "Allow me to remain, if you please; I am a reporter, and it is necessary I should see what is going on." "I don't care," responded the guardian, "if ye want a report of it you'll see it in all the papers to-morrow."

HOW HE FELT.—Mynheer Snoffengrozen thus tells how he felt "once on a time." It verges toward the agonizing:—"Vonce, ven I vas court mine Caterine, I vas gone on my field to hoe my potatoes corn. Vell, den I see my Caterine coming der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climbs a tree, and chust as I was going to boo her I falls off on der hemlock fence, and stuck a pine knot hole in mine pantaloons, and Caterine vas laff and make me more shame den a sheep mit one tief on his back."

THE PRIZE RING OF THE OLDEN TIME.

ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN BOSCOW THE BUTCHER AND PADDY M'GEE.

AIR—"*Sally McGee.*"

Ye jolly Patlanders, the "*native*" while quaffing,
 Drink luck to the boy who gave Boscow his *say*,
Oh! Ralpho, my dear, drop your chaunting and chaffing,
 The pluck of bold Paddy has carried the day;
Ye Liverpool *coves*, where's the pride of your "*crack un*,"
 Now *settled's* the butcher, your "*top o' the tree!*"
His yellow stain'd wipe is now changed to a black un,
 His laurels grew pale before Paddy McGee.

How twinkled with joy every bright Irish *ogle*,
 When into the ring Pat with glee *shy'd his thatch*,
When tied to the stakes was his shamrock-green *fogle*,
 And Pat, with a smile on his *mug*, went to *scratch*.
O! then came the *hits* and the counters so sore, sir,
 And *dominos chatter'd* and *peepers* were *queer'd*;
Hard *nobbers*, and *jobbers*, and claret galore, sir,
 Rain'd thick, while the *Fancy* the combatants cheer'd.

Like Blarney lane bulldogs they rush at each other,
 Till Boscow met Pat with a *slash* on the *conk*,
Who *groggified* felt all his brains in a bother;
 (Now cheried the Cheshires), Pat's all in a funk.
His *daylights* so darken'd, Pat scarce could discover
 His customer Boscow; the Butchers in glee
Cried "*Go it*, stout Ralpho, with Paddy '*tis over!*"
 "I doubt it," cried Reynolds, the *pal* of McGee.

"*By my soul, Tom's a witch*," a tight Em'ralder shouted,
 When Pat on the *mark* placed a terrific blow,
And grass'd was his customer—"Naw wha'd a' thought it,
 "A *rum un* this Pat," *groan'd* the friends of Boscow.
Encore on the *tripe-shop*, Ralph *napp'd*, and grew *sea-sick*,
 A few *Irish flings* soon disabled him quite—
Pat *hammer'd* the *mark*, till o'ercome with the phthisic,
 Poor Boscow fell *groggy*, and Pat won the fight.

Then charge high your *mathvis* to Paddy McGee, boys,
 That *out-and out trump*—here's success to his fist,
In valor and bottom, the "Fancy" agree, boys,
 He's surpass'd by no *coves* on the Prize-milling list;
For where is de boy ever proved such a *glutton*,
 Or who at de *scratch* e'er appeared with more glee,
When *sliced* and *cut up* by the *slayer of mutton*,
 Than did our game Em'ralder, Paddy McGee.

DAN DONNELLY; THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S CLIPPER.

It was for a long time the generally expressed opinion in the sporting world, that Donnelly would not show himself in England; however, in February, 1819, it was thus whispered on the sly, that "The 'big' hero, the pride of Hibernia, denominated the Irish Champion, had at length (according to the gay and game boys of the metropolis), ventured across the water, and showed himself in England.

It appeared that the lushing crib of Dan had got rather leaky, and no chance remained to put it into proper repair. A screw was also loose; change of air was prescribed—*non est investus* essentially requisite; and, in a "devil may care moment," Dan, with a hurried step, made his way through the streets of Dublin, pushed forward to Ring's End, when he was not long in getting one foot on board of the packet for England, ho! A glass of whiskey put into his hand soon bothered all hesitation out of his nob, and it then required but little coaxing to get the other pin upon the deck. At length the cable was slipped, mirth and good humor quite afloat, and Dan full of *spirits*. The pigeon-house soon lost sight of Dublin Bay, and its surrounding beauties, no longer visible—and the Hill o' Howth (Paddy's land-mark) nearly extinct—

Over a drop of good liquor,
That will end the contest quicker
Than either Church or Vicar;

when our hero found himself "half seas over" towards Liverpool, before he had time to reflect upon the hasty voyage he had undertaken, going, as it were, "no one knows whither." However, there was now no retreating. A few "more glasses" made everything pleasant—reflection no longer intruded upon his upper story; and, after the reviving qualities of some forty winks, the light-house broke in upon Dan's ogles, near the Mersey, and the shores of Liverpool gave him a safe deliverance from the briny deep. It was at this sea-port that Carter crossed his path, and picked him up as a brother performer, which gave birth to his adventures in England; as it seeme, Dan's original intention was not to visit the metropolis, but when his affairs were settled to return to Dublin.

Donnelly defeated George Cooper, one of the most scientific and elegant pugilists of the London ring, upon the Curragh of Kildare; and, also, at the same place, he claimed the victory over Isle of Wight *Hall*. There was not a trump, nor an out and outer upon the coal quay in Dublin (and the mere appearance of some of these rough heroes is enough to appal Old Nick) who had not repented of his temerity in attacking Donnelly.

It was also asserted that he had floored, with ease, all his opponents in Ireland; and, but for the above reasons, Dan would not have left even for a short time, his tavern near Leinster Market, which was well attended. To the frequenters of his house (the English in particular) he was remarkably civil and attentive. But his tour to that country had not only the advantages of pleasure, but a tiny bit of profit attached to the end of it; and although he declared he had left his darling birth-place behind him, he trusted he should still find a county of tip in England without making a bull of it. Fighting in the prize ring, it seems, was not his intention; but, he said, if any of the spalpeens were after behaving rude to Mr. Donnelly, he meant, for the honor of Old Ireland, to protect his person, and give them a whack or two into the bargain.

Carter, who was sufficiently well acquainted with the stage to know the advantages of a good bill (*a gag*), issued the following placard, on the 19th of Feb. 1819, at Manchester:—"Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, and Carter, the Champion of England, will exhibit together in various combats, the art of self defence, at the Emporium Rooms." This had the desired effect; an overflowing audience was the result; and at Liverpool they met with greater and repeated encouragement. The above heroes soon afterwards took the road to the metropolis; and bets were offered that Carter fought twice during the summer, and won both the events. Several wagers were also made in London respecting the identity of Donnelly; when some of the best judges asserted that the above personage was not that Donnelly who fought with George Cooper, but what the French term a *nom de guerre*.

Donnelly arrived in London a short time afterwards, and showed himself at the Castle Tavern, and considerable sums of money were lost upon that event. He was not long in feeling the pulse of the English amateurs, and a hand bill was issued, announcing sparring between Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, and Carter. On Friday evening, March 18, 1819, about one hundred of the most respectable class of the amateurs, among whom was a nobleman of high rank, assembled at the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane, a large room selected for the purpose.

The following description of him occurred at that time: "Donnelly, at length, stripped, amidst thunders of applause. The *Venus de Medicis* never underwent a more microscopic scrutiny from the critical eye of the *connoisseur*, than did the Champion of Ireland from the ogles of the anxious fancy. In point of frame, he is far from that sort of "big one" which had been previously anticipated; there is nothing loose or puffy about him; he is strong and bony to all intents and purposes; and it might be said of Donnelly, that he is—all muscle. His arms are long and slingy; his shoulders uncommonly fine, particular when in action, and prominently indicative of their punishing quality. His nob is also a fighting one; his neck, athletic and bold; in height, nearly six feet; in weight about thirteen stone eight (190) pounds, and the *tout ensemble*, a miller, with first rate qualifications. Thus much for his person. Now a word for his quality. His wind appears to be undebauched. Resolute, firm, and not to be denied; and he maintains his ground upon the same system that Mendoza practiced with so much success. Getting away, he either disdains, or does not acknowledge this particular trait in his system of tactics. His attitude was not admired; and it was thought that he leant rather too far back, inclining on his right shoulder. He makes tremendous use of his right hand. Eights rounds were finely and skilfully contested; and Carter, equal to anything on the list for scientific efforts, must be viewed as a most formidable opponent. The difference of style between the two performers attracted considerable attention; produced a great variety of remarks, and drew down peals of applause. Carter, on his legs, possessing all the agility and confidence of an experienced dancing master; getting away with the utmost *sang froid*, walking round and round his opponent to plant a blow, with all the perfection of a professor. Donnelly is not so showy, but dangerous; he is no tapper; nor does he throw any blows away; neither is he to be got at, without encountering mischief. He is, however, awkward; but final judgment cannot be pronounced from his sparring, more especially as he does not profess the use of the gloves. It was a most excellent trial of skill; and the amateurs seemed to devour it with great gout. Carter made some good hits; and Donnelly some strong points; and at the end of one round in particular, had it been in the ring, must have been pronounced pepper. The good temper of Donnelly was also noticed; and, impartially speaking, it was a nice point to decide who had the best of it in effect. Carter, without doubt, had all the show of the thing."

In consequence of but few persons having had an opportunity of witnessing Donnelly's talents at the above place, the Minor Theatre was selected on the Thursday following, to give *eclat* to the performances of the above pugilist. The audience was of the most respectable description; and although the boxes and pit were filled with company rather of a different cast than usually grace those seats, yet they were not wanting in either style or rank. Ben Burns, a boxer of great talent with the gloves (but who does not often exhibit), appeared in opposition to the Irish Champion. It was a set-to of considerable merit, and the science of Burns was much applauded.

Donnelly, dangerous at all times, soon convinced the amateurs of his peculiar *forte*; but it was thought, from the warm-hearted attentions of his countrymen, that he had rather more spirits on board than cool judgment to regulate his steerage. He, however, showed off in good style, and finished one round in a way that must have been tremendous in the ring. It is still thought he stands rather too backward, leaning from his opponent: but that can only be decided from a practical result. At all events, Donnelly was a great source of attraction. Carter and Donnelly finished the performances; it was a sharp and long set-to, upon the whole, and loudly applauded. But a wish was expressed that Cribb and Donnelly should have been opposed to each other, in order to give the public an opportunity of deciding upon the different sort of tactics pursued by the rival champions. Cribb was not present, or else there cannot be a doubt but the amateurs would have been gratified in that view.

At Gregson's benefit, at the above theatre, on April 1, 1819, the principal attraction of the day was the announced combat between the two rival champions, Cribb for England and Donnelly for Old Ireland. The Irish amateurs were exceedingly numerous, but much disappointment occurred in consequence of the above event not being realized. Previous to the appearance of the Irish Champion, it was announced by Norton to the audience that Donnelly had met with an accident by falling off the Oxford stage coach. Donnelly, however, put on the gloves and set-to with Carter; but "hoped the spectators would excuse him." It was evident he could not stop with his right arm, which appeared much bruised and swelled, and upon his announcing this circumstance to Carter, the latter, in the most friendly style, observed, "we must then stop with his head!" This set-to, of course, excited no interest, and on the departure of Donnelly some slight hissing occurred.

Sutton, the man of color, challenged Donnelly to fight for £50 a side. (Great applause). Richmond presented himself to the audience on the part of Donnelly, stating "That the Irish Champion did not come over to England with any intention of entering the Prize Ring." (Disapprobation). Carter soon followed and observed that, "As Mr. Richmond had only made half a speech, he would finish it. Mr. Donnelly meant to *insult* (consult) his friends by fighting Sutton." (Roars of laughter). Sutton again came forward and said he would fight Donnelly at five minutes' notice for £50, or from £100 to £200 at any given time, in a ring." (Great applause).

In consequence of some aspersions, or doubts, having been thrown upon the courage of Donnelly, he immediately published the following document, which was designated as the

IRISH CHAMPION'S MANIFESTO TO THE MILLING WORLD

At a sparring match, for the benefit of Gregson, on Thursday, the first day of April, Donnelly having met with an accident, he hopes the public will pardon him if he has not amused the gentlemen present to their satisfaction, but it was his wish to do so. After the set-to between Harmer and Sutton, the latter thought proper to come forward and to challenge any man, and also Donnelly in particular, for £50 or £100. Donnelly, being somewhat a stranger, did not come forward to answer the challenge until he should first consult his friends, in this country and in Ireland; but he has that confidence in his friends, both here and there, that they will back him. He therefore begs leave to say that he did not come over to England for the purpose of fighting, but, as it appears to be the wish of the gentlemen here to try his mettle, he begs leave further to say that he will fight any man in England of his weight from £100 £500.

Witness, C. BRENANT. D. DONNELLY.

On the 6th of April, 1819, Randall's benefit took place at the Fives Court. Donnelly had scarcely mounted the stage when "Cribb, Cribb, Cribb!" was vociferated from all parts of the Court, till Carter made his appearance on the platform ready to commence the combat. The cries of "Cribb!" were now louder, added to hisses, &c., when the Lancashire Hero bowed and retired. Donnelly appeared rather confused, and it escaped from his lips that "he would not spar at all!" The Champion of England, however, did not appear; and then "Carter, Carter!" was called, but he had also left the Court. In the midst of this confusion Harmer offered himself amidst thunders of applause, and the latter appeared to have the best of it, but the set-to was altogether uninteresting, and Donnelly left off under marks of pain. It ought to have been announced to the Court that Donnelly had got a large tumor upon his right arm near his elbow. The usage to Donnelly was not only rough, but it might be termed, to use a sporting phrase, rather foul! It was very unlike the usual generosity of John Bull toward a stranger—it was not national, but savored of something like prejudice. It had better not have taken place, and such sort of sport had ought not to be exhibited. A clear stage and fair play is all that is wanted, either at the Fives Court or in the ring.

At Martin's benefit at the above Court, on Tuesday, April 20, 1819, Oliver challenged Donnelly for 100 guineas a side, when Randall (Donnelly not being present) mounted the stage and said he was authorized to accept it on the part of the Irish Champion, who would enter the lists with Oliver, upon that day six weeks, for any sum that might be offered.

Donnelly and Carter took a benefit at the Minor Theatre, on Tuesday, April 27th. Carter and Donnelly were much noticed, and it was by far the best display of science that had taken place between them. The Irish Champion stopped well with his left arm, and, notwithstanding the leariness of Carter, he put in a sharp blow upon the throat of the latter. Carter, it was thought, did not exhibit such good condition as he might have been trained up to, his fight with Spring coming on in a few days; but his activity in hitting, goodness on his legs, getting away with dexterity and his mode of working round his opponent, were much admired and loudly applauded.

In our next issue a report of the great national contest between Donnelly and Oliver will be given.

BASE BALL.

A LITTLE PLAIN TALK.

Management and Mismanagement of Clubs—Comparisons Between Players, etc.—Training and Discipline.

Now since the season has closed, and our "chivalric" professionals have thrown off their armor, and have once more assumed the garb of peace, and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*, in the bosom of their families, on the well-earned spoils of the campaign, we thought our readers would like to know what the clubs and players have done; how they have managed, and how much this management has been conducive to their success. Base ball has, for a number of years, been approaching nearer and nearer a scientific perfection (if we may be permitted to coin a word), that is, season after season we notice the score grows smaller and smaller; safe batting of years ago are now sure outs; the fielders are now enabled by the motion of the batsman in striking a ball to tell almost the exact spot where it (the ball) will fall, and can, therefore, cover a larger space with as much ease as "ye" ancient tossers; the in-fielders have grown more reliant, more ambitious, and those old fashioned bounders through the in-field are getting more and more hazardous; the short stop now will guard well the left and left centre short out field space, which was at one time such a favorite spot for our safe batsmen, while the second base does the same thing in the right and right centre field; the pitcher, of all others, has increased in skill, using his head more, studying his adversary at the bat, making the muscle obedient to the will, and, in short, studies, or rather assimilates intuitively all the tricks and dodges, both natural and gained from experience, till 'tis like catching a juggler in his tricks to escape being deceived by our crack pitchers, while the catcher, becoming well versed in all the contrivances of his pitcher, knows just what he will do, and, knowing that, is sure to be in the right place at the right time. Another and important improvement is that of throwing. Ye old veterans, who gallantly carried the colors of '58, '59 and '60, or ye antiquated ones of '61, '62 and '63, must wonder when they view the fielding and throwing of '69, and be amazed that they were ever called first class players. I remember well, about '61, when I first played in the in-field, and the first ball knocked to me I stopped well, but threw clean over the first baseman's head; there was a little growling, for who would belong to a nine that did not growl in those good old days; but my misplay was no worse than a majority of the throws in those days and our club would not bear underrating from any, as many found to their sorrow. When I say these old fogies look upon the accurate throwing, don't we think the world moves, and contentedly take a back seat? How easily we used to steal bases then; but now—hug your base well or that natty "cuss" behind will have that ball to first before you, or that seemingly careless pitcher will jump around as if a pin had stuck in him and hurl that "beloved globe" too soon for you; but in our days we used to take it easy; the pitcher would look around and draw the first baseman's attention, and, of course, we were on the alert, or the catcher would sing out "Look out there, you first baseman," and then throw the ball; or, when he knew a player was too timid to steal a base, he would let a ball pass and kindly inform the pitcher, "he could not pitch half as well as a donkey." But these good old days of fun and non-gambling are passed, and gate money, betting and hard work have taken their place; but these cannot take the place of the rollicking times of yore, and the past generation will always keep the old bygone days perpetually green in their remembrance, and no allurements of scientific plays, or close contests where the score is as low as 4 to 2, and 2 to 1, can make them believe that base ball of to-day is equal to base ball in their days. "Call you this our game of base ball?" I heard an old veteran cry; "why 'tis no more like it than a modern steam engine to Watts' primitive one. In our days we went in for fun, and when the game was over we all deposited ourselves around the chowder and had our battles over again. But now, since you have made a business of it, every man acts as if he was personally desirous of his neighbor's muffing, and was afraid he might make a brilliant display, and thus be praised more than himself. 'Twasn't so in our day," and he again turned his attention to the game. Excuse this digression, but "Memories of the past steal o'er me," and what was in those days will show how much improvement has been made in a few years.

All will remember that during our late war, when a campaign was over, reports were always made to the President, through the Secretary of War, giving a full detail of the strategies and scientific moves of the various divisions of the *corps d'armee*. We all know that by reading these we could get a pretty accurate idea of how the various divisions acted, and, by drawing a rough sketch, could plainly see the advantages of many of the most intricate movements. Now it is our intention to endeavor to make somewhat similar a report of the "Doings of the Professionals during 1869," and all these criticisms will apply to the amateurs as well.

We shall divide our professionals into those of the north, embracing the Mutuals, Atlantics, Eckfords and Irvingtons; those of the west the "Red Stockings" and Forest City Club, of Cleveland; those of the middle department the Athletic and Keystone clubs, and those of the south the Maryland Club, of Baltimore, National and Olympic Clubs, of Washington. We shall consider the fraternity at large as the President, and the editor of this paper as the Secretary of War, and the CLIPPER as the governmental "organ."

We will take them in departments, criticise the various divisions, and then do the same for the various regiments contained in those divisions. We are going to be impartial, throwing all differences aside, and endeavor to let all know where they have failed, where their weak points are and how they had better improve them, and, in fact, try to give information to all, professional and non-professional, first class players and indifferent ones, and then leave it to the fraternity whether the same was timely, and watch next season whether we can detect any improvement or not, and when observing the former will have the satisfaction of knowing some good has been done, which will give us solace for our troubles.

Before proceeding to take up the divisions, we would first speak of the formation of clubs. They should have an active president, one who takes great interest in it, is present at all their games, accompanies them on their trips, and is careful to look out for the comforts of his men. There should be no more than three directors, and those should be reliable men, who have the welfare of the club at heart; one should by all means be the president, the second should be the scorer, the third should be a member of the nine. These I would divide into supervisory, working and playing directors, giving to the first, as the title will show, a fatherly duty to see that all things are conducted in the right manner, to take the whole responsibility of trips, of seeing that the players have every requisite for comfort, to present a ball when lost and receive the same when won; in short, nothing to be done without his being consulted. The working director should receive all challenges and immediately lay them before his colleagues, and when these three agree on an action in regard to a match, immediately answer the same; he should act as scorer of the club, should be required to take a full account of each and every game, and at the end of the season prepare the averages in a full, accurate and scientific manner. Now this is important to all clubs; every one of our professionals should employ a reliable scorer, and should not be content without a complete record of every innings is kept. Now I have always found that those clubs which have good scorers play a steadier and better game than those that do not. When they know that every good play and every poor one is marked down, and will appear at the end of the season, they will unconsciously do better than if they knew if they played good on one day and indifferent on another, was all that was requisite to retain their position, and that no record was kept to show how many errors was committed: but when on one side all the good plays will be credited, and on the other the *sum total*, and their retention will depend on the largeness of the one and the smallness of the other, they will, out of pride alone, endeavor to lengthen one list and shorten the other, and all clubs will find it will pay to try the experiment, not as some do, by making the scorer the tenth man—for good scorers are seldom good players, one being versed in the theory and the other in the practice—but get an able, impartial scorer, and see if one season will not show a clearly marked improvement. The third director should be one of the nine, as he is better acquainted with the wants of the players than any non-player; he can see a fault in the working, and knows how much each player is capable of doing; he should see that all the implements necessary are on hand, and in all matches should have the complete control of the players, acting as captain. Thus you see the president has charge of the players till they arrive on the ball field; he then turns them over to the captain, or playing director, who is responsible for their conduct on the field, and when the game is over he turns them over again to the president, while the scorer, or working director, keeps a record of every play or misplay, and when, at the end of the season, they compare their notes, and make their reports to the club, 'twill be an easy thing to find out who should be retained, or who not.

So much for the formation of clubs. Now we will turn to the standard on which we will criticise. Every one seeing an object, be it beautiful or otherwise, immediately compares it with a certain conception of what such should be. This conception is generally called the *beau ideal*. You will notice when persons unacquainted with painting and sculpture will often criticise severely those parts which are really the most truthful and beautiful; or in literature, we often hear that called dull and prosaic which really is the most forcibly and accurately written; and nine times out of ten, or, more truthfully, 99 out of a 100, these same will claim such novels as we see on stands at ten cents a copy, and generally called the "yellow covered literature," as the acme of literary perfection, and would invest their ten cents for a work with the title of "Demon Face, or the Indian Slayer," in preference to paying the same price for one of Scott's novels; so in our game—there are many who consider those players the best who are really the poorest, and who, seeing them in one or two games playing splendidly, will ever afterwards insist that such and such players are the best. 'Tis this that has brought many up to prominence with the spectators and who praise them as wonderful players, and when they see their favorites criticised in the press, claim that the reporters do it out of spite, and nothing, not even when their favorites are shelved by their clubs, can you beat it into their heads that they were mistaken, but will still ignorantly insist that they have been ill-used out of spite; that the others were envious of them and that the clique rules; while the steady, earnest players, who play well at all times, who are ignorant of bad days, receive little favor in their eyes, when, in reality, these latter are those who win the game. But when the club has a good scorer, and when his report is made out, then we see where the dashy play, good to-day, but poor to-morrow, stand. Now, in order to have something as a *beau ideal*, 'tis necessary to have one club who, by skillful management or superior play, is looked upon as superior, and for that purpose we will take the Western Department, and choose as our *beau ideal* the Cincinnati Club, because it is better managed; it has passed a season without losing one game, and that against the strongest clubs, having passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Capital, thus traversing more ground than any two clubs in the country; and because in that club we can find more *beau ideals* than in any other club. Having now sufficiently explained what may be expected, we will turn to the Subject Proper, and take up the Cincinnati Club.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

ATHLETIC CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The following is the record of the Athletic Club for the season of 1869. The club has played eleven match games, winning seven and losing four:—

Date.	Club.	Runs.	Club.	Runs.
June 2	Athletic	38	Amateur	53
June 12	Athletic	55	Enterprise	43
June 28	Athletic	34	Enterprise	15
July 5	Athletic	20	Cream City	34
July 12	Athletic	24	Ætna	21
July 19	Athletic	50	Amateur	36
July 29	Athletic	25	Ætna	19
Aug. 11	Athletic	26	Garden City	42
Aug. 28	Athletic	45	Amateur	33
Sept. 8	Athletic	16	Garden City	36
Oct. 12	Athletic	41	Eureka	21
Total		384	Total	353

Highest and lowest score of Athletics, 55 and 16. Highest and lowest score of opponents, 53 and 15.

Highest and lowest scores in a single innings of Athletics, 24 and 20. Highest and lowest score in a single innings of opponents, 12 and 11.

The individual record of the club is as follows:—

NAMES	Bredberg	Boardman	Butler	Dorgan	Graves	Keane	Reynolds	Stambaugh	Taylor	Mears	Powers	Total
No. of Games	11	8	11	6	10	8	10	11	9	3	3	
Outs	23	21	35	13	33	21	22	40	28	9	10	282
Average Outs	2-1	2-5	3-2	2-1	3-3	2-5	2-2	3-7	3-1	3-0	3-1	
Runs	52	34	43	24	35	32	44	40	37	9	6	384
Average Runs	4-08	4-02	3-10	4-00	3-05	4-00	4-04	3-07	4-01	3-00	2-00	
Left on Bases	5	8	4	6	6	2	5	4	3	2	1	56
Home Runs	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	0	0	7
Struck Out	0	2	2	1	1	1	0	3	0	0	1	11
Foul Bound Out	4	11	4	2	1	3	0	5	4	3	3	33
Run Out	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3
Out on Fly	7	5	13	5	9	4	6	16	13	3	2	65
Out on First Base	7	7	9	5	14	12	15	12	8	2	2	93
Out on Second Base	1	1	4	0	5	0	1	2	0	1	1	16
Out on Third Base	2	0	1	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	7
Out on Home Base	1	1	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	7
Fly Catches	16	7	11	5	13	7	12	5	4	3	0	87
Foul Bound Catches	27	0	11	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	41
No. Put Out on Bases	6	1	17	0	0	5	9	92	2	0	0	135
Catches on Strikes	4	0	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
No. Run Out	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Assisted	32	4	20	14	1	5	27	1	25	0	0	129
Total Put Out	53	8	52	6	13	12	21	99	6	3	0	277
Clear Scores	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3
Blank Scores	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

JEFFERSON (AMATEUR) B. B. CLUB, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

May	18	Jefferson 10	Olympic	44
June	4	Jefferson 15	National, of Baltimore, Md.	58
June	18	Jefferson 29	Pastime, of Baltimore, Md.	53
July	14	Jefferson 25	National	51
August	25	Jefferson 23	Union	32
September	3	Jefferson 17	National	15
September	9	Jefferson 5	Olympic	45
September	10	Jefferson 46	Union	24
September	13	Jefferson 15	National	46
September	20	Jefferson 19	Maryland, of Baltimore	29
September	30	Jefferson 15	National	23
October	13	Jefferson 21	Union	20
October	9	Jefferson 23	Olympic, of Culpepper	9
November	18	Jefferson 19	Monitor, of Annapolis	16
		Total 302	Total	447

PLAYERS.	Position	No. of Games	Outs	Runs	1st Bases on Hits	Average Outs	Average Runs	Average 1st Bases on Hits	Clean Scores	Blank Scores	Blank Bases on Hits	Led Score
Lake	3d b	8	19	25	24	2-38	3-13	3-00	0	0	0	2
Church	c	8	14	16	21	1-75	2-00	2-63	1	1	0	4
McClelland	2d b	12	30	38	30	2-50	3-17	2-50	0	1	1	1
Anderson	p	12	28	32	28	2-33	2-67	2-33	0	1	2	3
Doyle	s s	11	36	23	23	3-27	2-09	2-09	0	1	1	0
Morgan	c f	7	17	16	14	2-43	2-28	2-00	0	1	1	0
Finney	1st b	12	37	[illegible]	22	3-08	1-92	1-83	0	1	1	1
McCauley	l f	11	35	18	17	3-27	1-64	1-55	0	1	2	1

Highest score in a game—Jefferson 46 vs. Union; Pastime, 53.
Highest score in an innings—Jefferson 17; Olympic 15.
Most bases on hits in a game—Jefferson 47 vs Union; National, 38.

THOS. H. CALLAN,
Scorer Jefferson B. B. Club.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1869

ITS VICTORIES AND DEFEATS.

Conclusion—November—No. 7.

The closing month of the season of 1869 was not without interest. Notwithstanding the severe weather which characterized the month in this vicinity, there were numerous interesting contests, both among the professionals and amateurs. The most noted events were the visit of the Mutuals to Cincinnati and the final match of the Atlantic-Eckford series.

An interesting event occurred in Philadelphia on the 1st. A game had been arranged between the old and new members of the Athletic club. Among the old boys who handled the bat were Berkenstock, Havharst, E. and C. Gaskill, McBride and Reach. The new nine was too much for the veterans, the score standing 27 to 13.

On the 3d, at the Capitoline ground, the Athletics, of Brooklyn, with but seven men, met and defeated the Champions of Jersey City. The latter club had only eight of their players, and scored 7 against 25.

At the Elysian Fields, on the 4th, the Eagles and Empires came together for the final game of their match. The Empires were extremely weak. Higham, Voege and Griffin being the only members of the nine on hand. The Eagles, on the contrary, were out in their strength, and gained a signal victory, with the score 26 to 5.

On the 5th, the Unions, of Morrisania, visited Hoboken, to engage in a social contest with the club of that name. A social time was enjoyed, and the Union was cemented with the score, 26 to 17 in favor of the Morrisanians.

The game at Cincinnati on the 6th, between the Mutuals, of this city, and the "Red Stockings," was an interesting event. The contest attracted a large crowd of spectators, but was not a creditable exhibition for either club. The Mutuals were beaten, the score standing 17 to 8. At Philadelphia, the Athletics and Keystones played the second game of a new series. The score was rather one-sided, the Athletics scoring 44 to 10. At Reading, Pa., the Clippers defeated the Long Islands—32 to 15. The Unknowns gave the Independents a beating at Austin, Texas, with the score 57 to 29.

The last grand match of the season came off at the Union ground on the 8th. The Eckfords and Atlantics were the contestants, and the title to the possession of the nominal championship was at issue. Each had won a game, and the final contest, even at so late a day, attracted considerable attention. The weather was extremely cold, but the players managed to keep themselves warm enough to do some handsome fielding. The game was sharply contested, and terminated in the success of the Atlantics, with the close score of 16 to 12.

On the 10th, at the Capitoline ground, the Athletics and Excelsiors had a bout. The former were successful, scoring 22 to 7.

At Paulsboro, N. J., on the 11th, the Clippers, of Glassboro, beat the Excelsiors of the former place—45 to 23.

Thanksgiving Day (the 18th) was taken advantage of by clubs all over the country as a *finale* to the season. At the Union grounds the Eckfords and Mutuals played an exhibition game to quite a good sized crowd. The weather was against good fielding, but, nevertheless, a good game resulted. The Eckfords gained a handsome victory, with the score 11 to 4. At the Capitoline ground the Stars defeated the Osceolas—42 to 2. The Nameless, Jr., of Brooklyn, took advantage of the holiday to visit South Orange, N. J., where, in a game with the Alert Club, of Seton Hall College, they were defeated with the score 41 to 3. At Rockville, Md., the Eckfords, of Washington, met the Montgomerys, and scored 45 to 14 in six innings. At Macon, Ga., the Gate City, of Atlanta, gave a ball to the Savannah Club—27 to 23. At New Orleans the Washingtons defeated the Magnolias—18 to 6. The Marylands, of Baltimore, in response to an invitation from the different clubs in the vicinity of Fort Monroe, Va., spent Thanksgiving in that neighborhood. On the 18th the Champions of the South engaged a picked nine, scoring 28 to 3. On the following day another game was played with the same nine, but as Hooper and Wilson, of the Marylands, did not play, the game was better contested. The score stood 33 to 23 in favor of the Baltimoreans.

At Ithaca, N. Y., on the 20th, the Excelsiors, of Cornell University, played a handsome game with the Eagles. The latter was successful—20 to 19. A return game took place on the 22d, when the tables were turned—the Collegians scoring 28 to 19.

At New Orleans, on the 28th, the Washingtons and Magnolias had a return of the game played on Thanksgiving Day. The former gained another victory—33 to 9.

The visit of the "Red Stockings" to San Francisco caused quite a revival in the game among the ball tossers of the metropolis of the Pacific Slope. During November a large number of games were played, which are enumerated below: 5th—Union vs. Original—9 to 1 in favor of the former; 6th—Neptune vs. Rising California—71 to 21; Baltic vs. Young Original—44 to 11; unknown vs. Young Eagle—37 to 25; 7th—Blue Stockings vs. Harvard—60 to 40; Camanche vs. Black Stockings—68 to 11; Etnas vs. Olympians—79 to 28; 13th—Alert vs. Venture—36 to 30; Union vs. East Sparks—85 to 21; 18th—Young Pacific vs. Baltic—27 to 18; Montanas vs. Californias—87 to 38; 20th—Phœnix vs. Nemean—29 to 13; 21st—Camanche vs. Washington—21 to 14.

In our review for July, in our issue of November 27, the Trimountains of Boston were given the credit of defeating the Fairmounts of Marlboro by a score of 40 to 17. This was an error, as the Fairmounts were the victors.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

WM. E. TINNEY, Brooklyn.—Bravo! Your games are very welcome, as would be any from the chief players in the B. Tourney. Have we yet an unpublished problem of yours?

WM. A. SHINKMAN.—Many thanks for your courtesy. The 4-move prob. shall be treated as you suggest. Nothing could be more welcome than your offer of games. Two a month between some of the masters named, brilliant, not too many Evanses-Attack winning, not many over 40 moves, with their notes—would be extremely acceptable. Oh! few or no "Sneak Openings"—we're "down on 'em." If we can rely on you, or some one else, for a fair share of the best games in your forthcoming State Tourney, we should be much pleased.

C. W. WHITMAN.—When the list and prices reach us we will write you again. We will do what we can *anent* the books.

G. P. Q.—The Chess slip is valuable and interesting; we intend using the very fine game.

E. H. R., Sedalia, Mo.—You are quite right; a player can claim a queen for every pawn that he succeeds in getting into his opponent's "royal rank;" or king row.

Solution of Problem No. 694.

Based on the supposition that the Rook at B 3d should be blacked up.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

1..R to K B sq	15..K to B 2	38..R to Q 2 +
2..Q-R 4 +	19..K-Kt sq	39..Q-Q B 4 +
3..R-Q Kt 8 +	23..K-R sq	40..Kt-B 3 +
4..Q-R sq +	27..R-Q 8	41..Q-her 4 +
5..Q-R 2 + (a)	31..R-Q 3	42..Q-her 2 +
6..Q-R 4 +	35..Kt-Q 6	43..Q-Kt 2 +, compelling
7..K-B 4	36..Kt-Q B 4 +	
11..K-B 3 (a)	37..Kt-K 5	43..P × Q, mate

(a) Moves 8, 9, and 10, and the succeeding ones that are omitted, are but repititions of 4, 5, and 6, respectively. Will you, Theo. M. B., please to tell us what you think of that?

MICHIGAN STATE TOURNEY.—This is set down to open in Detroit, Jan. 18, 1870. The five prizes, all in one class, are valuable and should command a full entry. 1st.—A Champion Gold Medal, value $100. 2d. Ivory Staunton Chessmen and Board, $75. 3d. Chess Library, standard works, $50. 4th. Staunton Chessmen and board, $30; and 5th. Silver Medal and pin, $20. Each contestant plays one game with every other; ties, if any, played off subsequently. Drawn games not to count. The rules in *Chess Praxis* to govern. There are two problem prizes, setts of three, 2, 3, and 4 moves. Membership tickets, $3.00. Players from out the State will have courteous attention. Address, Harsen D. Smith, Jackson, Mich.

Corrections of Alexandre, No. 12.

BY E. H. C.

PROBLEM NO. 1.—LUCENA, 1497.

WHITE.—King at his 4; Rook at Q R 7; *Bishop at Q B sq*; Knight at K 5th.

BLACK.—King at his 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

This problem, ascribed by our author to Damiano (1512), may be found in the work of Lucenna. Both position and solution are incorrectly given by Alexandre. The intended key move is 1..B to K 3. The problem must be referred to the period of the Shatranj, or mediæval game, when, it will be recollected, a Bishop could move only to the third square from that on which he stood—instead of commanding the entire diagonal, as in the modern game. With this understood, the problem is sound, and presents a very fine example of mate in the middle of the board; but, with the increased powers of the B, White is enabled to win in not less than *ten* ways. A corrected version (to conform to the present rules of the game) by the late W. R. Henry, is given in "American Chess Nuts," p. 403. The solution given by Alexandre may be retained by adding a Black Pawn at K 7 (e 2).

PROBLEM NO. 2.—DAMIANO, 1512.

WHITE.—King at Q R 3; Rooks at Q 3 and K B 5; Knights at K 3, and 5th.

BLACK.—King at his 5th.

White mates in 3, with one of the Rooks.

There are several solutions to this problem, which depend on the position of the White King. He should be placed as above, where he does not affect the combination. The "Sensuit" (about 1530) gives this problem with the Kts at Q 4th and K B 4th, instead of at K 3d and 5th. In that case the white King should of course stand on K B 8th. A very ingenious composition.

PROBLEM NO. 4.—COZIO, 1766.

WHITE.—King at his B 3; Rook at K sq; Pawn at K B 5th.

BLACK.—King at Q 7; Rook at K 2; Pawn at K 7th.

White to play and make a *remise*.

This is an easily won game for Black. Instead of 1..R to K 3, he should play 1..R to K 5 +, etc.—See Kling and Horwitz' "Chess Studies," p. 139:—

WHITE.—King at K 7; Rook at Q 2; Pawn at Q 7th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 3; Rook at Q sq; Pawn at Q B 6th.

White to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 6. SANSCRIT.—Compare No. 7.

PROBLEM No. 8. SANSCRIT.—"Avec le pion," is unnecessary.

PROBLEM No. 10. SANSCRIT.—The stipulation should read:—"Mat en 3 avec le pion a 5."

PROBLEM No. 11. SANSCRIT.—For "Mat avec le pion," read "Mat en 3 avec le pion."

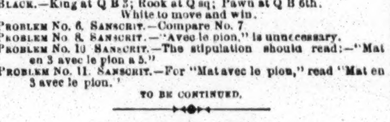
TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 700.

From Tomlinson's Chess Annual, 1856.

"This I consider to be one of the best problems I have made, because," etc.—*Author*.

BY MR. WM. BONE.



at Q B 3, K B 6, Q sq and 2, K B 4, K 2, K Kt 4, K B 5, Q 3d.

at Q R 2, K 6, K R 7th, K R 3, K Kt 3. K 2, and 5th.

White mates with Q P in nineteen moves, without taking Rook at his K 3d, or compelling it to move.

Problem No. 700.

For THEO. M. BROWN, whose powers of Chess deglutition and digestion are known to be enormous, this dish has been especially concocted. by his friend,

GEO. E. CARPENTER.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White compels suimate in sixteen moves.

Game No. 700.

Partie between J. O. Whiteman and our contributor, G. Reichhelm, of Philadelphia.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. Whiteman.	Defence, Mr. Reichhelm.	Attack, Mr. Whiteman.	Defence, Mr Reichhelm.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3 (a)	18..Q B to K 3 (c)	Q Kt × Kt
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	19..Q × Q Kt	P-K B 3
3..K P × P	K P × P	20..Q R-K 2	Q-her Kt 4
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	21..Q R-B 2	B P × P
5..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	22..Q R × R +	Q R × R
6..Castles	Castles	23..K R × R +	K × K R
7..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	24..Q P × P	Q-her B 5
8..P-K R 3	B-K R 4	25..Q × Q	B P × Q
9..Q B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	26..B × R P	Kt × K P
10..P-K Kt 4	Q B-Kt 3	27..K-his B 2	K-his B 2
11..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt-Q 2	28..K-his 3	K Kt-Q 2
12..P-K B 4 (b)	Q B × B	29..Q B-Q 4	P-Q Kt 4
13..Q × Q B	Q-her B 2	30..K-his 4	P-K R 3
14..Q R-K sq	Q R-K sq	31..B-K B 2	K-his 3
15..P-Q R 3	Q-her Kt 3	32..K-Q 4	K-his B 3
16..Q-Q Kt 4	K B × Kt	33..B-K Kt 5, and the *parties* is a draw.	
17..B P × B	K Kt-K 5		

(a) See the opening note to Game No. 693.
(b) Here the path deviates from that pursued in 693.
(c) Fearing Kt × K P.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

D. O'BRIEN.—The *first* of the last lot of positions forwarded does not "wash." Please examine, and "report progress."

Game No. 32.—Vol. XVII.

Between Messrs. Stewart and Ray.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black, Stewart.		White, Ray.		Black, Stewart.		White, Ray.	
1..11 to 15		23 to 19		13..10	14	16	12
2..8	11	22	17	14..14	23	21	18
3..4	8	17	13	15..15	21	25	18
4..15	18	24	20	16..23	27 (c)	30	26
5..9	14	27	23 (a)	17..27	31	26	23
6..18	27	32	23	18..31	26	24	19
7..11	15	19	16	19..26	24	19	15
8..12	19	23	16	20..11	16 (d)	20	11
9..8	11	28	24	21..7	16	21	17
10..14	18	31	27 (b)	22..6	10	15	6
11..5	9	26	22	23..24	15	29	25
12..18	23	27	18	Black wins.			

(a) Rather weakening to White's right wing.
(b) 25 to 22 would lose at once.
(c) White has no ground for hope after this move.
(d) He should now resign.

Solution of Position No. 61.—Vol. XVII.

BY M. WARDELL.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..24	27	7	16	3..23	27	32	23
2..18	22	31	24	4..13	9, and wins.		

Solution of Position No. 62.—Vol. XVII.

BY C. F. DRISCOLL.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	17	20	11	5..14	8	28	19
2..17	13	10	17	6..2	7	11	2
3..9	6	2	10	7..13	9, and wins.		
4..26	23	19	26				

Position No. 63.—Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 64. Vol. 17.

BY I. D. J. SWEET.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

GERALDINE; A LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. SUMNER HAYDEN.

"HATTIE."

Author of "Little Goldie," "Midnight Marriage," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE ABNER.

Our rich uncle, Abner Ashleigh, desired to go to Europe, and one of his nephews must go with him, for he was too feeble to travel alone, or to trust to the mercies of a hired servant, for, you must understand that our Uncle Abner was worth half a million dollars, and it was probable that one of our family would inherit it all at his death.

There were three nephews of us.

Tom Ashleigh, the eldest, who had finished his education, and commenced his ministerial labors.

Dick Ashleigh, the second son, who had but just graduated, and coveted the wealth of Uncle Abner more than all the others. Next in order came myself, Harry Ashleigh, who was still at the books, hoping to get learning enough to gain a comfortable living, for I had no hope of ever inheriting a dollar of Uncle Abner's money.

He had told me twenty times that he wouldn't leave me enough to buy a jack knife with, because I was so careless of his feelings and his gout.

But the world went merry enough for me without Uncle Abner's money, and I knew that I could earn my own pocket money if I was but faithful to my books.

I was home on vacation when Uncle Abner announced his determination to go to Europe.

"You will never think of going alone, Uncle Abner!" exclaimed my only sister, who had recently married well, and, consequently, thought less of Uncle Abner's money.

"Of course I shan't go alone!" snarled the petulant gentleman, and sent us all out of the room while he waited for Tom, or, more respectfully, the Reverend Thomas Ashleigh, pastor of the Wendall street church.

He came, and I went stealthily up stairs, and, with my ears close to the register, overheard the following conversation:—

"Good morning, my dear uncle! How do you find yourself this morning? This cold weather coming on will affect your gouty limbs, I fear," said my brother.

"I'm well enough to go to Europe, and all I want of you is to know whether you can leave your business long enough to go with me. No parleying, but answer me. Yes or no," growled Uncle Abner.

"My dear uncle, I would not listen to such a proposition from any other man in this world. But in view of your uniform kindness to me and your liberality heretofore, I shall not hesitate one moment, but declare myself ready to forego all thoughts of self interest and accompany you wherever you may wish to go."

"Umph! well! You say you wouldn't do this for any other man living?"

"I would not, upon my honor, uncle! Think of the excellent chance I have and my liberal salary, all of which I must sacrifice. No, dear uncle, I would not do this for another living man——"

"Then, by hokey, you shan't do it for me!" snarled my uncle, leaning back in his chair and shutting his eyelids closely.

"But, my dear uncle——"

"Shut up your confounded noise, sir! Can't you see that I am going to sleep?" angrily exclaimed my uncle.

"But, sir!" persisted Tom.

"Get out! Don't I know what you are all fishing for? If I hadn't half a million of dollars at interest, you'd every one of you see me go to Europe, or to the devil, alone. You know you would, you sneaking cur! You wouldn't one of you offer to go with me! Get out of my sight!"

The Reverend Tom knew full well that to remain would lessen his chances of ever getting a haul out of my uncle's coffers, so he prudently withdrew.

Uncle Abner's bell rang furiously.

My sister answered the summons.

"Send Dick to me!" he roared.

"Uncle Abner has one of his tantrums to-day," muttered my sister, going for Dick, who at once repaired to the "lion's den."

"Dick, I'm going to Europe. Do you want to go with me?" was the question.

"If I could leave my profession, sir, I should be most happy to accompany you, but the journey, pecuniarily viewed, will subject me to considerable loss——"

"Get out! Just as though you didn't know that I should pay all expenses, and pay you well for your time besides."

"Certainly, my dear uncle! Certainly! You have always been near and dear to me, and I am willing to make any sacrifice for your pleasure. I will go to Europe with you," replied my brother Dick.

"Not by a jug-full, if I know myself! No, sir, you toady, if you go to Europe, I don't. Clear out! all any of you want is my money! I ain't blind! I can see it."

Dick left the room in disgust, and my heart began to thump ominously. If there was one thing I desired more than another, it was to go to Europe, to travel in the land of history, of romance, and of song.

Therefore, when Uncle Abner's bell rang again, and he thundered a request for me to be sent to him, I was ready.

"What now?" I asked, entering the room.

"Sit down there, you young scapegrace! I want to talk to you," he said, savagely.

"I don't care to sit down," I replied. "If you have anything to say to me you'd better say it soon, or I shall be out of hearing."

"Harry, I'm going to Europe, and I've sent for you to ask you if you would like to go with me," he said, more mildly.

I burst into as loud a laugh as I could counterfeit, and, after it had a little subsided, exclaimed:—

"Well, if that ain't a good one! The idea of my going to Europe with you! Why, you cross old curmudgeon, I would not go to Europe and back with you for all you are worth."

"You wouldn't? I'm worth half a million, young man!" he cried.

"I know that," I answered, moving towards the door.

"Come back here, you young scamp! I'm going to Europe, and you've got to go with me, whether you want to or not," he cried.

"Now, Uncle Abner," I said, gravely, coming into the room, and, throwing myself into his favorite chair, put my feet upon the table where he kept his papers and choice books.

"Uncle Abner Ashleigh, I want to go to Europe more than I ever wanted anything in all my life. But I wouldn't travel in your company for all the wealth of the Indies!"

"Why not?" he asked, in a voice quite humanized.

"Because, Uncle Abner," I continued, coolly pushing a heavy book from the table with my feet, "you are so mortal ugly that I couldn't live to get back! I am morally certain that I should kill you, if you didn't kill me, before we had gone a thousand miles from home. No, sir! I won't go to Europe with you."

And having delivered myself of this speech, I arose, and, picking up the book I had displaced, left the room.

After that there was silence in Uncle Abner's room until dinner time. Then I was sent for again.

"Harry, my boy, how would you like to have half a million of dollars?" he asked. He spoke pleasantly, but I could detect the tiger in his eyes.

"If I could have half a million of dollars without degrading myself to get it, I should think it was pretty jolly. But I wouldn't stand your lip, from here to Europe and back again, for a *whole* million!" I answered.

"Come, now, my boy, don't be stubborn! Say you'd go with me and look out for my comfort if I'd promise to make you my heir by will. You would, wouldn't you?"

"No, sir-ee! I wouldn't do it!" I replied.

"Haven't you any respect for your old uncle?" he asked, changing his tactics.

"No, sir!" I answered, bravely.

I saw that my journey to Europe was as good as made, if only I played my cards well.

The cross old fellow, finding one who would not bow to his half million, was determined to conquer.

"Don't you love me any, Harry?" he whined.

"Love you, Uncle Abner? How can you expect me to love you, when you have only given me abuse all the days of my life? No, sir! I don't love you any more than I love that brass monkey on the shelf beside you!"

"Oh, Harry! Ungrateful boy! Think of all the money I have spent on your education, and your clothing, and everything!"

"My good friend, you can't play that on me! All that you have ever done for me don't half pay for the trouble of having you forever snarling about the house. No, sir; it don't! And when you die I intend to bring my bill in against the estate at so much a day damages."

"Damages! Against what?"

"Against my disposition, Uncle Abner. You've fretted, and growled, and snarled about this house until you have changed me from one of the sweetest-tempered little cherubs that ever went without wings, to a saucy, insolent boy, who has no regard for anything sweet or sacred. And your estate will have to pay damages, sir!"

Uncle Abner looked first angry, then surprised, and he finally burst into a loud laugh, telling me to "clear out, and begin to get my things ready to go to Europe with him."

I went, protesting all the way that he had not money enough to hire me to accompany him across the ocean. The next day he called me to him, and, quite unlike himself, promised to be very quiet and gentle, and not be rude or cross at all, if I would say that I would go with him to Europe. But I held firm until all my preparations were made, and the steamer in which he had planned to go would sail in two days.

My mother and sister begged to be taken along, but the crusty old fellow declared that he'd as soon have a thousand cats along with him as two women.

"No, my dear madam!" he said, in reply to her request to accompany him across the ocean; "I'd as soon have a parcel of cats as a woman to travel with. You can't go."

And that settled my mother's journey to Europe for that time.

Declaring to the last that I would not go with him, I bade my mother and brothers and sister a tender farewell, and went with Uncle Abner to the wharf. "I'll go on board and see you safely stowed away in your stateroom, Uncle Abner, and I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Hang it, old fellow! If you wasn't so ungodly in your ugliness I would go with you. I do want to go to Europe," I said, as we entered the large, airy stateroom.

The tears actually stood in the old man's eyes.

"I'll leave you all my money if you'll go!" he replied.

"It isn't too late to send a message to your mother, and go now. Say you'll do it, my boy. Remember the half million."

"I don't want your money, Uncle Abner! With my education, when it is finished, I can earn all the money I shall ever need, and you are so confounded cross, you know."

We sat talking together for nearly an hour, when I suddenly started up, exclaiming:—

"I must go ashore, if I don't want to be obliged to go to Europe, and I don't. Not with you," I added.

"Well, good bye, my boy," and the old fellow wrung my hand at parting.

As I expected, the steamer was well down the harbor. Returning to the stateroom, I found my uncle in tears.

"What are you crying about? Because the steamer has left the warf, and I must go to Europe anyhow?" I asked.

"No! We're not moving, Harry?" he cried.

"Yes, we are," I replied.

"Now, praise the Lord! But, Harry, my boy, I'll be as gentle as a lamb with you——"

"You'll have to, or I'll jump overboard?" was my sympathetic reply, as I tumbled into my berth, which looked very inviting.

You may think me perfectly heartless, from my manner of treating my uncle, but he was one of those sort of people who, getting an idea into their head, allow it to become the one thought of their lives.

Uncle Abner had entertained the idea that his relatives were all anxious to get his money; and without forever brooding over the thought, had become monomaniacal upon it.

Therefore, it only remained for me to convince him that I cared nothing about his money to gain his affections, and probably through them his wealth.

He had no nearer kindred than my father's family; and if he left no will we would share it equally.

There's no use in a person having a rich relative who is presumed to be not long for this world, to say that they give no thought to the money of that relative. The thing would be impossible.

Everybody thinks more or less of his *expectations*; and I had already resolved what disposition I would make of Uncle Abner's property, if ever it came into my hands. I would divide it equally between my two brothers, my sister, and myself. Mother had property enough in her own right.

Uncle Abner was as good as his word. He was as gentle as a woman all the way across the ocean; and the large, pleasant stateroom became like a home to me, endeared by pleasant memories.

We reached the "other shore" in safety, and at once commenced the exploration of all the scenes of note.

Probably the most of my readers have seen all that I saw before we reached Paris. So I will not weary them by recapitulation.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASKED BALL.

There was to be a masked ball in the great hall connected with our hotel, and Uncle Abner insisted upon my going. I had never witnessed anything of the kind, and there was enchantment in the very thought of attending a masked ball in costume.

The evening came, and after having seen Uncle Abner nicely in bed, with his favorite foot warmer and cologne bottle, wine and cigars, book and bell at his disposal, I arrayed myself in the costume of a German prince, and repaired to the ball room. There were many persons still earlier than myself, and for half an hour I amused myself with watching the movements of those present, admiring the different costumes, and seeing the new arrivals. Towards midnight I joined in the dance, my first partner being a graceful young girl, with the voice of an angel, in the costume of a German peasant girl.

As we conversed during the intervals of the dance, I observed that her voice was purely American. She must have noticed the same peculiarity, for she said, when we were resting after the dance:—

"Your voice tells me that you are an American. I am American, too."

There was such a confiding, innocent ring to her sweet voice that I was drawn to her in spite of myself.

"Have you been long in Paris?" I asked.

"More than a year. I am at school here; and that large, graceful woman, in the costume of a queen, is my teacher of German. She planned our coming here to-night. In fact, it was Gretchen who first proposed coming. My mamma is terribly strict, so Gretchen says, and she never allows me to go to any place like this. But Gretchen promised to take care of me, and she gained mamma's consent to my passing the night with her, at the lodgings. Then we came here; and here we are, having a splendid time. It is nice, isn't it?"

"Very nice, indeed," I answered, charmed by the frankness of my young countrywoman, and wishing that I could obtain a glimpse of her face, which I felt, instinctively, must be very beautiful, from the purity and sweetness of her voice, her graceful form, and slender hands and feet.

"Have you ever been in a place like this before?" she asked.

"Never!" I replied.

"Quite a coincidence! We are both Americans, and neither of us has ever been at a masked ball before. Perhaps we shall meet in our native land sometime. How shall we know each other there?"

"How shall we, unless you give me your name, and I give you mine?" I replied.

"My name is Geraldine——"

"Mademoiselle is talking too much," exclaimed a soft voice near us; and turning, we both beheld the German teacher in the costume of a queen.

"Pardon me, Gretchen! I forgot what you told me, indeed I did," murmured the young girl, bowing me a farewell as she moved away with her teacher, who had not honored me with a glance.

An hour later I stood behind a marble pillar near the entrance, thinking whether to go to my rooms, or remain a while longer at the ball. Two men came and stood near me without observing me. Their first words chained me to the spot. The voice of the first speaker was that of a native Frenchman; the other was purely English.

"Gretchen for me, and you may have the young American, my lord."

"Exactly. But how will you get them into our power?" asked the English voice.

"Gretchen is in the secret? We have met before. But the young American girl must be decoyed. Gretchen will attend to that. All we have to do is to go first to my private room. Gretchen will come in presently with the American. We will have a little supper ready, and you must give the little beauty drugged wine. Gretchen and I will then go our way, and you will have the field clear to enjoy your triumph. Ah, my lord, Paris is one grand city for intrigue in love affairs."

The men moved away, and I stood irresolute. The spirit of old '76 was stirring within me, and that would never allow an Englishman to triumph over an American, even were there nothing in my heart that would protect a weak, innocent girl from the snare of a villain.

I felt that the first thing to be done was to ascertain the locality of the room where Gretchen was to betray her charge into unscrupulous hands.

Fortune favored me, for, coming slowly down the hall, I saw the slender, graceful form of Geraldine, accompanied by her teacher.

The two men paused opposite her, and one of them said "No. 72." Gretchen waved her fan and passed on. I went to No. 72, and found the door unlocked.

On going in I saw a dainty supper laid for four, with wine and champagne.

Quickly hiding behind the rich, heavy window drapery, I was not a moment too soon, for, closely following me came the Frenchman and the English lord.

They cast aside their masks, and I saw that both were young and handsome. They had been in the room but a moment when Gretchen entered with the young American girl.

"Throw aside your mask now, Geraldine," said the teacher, taking off her own mask and turning the most beautiful of blonde faces towards me.

The handsome Frenchman arose, and, bowing low before the fair Gretchen, lifted her hand to his lips, and drew her to a seat upon his knee.

"Remove your mask, Geraldine," said the young English lord, approaching the trembling girl, who stood in the centre of the room with her hands clasped upon her heaving bosom.

"Gretchen!" she cried, "take me home, I'm afraid of these men!"

The Frenchman laughed as he kissed the white, bare shoulders of Gretchen, and the Englishman took a step forward to throw an arm around the waist of the frightened girl, who stood still, unable to move or cry out.

His hand was upon Geraldine's mask, and in a moment it was upon a chair near by, while the beautiful, innocent face of the child lay white and upturned against the breast of her persecutor.

"She has fainted," said Gretchen coolly. "We will leave her to your tender care, my lord," added the Frenchman, and he and Gretchen left the room together, leaving poor little Geraldine in the arms of her captor, who bent his sensual lips to touch her own pure ones, just as I sprang from my place of concealment, and pressed the cold muzzle of a revolver to his temple, whispering:—

"Release this child, or I will blow your brains out on the instant!"

Like the coward he was, the man let go his clasp about Geraldine's waist, and she rested against my heart.

"What will you do next?" asked the Englishman.

"Blow your brains out, fellow, if you are not obedient," I replied.

"I usually go armed myself, but am unfortunately defenceless to-night, or you would not have found your game so easily won. It's rather small business, anyhow, to take a beauty right out of a fellow's arms, after he has so far won her," muttered the Englishman.

Geraldine was slowly reviving, and in a few moments she whispered:—

"Oh, kind sir, please take me home! Once within my mother's protection, I will never, never wish to go away from her again."

"Calm yourself, my poor girl," I said. "I will take you safely to your mother's arms; I pledge my honor as an American."

"Are you the gentleman with whom I talked this evening?" she asked.

"I am. You will trust me?"

"I will. Let us go now, please," she replied, clinging to my arm.

I took her mask from her chair beside us, and fastened it with my own hands. Then we went out together, leaving the Englishman sitting at the table as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. As we passed down the ball-room my companion whispered:—

"Take me to the American Hotel upon the opposite side of this block, if you please."

I promised to do so, and sent a man for a carriage, which was at the entrance in a few minutes.

The ride to her hotel was rather embarrassing for both. Geraldine tried to thank me for the service I had done her, but her voice choked with tears, and I was too apprehensive of another scene to reply gracefully, although I managed to stammer something in reply.

"What shall I tell my mother?" asked Geraldine, as the carriage stopped before her hotel.

The continuation of GERALDINE, A LOVE STORY, will be found in No. 114 of THE FIRESIDE COMPANION.

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How They Get Spliced in Auld Scotia.

Among the peasantry betrothals were conducted in a singular fashion. The fond swain, who had resolved to make proposals, sent for the object of his affections to the village ale house, previously informing the landlady of his intentions. The damsel, who knew the purpose of the message, busked herself in her best attire and waited on her admirer. She was entertained with a glass of ale; then the swain proceeded with his tale of love. A dialogue like the following ensued:—"I'm going to speir whether ye will tak' me, Jenny." "Deed, Jock, I thocht ye micht hae speir't that lang syne." "They said ye wad refuse me, lassie." "Then they're leers, Jock." "An' so ye'll no refuse me, lassie?" "I've tell't ye that twice owre already, Jock." Then came the formal act of betrothal. The parties pressed the thumbs of their right hands, which they licked together, and vowed fidelity. The ceremony possessed the solemnity of an oath, the violator of such an engagement being considered guilty of perjury. In allusion to this practice, a favorite Scottish song commences:—

"There's my thumb; I'll neer beguile thee."

The pressure of moistened thumbs, as the solemn ratification of an engagement, was used in other contracts. The practice, as confirmatory of an agreement, existed both among the Celts and Goths. The records of the Scottish courts contain examples of sales being confirmed by the judges on the production of evidence that the parties had licked and pressed their thumbs on the occasion of the bargain. The Highlander and the Lowland schoolboy still lick thumbs in bargain making. At the close of the eighteenth century another method of betrothal was adopted. When the damsel had accepted her lover's offer the pair proceeded to the nearest stream, and there, washing their hands in the current, vowed constancy, with their hands clasped across the brook. A ceremony of this description took place between Burns and "Highland Mary." When the parties had mutually betrothed themselves they proceeded diligently to revive their acquaintance with the church catechism, for every clergyman insisted that candidates for matrimony should be able to repeat the Creed, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. A marriage was stopped by the Kirksession of Glasgow, in 1642, until the bridegroom should inform himself of these religious fundamentals. Latterly, the church has permitted persons to enter into the nuptial bonds without any inquiry as to their scriptural knowledge. Between the first Sunday of the proclamation of banns and the day of marriage forty days were allowed to elapse. The reason of the delay has not been explained. On the evening before the wedding the bride was attended by her maidens, who proceeded to wash her feet. Much diversion was a concomitant of the ceremonial. It ended with festivities.

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SHE TOSSED HER CURLS AT ME.

'Twas a Saturday afternoon as down the street I went,
I passed a little damsel who was fair,
And as she glided by I was stifled by the scent
That came from her glossy, curly hair.
She wore a gaiter boot, the size was number three,
Which attracted my attention for awhile,
And when she saw me looking she tossed her curl at me,
And also cast a most bewitching smile.
Chorus.—Yes, she tossed her curl at me
In a manner that was free,
Did this pretty little damsel so fair;
I shall ne'er forget that foot,
Or that natty little boot,
Belonging to the girl with glossy hair.

I watched her round the corner 'till she was out of sight,
Then waited near the crossing for a car;
And when I took a seat I noticed to my right
The little one conversing with her pa.
I knew she had been shopping by the bundles that she had,
But what they contained I couldn't see;
And when she reached her home she passed them to her dad,
Then with a smile she tossed her curl at me.
Chorus.—Yes, she tossed her curl at me, &c.

Of late I do not see her, but how often do I think
Of the damsel with the glossy, curly hair.
Oh! those ruby tinted cheeks and those eyes as black as mink
Are ornaments belonging to the fair.
I look for her at day, I look for her at night,
But the pretty little one I fail to see.
Perhaps again I'll meet her, and when she gets a sight
I know she'll toss her glossy curl at me.
Chorus.—Yes, she tossed her curl at me, &c.

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Sandusky, O.—"Fisher Hall"—Fisher & Wiedel.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Franenthal.
Terre Haute, Ind.—"Dowling Hall."
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Landmesser's National Hall and Theatre"—C. Kern.
Carbondale, Pa.—"Nealon's Hall"—Jno. Nealon.
Concord, N. H.—"Phenix Hall"—Abel Hutchins.
Beloit, Wis.—"Goodwin's Opera House"—S. J. Goodwin.
Portland, Me.—"Portland Theatre"—J. B. Thoxter.
Moline, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Opera House"—Eli Wheeler.
Portsmouth, O.—"Wilhelm's Opera House"—Jno. Wilhelm.
Williamsburgh, L. I.—"Opera House."
Beverly, Mass.—"St. Crispin's Hall"—S. W. Roberts.
Akron, O.—"Sumner's Opera House"—Sumner & Abbey.
Sparta, Wis.—"Greves' Opera House"—W. E. Briggs.
Cleveland, O.—"Roeder's Hall"—James E. Bryan & Co.
Beloit, Wis.—"Union Hall"—A. B. Carpenter & Co.
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Lexington, Ky.—"Odd Fellows' Hall"—J. Woodruff.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sell & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Masonic Hall"—J. M. Bramwell.
Fort Wayne, Ind.—"Colerick's Opera House"—F. Colerick.
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ferd. Mayer & Sons, 96 and 93 Fulton st., N. Y.
Theatre Ticket Printer.—A. S. Seers, 744 Broadway, N. Y.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Dazian, 403 Broome street, New York.
R. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nestrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Tripple, 110 N. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 100 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.
Ackley & Howard, 84 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 609 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 512 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Huntley, 636 Broadway, N. Y.
Jas. G. Burnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
R. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
Bill Posters.—P. C. Backus, Erie, Pa.
F. L. Wood & Co., Hoboken, N. J.
H. T. Burley, Erie, Pa.
J. H. Miller, Newark, O.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.
H. Sparks, 173 South st., N. Y.
Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—M. Hartz, 743 Broadway, N. Y.
Sig. Blitz, Assembly Building, Philad., Pa.
Costumes.—Mrs. Taylor, 376 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Footner, 21 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Plays.—W. C. Wemyss, 3 Astor place, N. Y.
Ackley & Howard, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
R. M. De Witt, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y.
Burnton, 92 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Turner House—Danbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Worden Hotel—142 to 146 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. P. Worden.
City Hotel—Lowell, Mass.—F. Wetherbee.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leland.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 20, '69.

WITH the free and accepted license of a poet, permit us—dear, kind, and gentle reader, as the case may be—in advance of the day, to wish you a Merry Christmas; "may good digestion wait on appetite," and may you live to see and enjoy "many returns of the day we celebrate." And while we are tucking away nicely stuffed roasted turkey and mince pies, with the many accompaniments which help to make up a jolly good dinner, let us give a thought to the poor and lowly, who have no nice turkey, no mince pies, no nothing, in fact, to make them merry or comfortable in this season of festivities, or in any other season, for that matter. If all who can afford it would use the means at their command to bring hope and happiness to the more unfortunate of their fellow creatures, the day would indeed be one of universal rejoicing. As a class, our professional friends, limited as their means may be, are among the most liberal in the entire human family. We heard of a little incident which occurred in this city last Christmas, and which, in this connection, may bear recounting. An actor, connected with one of our theatres, was, on the day before Christmas, taking his customary walk, looking at the fancifully decorated shop windows and the various sights that meet the gaze at almost every step during the holiday season, when his attention was attracted to a little boy and girl of about from five to seven years of age, who were eagerly scrutinizing the contents of a confectionery and fancy shop window. Their attire denoted their lowly origin, for the toes of the little girl could be seen peeping from out of a pair of dilapidated shoes which some one in self-glorified charity, perhaps, had given away because they were no longer of service to the owner. As they stood with wistful eyes, staring at the cakes, and toys, and candies, and beautifully ornamented confections which seemed to say "come and eat us," the poor player heard the following colloquy between the little girl and her smaller brother:—

"Jimmy, isn't them nice; I wish we had three cents; wouldn't we buy lots o' things though?"

Three cents appeared to be the wealth of the world with these little waifs.

"I know what *I'd* buy," said the boy; "I'd buy one o' them big cakes there, and gum drops, and pies, and —— I wonder how much them is, *any* how, sis?"

"I'dno; wonder if anybody'll give *us* anything Christmas. I hung up my stocking last Christmas, but I didn't git nottin' in it. May be its 'cause there was a big hole in it; so mother said."

"I haint got no stocking to hang up," responded the boy—"*she* ses if she gits paid for her work may be she'll git me some—then I'll hang 'em up."

"Gosh, Jimmy, look at that there. Oo, isn't that little girl gittin' heaps of things; I guess she' *awful* rich."

"I guess she is—wish *we* was rich. Santa Claus gives more things to rich little boys and girls then he does to us, don't he, sis?"

"Yes, indeedy, I guess he does. Don't you know Susy Johnson? Well, last Christmas she got her stockings full of the nicest things, and a whole lot more that they would'nt hold; dolls (I wish *I* had a doll) and chiny, and waggins, and oo *everything*."

"Is *her* mother rich?" Having no father themselves, these poor little creatures had no idea that such a superfluity existed. It was all mother with them.

"*Rich?* Lizzy Jones says that Susie's mother's the richest there is in our street. Why, don't you know they've got big steps to their house, and a bell. Rich? I guess they *are* rich. Oo, look a here Jimmy, see what that little girl's mother's gittin' her. Oo, it's a play house, see? Jist look at them there bedstids and cheers and things. I wish *we* had a play house, Jimmy."

"So do I. Less ask how much it is, will yer?"

"Well, you go in fust."

"No, you go, you're the biggest."

So the little things, after a good deal of squirming, and backing and filling, at last found themselves inside of this, to them, wonderful palace. The store was crowded with children and their parents, all intent on making purchases for the Christmas holidays. Some of the "rich" people's children looked with disdain on our two little friends—some pushed rudely against them, as much as to say "what do *you* want here, anyhow?" At length they got to the counter. They looked frightened at the array of good things before them, and Jimmy wanted to go home. Poverty stricken, and cold and comfortless as it was, "the dearest spot on earth to them was home, sweet home."

"Less go, sis," said little Jimmy, who had never before found himself in such a place, and who could not comprehend the reality of his position; "less go."

"Wait a minute, Jimmy." Then, catching the eye of a salesman, she said, pointing to a little baby play house standing on the counter:—"Mister, how much is that?"

"Four shillings," replied the man.

"Less go," put in Jimmy.

"How much is that doll over there—that one with the yaller hair?"

"Six shillings. Now you mustn't stand afore the counter, children, if you don't want to buy anything."

"How much is them waggins?" Jimmy ventured to remark, emboldened by the confidence manifested by his little sister.

"Forty cents," said the man.

"Hain't you got none for a cent?" asked little Jimmy, ignorant of the vast difference in the two extremes.

But the man had gone to attend to those who *could* buy, and our little friends were left to themselves to view the scene so charming. And as they saw, and wondered, and wished, fresh customers came in, pushing the waifs out of the way.

"Less go," said Jimmy; "I guess he ain't got no cent waggins."

But even if he had, and cheap as "waggins" might have been at that price, neither little Jimmy nor his sister could have made such an extravagant purchase. And as they marveled at the Christmas things, and looked wistfully at the children who could purchase dolls and "waggins" and play houses, the out-going crowd forced the little ones from out the store, where they were left to their meditations. They lingered around that beautiful window and that splendid "shop" until the shades of evening began to lower, and then they went—"home."

Now our worthy actor friend, who had seen and heard all that was going on between these two children, followed them to their home, and having learned the name of their mother, and the precise room in the tenement house which the little ones called their home, he that night walked into the clean but cheerless apartment, saw the mother as she sat sewing by the side of her little ones who were fast asleep, heard her story of widowhood and want, and, ere he left, the widow's heart was made glad through the bounty of the actor. Christmas dawned—and oh, what a merry Christmas it was to that little family in that little room. Alongside of the chimney hung a pair of stockings filled to the top with the various good things which Santa Claus only knows how to distribute—one marked for little Jimmy, and one for sis. And on the only table which the room contained was a baby play-house, and doll, and gun, and "waggin," and other toys which had filled the children's hearts with such delight on the previous day. And the little things arose from their beds, and could not realize how it all came about; they first looked at the well-stuffed stockings, then at the play-house, then at the "waggin," then at their mother. Jimmy first broke the silence.

"Santa Claus is bin' here, hain't he, mother?"

"Yes, darling; the good Santa Claus has not forgotten you this time."

"*I* know—them stockins hain't go holes in 'em—less see what's inside," and the imperturbable Jimmy soon had his stocking emptied and the contents "laying around loose" in childish confusion. "Oo, see here, sis; gum drops, and pies, and whistles, and—oo——" The sentence was not finished—Jimmy was eating his things.

Sis was less demonstrative—she seemed to be wrapped in deep study for a time, as if she did not understand it all. She eyed the doll—felt the doll to see if it was a real doll—then kissed it and hugged it up to her bosom just as she may hug up a real baby to her bosom in the dim and distant future.

"Jimmy, yer know what I think?" says she, when she had satisfied herself of the reality of all before her.

"*I'dno*," was all that Jimmy could take time to say.

"You know when we was in that great big shop, yisterday, don't yer? Well, may be Santa Claus was there and seen us and thought we was rich people."

Probably no Christmas in all their future lives will ever be such a happy one to them as that which was afforded little Jimmy and his sister through the instrumentality of the "poor player."

......But all people are not alike, as you are probably aware. That actor performed a good part, a part that he felt at ease in, and which fitted him to a nicety. *Some* folks would have scrunched those little children rather than, by the expenditure of a few dollars, have given them such a happy day as they will never forget. So goes the world. Different people will, somehow, disagree in their ideas as to what is proper and what is not. What some folks incline to regard with a shudder strikes others as being all correct, and "vice-versy." It is not long since we listened with great interest to a lecture by an eminent theologian (not the one who got tight the other day and cut up such a shindy at the Astor), in which the folly of dancing was anathematized as a sin, and it struck us then that he ought to be made to go and join the Howling Dervishes right off, as a penance—because dancing is just in their line. Does he forget the days when he himself used to wrestle with gin-slings and hit from the shoulder, and go a little on the red-and-black, like any other man? All such straight-laced moralists might find it profitable to look upon this picture and on this:—

THE PROPER NICE YOUNG MAN.

It really is quite shocking,
This depravity of the times!
All the younger folks are flocking
After plays and pantomimes,
Till the very junior branches
Are become a sporting clan,
With notions quite offensive
To a proper nice young man.

Our belles are not accomplished
Till they can Italian squall,
And in our parlors practice
What is taught them at the ball;
While moustached beaux are suffered
Their taper waists to span—
Such indecency's abhorrent
To a proper nice young man.

If recreation's needed,
There's the Philosophic Course
By Professor Moan delivered,
Regular habits to enforce,
And a work on social science
Surely is much better than
Novels, poems and romances
For a proper nice young man.

I never went a horseback
Unless I got a fall,
And never in my life did
Attempt a game of ball,
I once a boat race ventured,
The boat to fill began;
They said I was a "Jonah,"
I—the proper, nice young man!

I go to meeting reg'lar,
And seek my bed at nine,
And who's that other person
I really can't divine
Who takes a hand at faro,
And frisks with Sue and Ann;
Some one, of course, that looks much like
Your proper, nice young man!

THE HARD OLD CASE.

It's hard, but there's no getting over
The fact that when fun is around,
With a spice of adventure in it,
I always on hand am found.
And if any one take a notion
My motives to attack,
He'll find I indeed am a very hard case,
A very tough nut to crack.

When the sport at Jerome Park is highest,
I mix with the voluble throng,
And in yachting and other such matters
I'm reckoned the smartest among;
While at billiards, though not a professor,
They say I've a wonderful knack;
And my rivals declare me a very hard case,
A very tough nut to crack.

With the Reds and the Blues I can manage
At base ball to keep up my own;
At the sports of the field I'm an adept,
And am first among fishermen known.
Besides, at draw poker am lucky,
And can, on a pard', flip a Jack;
And yet they insist I'm a very hard case,
A very tough nut to crack.

At all the gay balls of the season
I manage to shake a neat leg;
And am always at home with my mauleys,
As sure as an egg is an egg.
Not an op'ra or play can be started,
But I'm at the manager's back,
And the *coryphees* say I'm a very hard case—
Yes, a very tough nut to crack.

It's true, I can reach my fourth bottle
Without ever rumpling a hair;
'Mong the girls am a dangerous fellow,
Am a stunner, and one to spare;
But I'm free with my purse to the needy,
And when Death requests me to pack,
May he own that I'm not such a very hard case—
Such a very tough nut to crack!

City Summary.

W. H. LINGARD, with his burlesque company, opened at the Grand Opera House, on the 13th inst., in "All that Glitters is not Gold," followed with Lingard in his sketches, and concluded with the burlesque of "Pluto." In the first piece Alice Dunning appeared as Martha Gibbs, Amilie Harris as Lady Leatheridge, E. F. Thorne as Stephen Plum, A. D. Billings as Jasper Plum, C. J. Edmonds as Frederick, Edward Coleman as Toby, and George Parks as Sir Arthur. Mr. Thorne was very satisfactory as Stephen, playing the *role* with considerable spirit. Mr. Coleman and Miss Harris are also deserving of praise. A lady named Miss A. Fairbrother was cast for the *role* of Lady Valeria, a trifling part, but altogether too much for the lady, for she was suffering from such great nervousness that she acted as if it was her first appearance on the stage. She spoke scarcely above a whisper, was afraid to face the audience, and knew nothing about the business of the play. This was noticed in such a manner by the audience that she did not appear in the second act at all, the *role* being finished by Lina Edwin. This drama dragged considerably, occupying nearly two hours in playing. In his sketches Mr. Lingard was well received, at the conclusion of which he was called before the curtain and "spoke a piece," thanking those present for their attendance, etc. The burlesque of "Pluto" was then given without any alteration whatever. Mr. Lingard played Pluto; Alice Dunning, Orpheus; Dickie Lingard, Aristeaus; Lina Edwin, Eurydice; Aggie Wood, Apollo; Miss Harris, Proserpine, and W. M. Paul, Clotilda. Dickie Lingard has improved in her acting since her appearance at the Theatre Comique, and Lina Edwin appeared to greater advantage. Amilie Harris is an excellent actress, and whatever she does makes a good impression upon her audience. Mr. Paul does Clotilda well, but does not create as much amusement as did Mr. Atkins when it was first produced here. The attendance was very large, the Opera House being crowded in every part on the opening night. On the 16th, "Time Tries All," Lingard's Sketches and "Pluto" was the programme.

A SAD CASE.—Shakespeare truly says, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." We find this quotation applicable to a case we have been recently made acquainted with. Mrs. Webb, the mother of the well known Webb Sisters, was, on the 16th inst., taken to the insane asylum, entirely bereft of her reason. This is a terrible blow to her aged mother, as well as her husband, and cannot but touch to the quick her two daughters, Ada and Emma, both of whom are far away, and who left her just at a time when it was natural to suppose they would be near to soothe her in her declining years. This is indeed a sad case. Scarcely two years ago father, mother, grandmother and two daughters were in the most affluent circumstances, living in a palatial mansion of their own in Brooklyn, furnished throughout in the most comfortable and luxurious style. Their home was the resort of the fashion of Brooklyn and everything appeared as happy as could be wished. But see what a change has come in two short years. Owing to domestic trouble the mother suffered considerably, which commenced a few months ago to affect her reason. Notwithstanding this was well known to the daughters, they broke up house keeping, disposed of nearly everything, put the mother out to board and allowed her a small weekly pittance. The next move was the separation of Ada and Emma from the mother. Ada married and went to St. Louis, while Emma also married and went to California, leaving their mother in the keeping of almost strangers, for the grandmother is too far advanced in years to be of any use to her; and who, in such a case as this, is better fitted to be by a mother's side than her children, those she has carefully watched and nursed for years. In her solitude Mrs. Webb mourned the absence of her two daughters and brooded over her sad lot, which so worked upon her mind as to make her a fit subject for an insane asylum, where it is thought she can survive but a short time.

MISS MARRIOTT sailed for England on the 18th inst., intending to return to America some time next season.

M. FECHTER sails from Southampton, Eng., on the 21st inst. for this country, and opens at Niblo's Garden on Jan. 10th in "The Duke's Motto."

"LITTLE EM'LY" will be produced at Niblo's Garden this evening, with Ione Burke as Little Em'ly, Edith Challis as Agnes, Kate Newton as Rose, Mrs. Bradshaw as Betsy, Felix A. Vincent as Uriah Heep, Fred Maeder as Steerforth, George Boniface as Micawber, F. C. Bangs as Ham and L. R. Shewell (his first appearance on the stage in six months) as Daniel. The following is a brief outline of this new dramatization by Mr. Halliday:—The scene opens in the ark of the Peggotty's. Daniel's affection for Little Em'ly is displayed, together with Ham's hope to be able one day to call the maiden his own. Steerforth's presence is seen to be a danger, but the extent of its menace is not felt. Martha makes her first appearance, and receives from Ham, through Em'ly, money sufficient to give her a chance of escaping from the life to which she has been wedded. Mr. Micawber's distresses are shown on their comic side, and Uriah Heep, appearing upon the stage, offers the most sanguine of waiters upon providence, employment. Miss Betsy Trotwood, whose footsteps are "dogged," appears for a moment, then the scene reverts to the ark. Its inside is now shown. In the window the candle, Peggotty's affectionate beacon light, is blazing, and all await the coming of Em'ly. In her place comes Ham bearing the news of her flight, and the scene concludes with the departure of Peggotty upon his hastily-resolved task to seek his child through the world. In the second act we are at Canterbury, to which place Mr. Halliday has transferred much of the business which, in the novel, is transacted in London. Micawber, now a clerk in the office of Wickfield and Heep, has learned what a desperate game Heep is playing, and Copperfield, Traddles, and Betsy Trotwood are on the watch. Under the shelter of Canterbury Cathedral, Peggotty, returned from an unsuccessful search, finds Martha despairing and bent upon suicide. He succeeds in enlisting her sympathies in behalf of her former friend and playmate. With the third act comes the return of Em'ly to the ark. The candle still burns in the window, and Peggotty, to whom Martha has announced the wanderer's approaching re-appearance, steals away that Em'ly may enter unseen and unquestioned. Rosa Dartle enters, and, in place of words of love and forgiveness, rebukes and curses are the first sounds Em'ly hears. But the arrival of Peggotty shelters her from the storm beneath which she bends, and news of the tempest that is raging outside soon gives Rosa's words a terribly tragic import. Tidings of a wreck are received and Rosa knows the ship is Steerforth's. Ham, following out the course of life which since his great sorrow he has adopted, ventures to sea when all others shrink, and returns, dying, with the dead body of Steerforth. Here the main action ends. The last act, however, has some interest. Heep is discomfited and Micawber triumphant. In the last scene Peggotty and his darling, with the Micawbers, are seen setting sail to Australia, while on the arm of Copperfield hangs Agnes in bridal costume.

THE BLONDES, consisting of Lisa Weber, Ada Harland, Lillie Hall and Lizzie Willmore, with Edward Righton, put in an appearance at Wood's Museum on the 13th inst., in a burlesque called "Dora Bella," which is the old burlesque of "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," so altered that the original has been lost sight of so far as its wit and humor is concerned. "Dora Bella" is of that class of burlesques which serve only as a vehicle to bring on and take off a number of ladies who are fond of displaying what personal charms they may possess in face or limb. The only thing that elicited a good hearty laugh was when Henry Ward Beecher's name was mentioned in connection with free loveism. There are some clever songs in it set to popular airs, which were cleverly rendered by the different ladies. Edward Righton was the feature of the performance, for his make-up as Dora Bella was excellent; in fact, so cleverly done as to mislead several as to whether "it" was a lady or not. This gentleman is a right clever actor, both in low comedy and broad burlesque. Previous to the burlesque, the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" was given, with Olivia Rand as Mrs. Peter White, Lizzette Bernard as Widow White, Alice Logan as Kitty Clover, and John Morton as Peter White. Connie Thompson was too sick to play the role of Kitty, her name being on the bill for it. The attendance on the opening night was quite large, the house being uncomfortably filled, and business kept pretty good during the week. The burlesque of "Kenilworth" was presented each afternoon.

"HAMLET" will not be produced at Booth's Theatre this evening, as expected, in consequence of the management not having everything ready. Mr. Hackett continues his engagement for the present. The *matinees* will be postponed until after the initial performance of "Hamlet."

"CINDERELLA" will be performed at the New York Circus every evening and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon of the current week.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" continues to attract fair audiences to the Olympic Theatre, and will keep the boards until January 3, when G. L. Fox will once more appear.

MRS. GULAGER, a musical amateur, will make her public *debut* in February, at the Union League Theatre, in the opera of "Maria di Rohan," under the direction of Ronconi.

HERRMAN, the prestidigitateur, commences a few performances at the Academy of Music this evening. He announces his early departure for California.

W. H. LINGARD will present sketches of James Fiske and Jay Gould at the Grand Opera House this evening.

THE INDEPENDENT AGENCY, lately opened in this city on the northeast corner of Broadway and Houston street, has met with encouragement by the profession, as we find quite a host of some of the best performers in the variety business booked there. Under the direction of R. Fitzgerald, who has an extensive acquaintance in the profession from his association with the late James Connor and one other dramatic agency, it has already become a success. Mr. Fitzgerald has the engaging of all talent that appears at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

THE PATRONS OF BRYANTS' MINSTRELS are treated with some excellent ballad and comic singing, and the funny men crack jokes at one another in a lively manner. On the 18th there were fifteen performers in the first part, one less than the usual number, J. G. Russell having been taken sick just as the performance was about to commence. Monroe Dempster, Dwyer, Brandisi and Grier sang some ballads in a pleasing manner, while Dan Bryant, with his song of "Little Brown Jug," and Unsworth's song of "Swate Castle Garden" kept the audience in the best of humor. In the olio Eugene sang in character the song of "Coming from the *Matinee*," and, for an *encore*, gave "Dashing White Sergeant." Dan Bryant and Griffin did "The Gendarmes" and Dave Reed gave an excellent imitation of a snare drum with the bones. Unsworth opened his discourse with a history of the Suez Canal, and his remarks kept the audience screaming with laughter. The act of "The Three o'clock Train," performed by Griffin and Reed, is very amusing. Unsworth's banjo solo did not take very well. "Shoo Fly," by Dave Reed and Dan Bryant, keeps the bills and has proved a big hit. The laughable sketch of "New York by Gaslight" closed an excellent entertainment. The hall was crowded every night during the past week.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE the tide seems to have turned and we now see large and appreciative audiences in attendance, which, we hope, will continue so long as Mr. Daly gives such enjoyable performances as he has been presenting. This week "The Duke's Motto" is the attraction. Miss Ames, who was burned at this theatre some weeks since, has recovered and will appear this evening.

THE TWO HEADED GIRL, under the direction of D. K. Prescott, will be placed on exhibition at Dodworth Hall on the 25th inst. Oscar Shaffer, the agent, is now in the city, making the necessary arrangements.

MISS NINA FOSTER gave one of her dramatic and poetic recitations at Mrs. Wood's residence, No. 18 East 28th street, a few evenings since, and the criticism thereof by a competent and critical audience was one of general approval.

WHAT IS CLAIMED to be the veritable Cardiff Giant is announced for exhibition this week at Apollo Hall.

HAVING OMITTED that part of the olio business introduced by them on their opening week in the first part, the Allen, Pettengill, Delehanty and Hengler Minstrels appeared to advantage the past week, and their first part went off much better. We also notice some improvement in the singing of Gustave Bidaux, he having done away with considerable of that affectation noticeable the first week, and sings with more ease to himself and satisfaction to his audiences. Pettengill is a very funny end man, and actually got off several new gags, while Johnny Allen is also guilty of having said something new; his Dutch business is pretty good. Master Kearney, a young man from Boston, put in an appearance the first week, and sang in the olio "Kiss Me, Mother," in a feeling manner, and received considerable applause. He is possessed of a remarkably clear, high tenor voice, but it does not appear to have been well trained. With a proper cultivation he bids fair to become one of the sweetest ballad singers we know of. John Denier appeared in his comic short stilt act, with his face disguised with burnt cork; he also played Jocko in the afterpiece. The entertainment presented the past week was much better than on their opening week. Delehanty and Hengler did their songs and dances, including "Shoo Fly." If they would abstain from kicking each other as they do it would be better for themselves and all present.

MANAGER FRELIGH is making great preparations to celebrate Christmas at the Old Bowery Theatre, as he intends giving an afternoon as well as an evening performance, including a comic pantomime, introducing that irresistibly funny clown, Robert Butler, and his *confreres*, also a substantial drama, besides comic singing by Edward Firth, and fancy dancing by Mlle. Rosa. The French drama of "The Devil's Peak" has been gotten up with new scenery, etc., and will be produced this evening and during the week, introducing Mrs. W. G. Jones and all the company. Business continues good at this house.

THE PANTOMIME of "Hash," which has been in preparation three weeks at the San Francisco Minstrel Hall, will be produced this evening. New scenery has been painted for it, and one who is well posted in the business has gotten up a number of new tricks.

LESTER WALLACK continues to appear in a change of bill every night at his theatre, and his performances were witnessed the past week by not crowded, but comfortably filled houses. This evening he personates that dashing, rollicking, devil-may-care *role* of Rover, in "Wild Oats," and nearly all the company are in the cast. The comic drama of "Central Park," which has not been played for some time, is in active rehearsal and will be revived next week.

HARRY JARRETT, of Niblo's Garden, returned to this city from Baltimore on the 13th inst., where he has been for a little while prostrated on a bed of sickness. He looks much better, but has not yet entirely recovered.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE is doing a large business, which is well deserved, for Mr. Butler has one of the best variety companies that has appeared in this city for some time. Kate Pennoyer made her first appearance here on the 13th inst. in the *ballet* divertissement of "Demonio," and, for one who has been off the boards and entirely out of practice for over four years, did remarkably well. She improved in her dancing every night, by the close of the week became quite a favorite with the audience, and received considerable applause. Larry Tooley appeared in a Dutch song and dance, but failed to make a favorable impression. Blanche Stanley is a pleasing vocalist, and Annie Hindle's character songs take well.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA TROUPE made their bow at the French Theatre, under the direction of Clifton W. Tayleure, on the 15th inst., in the comic opera of "Ascold's Tomb," with Agreneff Slaviansky, the tenor, in the principal *role*. He possesses a pleasing voice, but limited in compass, and he is a much better singer than he is an actor. Mlle. Levitzkaji, the *prima donna*, has a voice combining that of a mezzo-soprano and a contralto. She sang with considerable feeling and was the recipient of much applause. The last performance of this troupe takes place on the 21st inst. On Saturday, 25th, a performance of "London" will be given in the afternoon and evening.

ADA WRAY made her first appearance in this city on the 13th inst., at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in her comic songs and banjo solos. She is a clever performer on the banjo, sings in a comic vein, and knows how to please an audience, which she certainly did on the east side the past week, for she was nightly called out from three to four times after singing "Popsey Wopsey," and her banjo solos were also heartily applauded. Jennie Benson's clog and Irish jig dancing, Nelse Seymour and Frank Kerns' eccentricities, and C. E. Collins' excellent old men character songs, are all quite pleasing and go far towards making a most attractive programme. Harry Gurr, the man-fish, opens there this evening, and J. W. McAndrews also re-appears.

"BAD DICKEY" remains the attraction at the Tammany, and, judging by the large audiences in attendance the past week we should think it had made a hit. Master Kiralfy, having left the Kiralfy Troupe—now traveling with the G. L. Fox Pantomime Troupe—put in an appearance on the 13th in a Hungarian dance similar in style to that done by the elder Kiralfy at the Olympic Theatre in this city. Master Kiralfy is a wonderful dancer for one so young and he is nightly hailed with great applause. M. W. Fiske, who is a capital actor, appears to advantage in the *role* of Bad Dickey, and his singing is *encored* each evening. "Nan, the Good for Nothing" will be played this week previous to the burlesque.

MR. HACKETT, who is in the last week of his present engagement at Booth's Theatre, is announced to repeat his artistic assumption of the *role* of the fat knight, Jack Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He is to be succeeded on the 27th inst., by Emma Waller, who opens in "Guy Mannering."

Dramatic.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT says:—"The City of Brotherly Love is overflowing with the talk of the green-room, and the gossip afloat is of the most interesting nature, which it shall be our province to serve up with our usual regard to impartiality and truth. 'Patrice,' the sensational Irish drama, has proved an unqualified success at Laura Keene's, and the hit of the season, being in the third week of its representation; the verdict of the entire daily and weekly press was in its favor, when the announcement fell like a bombshell in the camp of the dramatic critics that its author was Col. Fitzgerald, in whose writings they had previously found naught to praise. But now comes a startling announcement to rob the Colonel of his honors, for it has leaked out that while Mr. F. is the reputed author and dramatic godfather of 'Patrice,' the drama is an offspring of the brain of the fair manageress, Miss Laura Keene, to whom we are indebted for the application of the charming legend of the White Lady of Wicklow. We see no reason why Miss Keene should screen herself from the public after originating a successful drama. Mr. B. F. McNulty and his awkward squad of British soldiery, with a burlesque drill and a barn door jig, in which latter Mrs. W. J. Stanton appeared as the female champion jiggist, have been nightly received with screams of laughter. Although we would fain not part with Miss Keene, we hope that those patrons of the drama who do not live in Philadelphia may have the opportunity of seeing that lady, her beautiful rendition of Patrice, the heroine *par excellence* of the Irish drama. 'Champagne, or Step by Step,' is the taking title of the play announced as forthcoming shortly at the Chestnut, the authors of which are none others than Matilda Heron and Laura Keene. Considerable curiosity is evinced as to the manner in which a subject will be handled indicative of the 'Road to Ruin.' From the experience of both ladies upon the stage, Matilda Heron's previous dramatic efforts and the rich promise made by Laura Keene in the construction of 'Patrice,' we shall be greatly disappointed if 'Champagne' does not prove brilliant and sparkling. Rumor, with its thousand tongues, has circulated a report calculated to work injury to Miss Keene in associating with the name of an estimable lady retired from the cares of management the lesseeship of the Chestnut Street Theatre, and conveying the idea that Miss Keene was the manageress only in name. It is scarcely necessary to say that such a statement is without a shadow of foundation, and that Laura Keene is the sole lessee and manageress of that theatre...... 'The Overland Route' filled five nights of the past week at the Arch, and on Saturday night Mr. Robert Craig took his first benefit of the season. The night was stormy, but Craig laughs at stormy nights, for the reason that all the seats are secured in advance and tickets are at a premium. There is only one thing bad about Craig's benefits—the audience are put to great inconvenience by the crowd, for they nearly suffocate in the pressure and explode with laughter. From half-past seven until midnight the uproarious mirth continued. Such ovations as this popular comedian receives at his benefits must fill his heart with gratitude, as it does his pockets full of that lucre for which we all strive, filthy as it may be. The following is Mrs. Drew's 'slate' for the coming week:—Dec. 20th, 'The Needful;' 21st, 'The Rivals;' 22d, 'The Belle's Stratagem;' 23d, 'Married Life.' Christmas eve and till further notice will be acted, for the first time on any stage, in which the authoress will make her *debut*, a dramatization of 'Little Dorrit,' by Mrs. E. D. Wallace, of this city. From the excellent manner in which the piece will be mounted and the genius of the *debutante*, we anticipate a brilliant success. We are indebted to the *Press* for some revelations in regard to the Arch that, when dished up briefly, are of the following import:—The critic, it seems, excited the ire of the business agent, Mr. Joseph Murphy, who immediately cut off the paper from the free list and withheld his advertising patronage, a matter of $7.20 per week; whereat the critic became exceeding wroth and seeks to annoy Mrs. Drew by the public announcement that Mr. Murphy is an equal partner in the establishment, which every one is glad to hear, and pleased to know that Mrs. Drew has thus rewarded the ability of her business agent; and, furthermore, that the lease of the Arch expires in 1870, and that whereas Mrs. Drew & Co. are now holding the theatre at a rental of only $7,000 a year, a much larger sum should be exacted when it be re-leased, citing the instance of another theatre which is supposed to rent for $21,000, although not equaling the Arch in seating capacity; and also maintains that this is a great injustice to the stockholders, although losing sight of the fact that the number of free admissions granted stockholders would raise the rental of the theatre to a figure much above that named. The statement that Miss Lizzie Price had retired from the Arch is erroneous; she was simply 'out of the bill,' as any member of the company is liable to be during the run of a piece. Whatever truth there may be in regard to the terms upon which Mrs. Drew & Co. have held the Arch, it is hoped that they may secure it again for a long term at equally reasonable figures. ......Miss Kate Bateman continues at the Walnut, and we would *warn her* not to rely in future too much upon 'Mary Warner,' to which the public and press have not taken any too kindly in this city; it will be withdrawn this week, and as we prophecied in our last, 'Leah' will be brought forth immediately to increase the attraction. Miss Bateman takes her first benefit on Friday evening, as 'Leah.' Active preparations are going on for the production of 'Not Guilty..........The Hanlon Brothers and their new organization are extensively billed for an appearance at the Academy of Music, commencing Dec. 23d......The Fox is a sly animal; the Fox of the American Theatre is a manager of Yankee smartness, and, as an offset to the Hanlons at the Academy, has retained the Rizarelli Brothers. During the past week Miller Beall and the Bay State Boys appeared, but were immediately dropped from the bills for incompetency. Mr. John Shay proved an acquisition, and is a young man of promise in his profession. The present week is marked with the first appearance of Little Josie, artiste of the song and dance, and the production of a new pantomime by Mr. Harry Leslie, entitled 'Harlequin Tom, the Piper's Son.' Mr. Geo. W. Smith, master of the *ballet*, also presents a holiday attraction in a new *ballet* entitled, 'Eudia, the Fairies of the Lake.' Mr. Fox's effort is to produce a constant array of novelties and a succession of acknowledged artists."

JOE EMMETT opened at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 13th inst. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh are announced as the attraction for next (this) week, opening on the 20th in "Our Mutual Friend."

OF SHOW NEWS IN BOSTON we are advised by our correspondent, "Coriolanus," who, under date of the 18th inst., says:—"Mrs. Scott Siddons' engagement at the Boston Theatre has been brief but brilliant. Her acting has improved wonderfully since her *debut* in this city at the Museum last season, when she gave her impersonation of Rosalind in 'As You Like It'—the same part with which her present engagement opened on the 13th inst. This part is one in which she appears to great advantage, and her pretty face and cunning manners make up for what deficiencies there may be in her acting. 'As You Like It' was played on the 13th and 14th inst., but gave way on the 15th for 'Twelfth Night,' in which Mrs. Siddons gave an admirable impersonation of Viola. It seemed as though the spirit of the piece had taken possession of the actors, and they determined to render this admirable comedy in a manner worthy of its great author. On the 16th 'Twelfth Night' was again performed. On the 17th Mrs. Siddons took a benefit, giving the 'Honeymoon,' with herself as Julianna, and 'King Rene's Daughter,' in which she played Iolanthe. This afternoon (18th) she repeats 'As You Like It,' and this evening makes her last appearance, playing Peg Woffington in 'Masks and Faces.' On the 16th she visited Harvard College as a guest of the International crew, and, among other places, took a peep at the gymnasium, where, much to the delight of the students, she sat down at the rowing weights and pulled a few strokes. I hope she will shortly visit us again. On the 20th we are to have Lucille Western in her famous dual *role* of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne.'.. ..I can find no new words of praise for 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which to-night receives its thirty-ninth performance at Selwyn's. I understand that it is to keep the boards but a few weeks more, notwithstanding its great success......At the Museum 'Oliver Twist' was given on the 13th instant to a large audience. Annie Clarke's Nancy Sykes was a splendid piece of acting; and she was admirably supported by Charles Barron as Bill Sykes, and Frank Hardenbergh as Fagin—the latter being especially fine. 'John Wopps' followed, with Mr. Warren in the title *role*. On the 14th, Hardenbergh had a benefit, presenting 'Evadne' and 'Paul Pry Married and Settled.' On Wednesday afternoon and evening the last representations of the 'Mysterious Stranger' were given, and 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' on the 16th. R. F. McClannin received a rousing audience at his benefit on the 17th, to witness for the first time this season 'Home' and the 'Silver Spoon,' in which Mr. Warren is so celebrated as Jefferson Scattering Batkins. This afternoon (18th), 'Lady of Lyons,' with Chas. Barron as Claude Melnotte, and Annie Clarke as Pauline. 'Arrah Na Pogue,' so long promised, is at last to be presented, on the 20th, with Shaun the Post, by Chas. Barron; the O'Grady, Wm. Warren; Michael Feeny, F. Hardenbergh; Beamish McCoul, Frank Murdoch; Arrah Meelish, Annie Clarke; Fanny Power, Fanny Marsh; Kitty Walsh, Ada Gilman. Mr. Barrow sings the 'Wearing of the Green,' and Ada Gilman dances a barn door jig with Mr. Salisbury."

THE LEFFINGWELL COMBINATION opened in Vicksburgh, Miss., on the 6th inst., and continued through the week to good business. Annie Ward Tiffany followed on the 13th, opening in "Asmodeus" and "Lady Scraggs." Collins was to follow on the 20th.

G. L. FOX'S PANTOMIME TROUPE appeared at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week, in "Hickory Dickory Dock" and "Humpty Dumpty."

EMMA MADDERN made her *debut* at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 13th inst., in "Pet of the Petticoats." On the 14th "Home" was presented to a somewhat larger audience than on the previous night. On the 15th "Colleen Bawn" was produced, Miss Maddern appearing as Elly O'Connor. "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "Katty O'Sheal" were given on the 16th, Miss Maddern personating Josephine, with songs, in the former, and as Katty O'Sheal, with song and dance. On the 17th "The Female Detective" was presented for Miss Maddern's benefit. She remains this week, when will be produced, for the first time in that city, the new drama of "Jessie Ray."

OUR CINCINNATI THEATRICAL ADVICES for last week are thus furnished by our correspondent:—"Cincinnati and Louisville have exchanged companies this week, the stock of the National having accompanied Forrest to Louisville, and that of the latter city replaced it in support of Mary Gladstane. The latter has given the Kate Bateman play of 'Mary Warner' the whole week, though with only medium success, so far as audiences go. 'Mary Warner' is a domestic drama, with a simple but well constructed plot; not very new, however, as it hangs on a case of circumstantial evidence connected with a robbery. All through the piece, as such affairs always are, the hero and heroine are suspected, and under a cloud, but the villain does his duty at the close, and confesses. Mrs. Gladstane made a very agreeable Mary Warner, her reading being distinct and her play of features almost eloquent. George Warner, the husband, and the innocent accused, was acceptably rendered by E. T. Stetson, who is a very fair reader, and somewhat dramatic in his manner. Ada Monk, an old time favorite here, appeared as Milly Rigg and received a cordial welcome. C. T. Nichols, as Bob Levitt, the villain, did very well. H. S. Duffield and Frank Pierce, both well known here, did quite well as Tollitt and Tunks respectively. There was one more familiar face in the support—S. G. Kyle. Mrs. Gladstane remains but this (last) week, and next (this) week, while the regular company of the National is supporting Edwin Forrest in Lexington and Paris, Ky., Geo. L. Fox and his company will produce 'Humpty Dumpty.'......At Wood's Frank Mayo opened his second week in his latest piece, the 'Isle of St. Tropez,' which ran for two nights with fair success. On Wednesday 'Cadet le Perle' was given. It is a pretty piece, and might have been kept on longer without harm. Thursday a touch of the legitimate was tried, in 'Richard III,' which drew rather slimly. Gotthold rendered Richmond with spirit, and Whiting's Buckingham was also good. On Friday, for his benefit, Mr. Mayo appeared as Phideas and Raphael, in the 'Marble Heart,' and on Saturday night as Charles De Moor, in the 'Robbers,' and William, in Black-Eyed Susan. 'Cadet le Perle' was the bill for Saturday's *matinee*. Mayo has played a series of plays in a pleasant manner, and has confirmed the good impression he made last season. His audiences have been smaller this week than last, bad weather being the main cause. Lotta opens Monday, 20th."

THE THEATRICAL BUSINESS in Washington, D. C., at present is not very brisk, although Congress is in session, and the city is rapidly filling up with visitors. Our correspondent "Novice" advises us as follows:—"The near approach of the holidays is the cause of the depression, and as soon as they are over, and members of Congress bring their families to Washington and settle down, the season will commence in earnest, and the prospects will be promising, as has always been the case during sessions of Congress. Lucille Western concluded at the National Theatre on the afternoon of the 18th instant. During her last week she appeared in three pieces, and in all of them received excellent support. She commenced her second week with 'Leah,' which was followed by Nancy Sykes in 'Oliver Twist,' which in turn was succeeded by Thisbe in the 'Actress of Padua.' Miss Western's Leah, I think, is her finest assumption; her 'Nancy Sykes' is a very correct portrayal, and the characters she assumes in the 'Child Stealer' are capitally enacted, but her delineation of 'Leah' is far more artistic and natural. Mr. Hearn, as Rudolph, was exceedingly correct, and his interpretation of the character much admired. The same may be said of Mr. Hamilton, who sustained the part of Nathan, the Apostate. May Savile played Madalena creditably. If she would only correct herself of a habit of constantly smiling, especially when a smile is dreadfully out of place, she would accomplish considerable. Messrs. Taylor and Sutton were very good in the parts assigned them. Mr. Varrey rather overacted the part of Ludwig. A liberal sprinkling of Israelites was noticeable at each representation of the play. 'Oliver Twist' was given on the 15th and 16th, and the 'Actress of Padua' and the farce of 'Handy Andy' on the 17th. 'Leah' was the bill for the *matinee* on the 18th. Last evening (18th) Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hamilton and the stock company appeared in the drama of 'Jonathan Bradford' and the 'Spectre Bridegroom.' Messrs. Spalding and Rapley have incurred great expense in arranging for the production of the pantomime of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' which is to be the attraction for the holidays. The first representation is announced for to-morrow evening (20th) and I have no doubt but that it will be a grand success. Last year, 'Humpty Dumpty' was produced at this theatre in grand style, and it had a very prosperous run. In 'Jack and the Beanstalk' we are to have the Clodoche troupe, the Zanfretta pantomime company, and a grand *ballet* under the direction of Mons. Blandowski."

NEW ORLEANS is reported by our correspondent "Crescent," under date of December 13th, to have been unusually lively in the theatrical world for the week ending December 11th. He says:—"At the St. Charles Theatre, Mr. Chanfrau has appeared nightly as Kit, the Arkansas Traveler. The drama of 'Kit' has all the merits and demerits of the modern drama; it is a vehicle for the display of realistic accessories, such as well known hotels and localities in St. Louis, Mo., the great river rolling its way to the sea, bearing on its turbid tide a Mississippi river steamboat, with its destruction by explosion and fire, all of which have been gotten up in good style, with an accurate knowledge of the localities. The drama, however, is a disconnected and rather sketchy affair, in which fully as much is left to the imagination of the audience as there is portrayed. On the 10th inst., the song and dance of 'Shoo, Fly, Don't Bodder Me,' was added to it and was well rendered by Messrs. Ashley and Hodges. 'Kit' is announced for every evening this week. Mr. Chanfrau will bring his engagement to a close on or about the 26th inst., prior to which he will appear in several of his old specialties, among which will be his famous character of Mose. On the 27th the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe will commence an engagement. ......At the Academy of Music, Mrs. D. P. Bowers has been drawing large and delighted audiences by her splendid acting, which has not been equalled in this city by an American actress for some time. Her tragic force and utter freedom from rant have stamped her as an actress of unusual merit, appearing in 'Lady Audley's Secret' on the 6th, 7th and 8th. 'Camille' was produced on the 9th, in good style, and finely rendered, Mrs. Bowers holding the audience almost spell-bound in her great scene in the fourth act with Armand, which was splendidly played by Mr. McCullom; at the end of the act both were called before the curtain to receive the enthusiastic applause from a delighted audience. On the 10th and 11th her impersonation of Marie Stuart was received by increased audiences, who were more than delighted by her vivid and life-like portrayal of Scotland's beautiful Queen. On Sunday evening 'Lucretia Borgia' and 'Honeymoon' were given, Mrs. Bowers appearing in the title role of the former, and as Julliana in the latter. She was excellently supported by Mr. McCullom as Genaro, Mr. Duncan as Gubetta, and A. H. Davenport as Maffio Orsini. The comedy was well played; Mr. McCullom made a very pleasing Duke Aranza, as was Mr. Philips in the character of the Mock Duke. This evening (13th inst.) Falconer's drama in four acts, entitled 'Snare, or What Can't Money Do,' was produced in fine style to a large audience, although the weather was very inclement. The drama is of the domestic order, and, judging from the first and second acts, is one of unusual merit. David Bidwell, manager of the Academy, has been so sick that his life was considered in danger. I was informed this evening that he is much better, and it is thought that he will soon recover......At the Varieties Theatre, John E. Owens has caused a revival among the old time audiences at this house, who now flock nightly to witness his performance, so much so, that on several occasions during the past week many have been unable to get seats long before the curtain went up. The 'Victims' and 'Solon Shingle' held the stage for the first four nights. On the 10th the 'Poor Gentleman' was revived in excellent style, Mr. Owens appearing as Dr. Ollapod. This evening (13th) Mr. Bateman's comedy of 'Self' was revived in splendid style, with Mr. Owens as John Unit, after which the amusing farce of 'Brother Bill and Me,' in which Mr. Lennox, Mr. Fuller and Miss Vaughn furnished considerable laughter to an audience filling the house, which had assembled in spite of the heavy rain storm which prevailed."

J. O. MAGLE, late agent for Kate Fisher, is at present at the Cheshire House, Keene, N. H., quite ill, having been obliged to leave the company on the 10th inst.

CASINO HALL, Galveston, Texas, was opened on the 6th inst., for the balance of the dramatic season, under the management of the Greenwall Brothers, with the Zavistowski Sisters, who played "Ixion" on the 6th, 7th and 8th, followed by "Rip Van Winkle" on the 9th, 10th and for the *matinee* on the 11th. "Ixion" was repeated on the night of the 11th. A correspondent says:—"Their engagement so far has been successful and is increasing every night. The citizens of Houston have tendered a benefit to Mr. Greenwall, which will take place on Dec. 15th. Over one thousand tickets have already been sold. He has also been tendered one by the citizens of Galveston, but, he having no time open, prefers to take it when he has no star."

MAGGIE MITCHELL opened an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on the 14th instant. Our correspondent "Amusement" says:—"'Fanchon' was the opening piece, and she gave an enjoyable rendition. Mr. Wheelock's Landry was excellent. Upon the whole the cast was strong. 'Fanchon' remains on the boards."

AT AIKEN'S MUSEUM, Chicago, "The Red Scarf" has been the feature, and has been drawing good houses. It will continue on the boards during this week. Miss Susie Cluer and Miss Sylvester have left this house, and their places are supplied by the Partington Sisters. The cause of their leaving was on account of a little love affair with some of the burnt cork party at the Dearborn Street Theatre.

LEO HUDSON, having organized a traveling company for a tour through New England, informs agents and proprietors of halls that she would like to hear from them respecting open dates for the hiring of their halls. Her mare, "Black Bess," is with the party, and "Mazeppa" is in the *repertoire*.

W. J. FLORENCE publishes his card to the effect that from the present he will pay no debts contracted by any one nor consider any engagements made binding unless made by himself.

HARRY B. HUDSON took a benefit at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on the 13th inst. The *Irish News*, in its issue of Dec. 12th, says:—"Mr. Hudson has filled his position more than creditably. His taste in costuming has no superior, and is near enough perfection to be considered a talent in itself. This, together with his fine personal appearance, renders him much more acceptable to the public than any one who occupied his place during the season he was absent. In private life Harry Hudson is noted for his genial, generous nature, and innumerable deeds of charity that his hand finds to do; and no higher praise could be given than can be said of his cheerful, loving maintenance of a widowed mother, and the tender, brotherly care with which he has surrounded the sister who looks to him for support." The *Chicago Tribune* of Dec. 14th, says:—"Harry Hudson, the comely, popular young actor at McVicker's, called the roll of his friends last evening for a benefit, and the result was an attendance both flattering and profitable. There were but few empty seats in the house, and these should have been occupied, no less because the *beneficiare* deserved all he got, and more too, than by reason of a splendid bill finely cast. First, there was the pretty little comedy, the 'Captain of the Watch.' Then a recitation, 'The Battle of Fontenoy,' by Mrs. Cowell, rendered with all her beautiful elocution, force and power; and, finally, 'The French Spy,' with Mr. Hudson in one of his most pleasing assumptions, Col. De Courcy, and the remainder of the cast adequately filled by the other members of the company. Hudson's benefits are always pleasant affairs, and that of last night was especially so."

VARNEY'S TROUPE were in Jerseyville, Ill., all the past week, will be in Carleton all this week, and open in Whitehall on the 24th for three nights.

OF SAN FRANCISCO affairs, our correspondence gives us the following report under date of December 9:—"Financially, theatrical business during the week ending 4th was only moderate, but things are beginning to look up a bit and managers are rubbing their hands and looking wistfully to the forthcoming holiday-season, as about all of them have pieces in hand to produce at that time with fond expectations of replenishing their hungry treasuries by a tumbling clown, some enticing calves, and tawdry transformations, which are expected to be, and will be swallowed by a public who can stow away with equal facility and the greatest relish, anything, from Italian down to 'horse' opera without impairing in the least their great critical digestion. The California Theatre produced Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas' on the 2d, and with the exceptions of Lawrence Barrett, Sedley Smith and Emelie Melville, the general acting was indifferent. Mestayer, whose forte is eccentric comedy, had a part too heavy and difficult for him to manage well in Don Salnote, while John Wilson was entirely out of his line as the rollicking Don Cæsar De Bazan. However, with these drawbacks that were irremediable, as the pick and flower of the company, headed by Charlotte Thompson and McCullough, are playing at Virginia, the evening was made enjoyable by the acting of Barrett, who appeared to advantage as Ruy Blas, a character rendered by him very artistically and invested with that chaste feeling often noticeable in his assumptions. The Brignoli Troupe gave their third concert to a meagre house with moderate success on the 3d. Barrett in the 'Corsican Brothers,' Mrs. Sophie Edwin and Emelie Melville in 'Capt. Charlotte,' drew a large house on the 4th. The Brignoli Troupe commenced a brief season of opera on Monday, 6th, when 'Martha' was given, with Miss McCulloch, Miss Henne, Brignoli, Susini, Locatelli and Rancoveri, to a magnificent house in fashionable brilliancy, and crowded from orchestra to gallery; probably the receipts were the largest for one entertainment since the opening night. The general anticipation that the troupe would appear to greater advantage in opera than in concert was fulfilled, but that excellence was not attained which might be reasonably demanded from a troupe with such a thundering reputation preceding it. To criticise the troupe by the standard claimed for it there would be nothing left to tell the tale excepting in the case of the basso, Susini, who is rather too *hefty* to conveniently make away with. The opera went off moderately well, notwithstanding a weak chorus and an orchestra in need of augmentation and rehearsal; but as the audience applauded freely, while their money was safe in the cash box, what is the use of saying more. The next night it rained violently, somewhat affecting the attendance; a fair house gathered, however, to hear 'Don Pasquale,' given with more success than 'Martha' by Susini, Mancusi, Brignoli, Locatelli and Miss McCulloch. 'Henry Dunbar' was produced on the 5th, with Lawrence Barrett in the title *role*, supported by E. S. Buckley, W. Mestayer, Sedley Smith, Willie Edwin, Leah, Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. E. S. Buckley and Emelie Melville. Opera again to-night, 'Lucia di Lammermoor;' 'The Barber' to-morrow. Camilla Urso will give her final sacred concert Sunday, 12th, assisted by the entire opera troupe......'Jack and Gill,' the new Christmas pantomime, was brought out at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 7th, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the house was only comfortably filled. The piece is like the run of pantomimes, a tiresome opening confab resulting in a harlequinade, finishing amidst a blaze of colored fires. The Martinettis do the pantomime business, and a Miss Libbia Stowell, late of the London theatres, is in one of the speaking parts. It is preceded by a *ballet* and gymnastic feats......At Maguire's Opera House 'the croaking raven bellows for revenge,' and Proctor roars so effectively that the gallery coves exclaim:—'Let him roar again'—to Olympian admiration. The uncontrollable delight of the bloodthirsty gods manifests itself by their filling the classic perch of the opera house to see the trouble done in the slap up manner, as when—with fond recollection—it was dished up at the Bowery, amid crushing of the inevitable peanut, munching of apples with 'horsely' gusto, and vociferous hi hi his at the game death and clever fall of a favorite actor. 'Ambition' was withdrawn 2d, in favor of 'Jack Cade,' which gave way to 'William Tell' and 'The Rebel Chief' 4th. Proctor's last and second week was inaugurated by the production of an English piece called 'Outlanchet.' 'Jack Cade' was revived on the 8th. On Monday, 13th, the pantomime of 'Robinson Crusoe' will be produced, in which Mlle. Bonfanti and a host of others will trip the light fantastic to the delectation of young and even old Frisco......The California Minstrels, at the Alhambra, are struggling along convulsively with a fair company. Johnny Mack is up for a benefit on the 10th......Harry Courtaine, in a piece of his own, peculiar and racy, is the magnet at the Pacific Theatre......No change at the Bella Union.......*Interior News.*—The California Theatre Company are reported to be doing a tremendous business at Piper's, Virginia, opening in 'London Assurance,' with Charlotte Thompson as Lady Gay. Miss Gordon as Grace, Minnie Walton as Pert, Harry Edwards as Sir Harcourt, E. B. Holmes as Max Harkaway, John McCullough as Dazzle, and John T. Raymond as Mark Meddle, followed by the 'Honeymoon,' with McCullough as Duke Aranza. ......Emelie Melville as star, supported by Mestayer, S. W. Leach, Willie Edouin and others of the California Theatre Company, played 'The Daughter of the Regiment' at Oakland on the 7th......The Fakir of Vishnu closed a six nights' engagement at Oakland on the 6th, and left for Santa Cruz on the 8th.....*Sacramento Items.*—San Francisco Minstrels opened at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 1st. The Academy of Music is to open as a Melodeon on the 9th. The Gregories opened on the 6th. Camilla Urso is billed......Wilton Dramatic Troupe are at Colusa...... The Salem Opera House will be opened about Christmas, by Bates, of the Oro Fino Theatre, Portland......Carrie Carter is playing in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Oro Fino."

KATIE PUTNAM denies that she was lately married in Chicago to J. G. Burnett, Jr. She is at present playing in Evansville, Ind., opening on the 20th in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

THE LONDON COMBINATION, under the direction of W. J. Marshall, opened in Hamilton, Canada, on the 10th inst., and were to remain through the past week. William Davidge, Jr., joined the party on the 17th.

MRS. FLORA A. KRUGER, wife of J. K. Kruger, better known as Mlle. Flora Londelle, *danseuse*, died in Boston, Mass., on the 10th inst., and was buried on the 12th, at Cambridge Cemetery. She was 21 years and 9 months old. She gave birth to a female child on Nov. 16th, which was the cause of her decease.

A PORTION of Selwyn's company from Boston were to play in Providence, R. I., on the 20th and 21st inst., in "Follies of A Night" and "Simpson & Co."

J. F. SHERRY'S COMPANY were announced to open in Meadville, Pa., for the holidays on the 20th inst., in "The Colleen Bawn."

H. C. BATES, of the Louisville Theatre, was to have occupied the Opera House, Evansville, Ind., during the holidays with dramatic performances, but, owing to the previous bad business there, has concluded to postpone his appearance. The present week Katie Putnam's dramatic company occupy the house.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and company opened at Adrian, Mich., on Dec. 16th, for five nights. "Richelieu" was given as the opening piece, in which Mr. Buchanan appeared as the Cardinal and Miss Laura Page as Julia de Mortimer. On the 18th a *matinee* performance was given, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the entertainment.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE closed her engagement at Omaha, Neb., Dec. 11th.

J. O. SEFTON'S COMPANY closed up at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 14th inst. A correspondent writes us as follows:—"Mr. J. O. Sefton engaged his company for a regular season in Wheeling, W. Va., where he opened on September 6th. After playing there up to the 4th of December he started on a traveling tour, bringing his company to Steubenville, where they played six nights. Mr. Sefton then left his company with (it was stated) the intention of billing Alliance, Canton and Massillon for three weeks, but a brief telegram arrived on the 14th, to Mrs. Annie Sefton, saying 'break up,' so we closed with that short notice. Mr. Sefton did not return to the company, but left his wife to bear the brunt of the storm. They closed four or five weeks' salary in debt to every member of the company, with one or two exceptions. The week's business in Steubenville was very good, and yet the actors did not receive salary."

JENNIE WALLACE was presented with a gold watch at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 13th, on the occasion of her benefit.

WILLIAM RYAN, a member of the Boston Theatre, aged thirty years, died on or about the 12th inst.

H. W. MAYNARD can be engaged for juvenile or light comedy, or to act as advance agent. Find his address elsewhere.

YANKEE LOCKE'S COMPANY performed in Lowell, Mass., on the 13th, 14th and 15th inst., and went thence to Worcester, Mass., for the 16th, where they opened, intending to remain three nights, and put in Christmas week in Danvers.

TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE, Boston, is advertised for rent. Having been refitted in good style, it is well adapted to dramatic or light entertainments. See particulars elsewhere.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE closed their engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 18th inst. The drama of "Lost at Sea" was to be given on the 20th.

MITCHELL AND RICHARDS' DRAMATIC TROUPE, consisting of Josie Hight, Harry Hight, F. L. Markham, T. Sidney Holland, Wm. Marble, F. Markham, Miss Lizzie De Witt, Miss Lottie, Miss Markham, Mrs. G. W. Mitchell, R. B. Richards, R. B. Buck, F. Dundenberg and R. Gray, opened in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on the 16th inst.

LITTLE JENNIE YEAMANS plays Puck, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

MARIETTA RAVEL produces "The French Spy," at the Opera House, Williamsburg, L. I., on the 21st inst., supported by T. Keene, Welsh Edwards, William Thompson, G. C. Davenport, W. Malmburg, and others.

KATE FISHER'S COMPANY was at St. Albans, Vt., on the 16th; Burlington, 17th and 18th; and was to go thence to Rutland for the 20th and 21st; Whitehall, 22d, and Little Falls 23d.

FROM ALBANY, N. Y., we are advised of theatrical news up to Dec. 19th, by our correspondent, "Beppo," who says:—"Owing to some misunderstanding between Manager Lawlor and Mr. Boniface, the latter, with his wife, took leave on the 11th. The 'Octoroon' was played two nights longer, with J. C. Walsh, the prompter, in the *role* of the Indian. On the 15th the 'Streets of New York' was placed upon the boards in fine style; the scenery was splendid. A novelty in shape of a donkey attached to a horse car and a sleigh, was received with loud applause. Lawlor played Badger; Sawtelle, Bloodgood; Crosbie, Puffy; Raymond, Mark Livingstone; Hilliard, Paul Fairweather; Ryer, Capt. Fairweather; Miss Dargon, Lucy; Mrs. Farren, Mrs. Fairweather, and Miss Brook, Alida Bloodgood. Joe Emmett, Dutch comedian, is engaged to appear on the 20th......Manager Barnes has men working day and night on the new theatre, and it is thought that he will be able to open on New Year's eve. Henrietta Irving is to be leading lady."

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" is the current attraction at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway in the cast.

G. L. FOX AND C. K. FOX retire from the pantomime troupe in Cincinnati next week and return to New York to appear at the Olympic Theatre on Jan. 3d. Charles Abbott, clown, takes G. L. Fox's place in the troupe.

FORRESTER'S COMPANY opened in Newark, N. J., on the 17th for three nights.

THE MEMBERS OF PIKE'S COMPANY, lately left in Montreal by McKee Rankin without means, have published a card in the Montreal papers showing how they were treated by their manager. A benefit was arranged to come off on the 18th inst., when Mrs. J. W. Buckland, Mrs. C. B. Hill and others volunteered.

"THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY."—A copy of this farce is wanted by John Denier. See advertisement.

WILLIAM HOLSTON closed a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th inst. He opened as Biles in "Miriam's Crime," which was repeated on the 14th. "Poor Humanity" filled out the week. "Formosa" is the current attraction.

KATIE PUTNAM'S TROUPE closed a successful three weeks' stay in Cairo, Ill., on the 18th inst., and were to open in Evansville, Ind., on the 20th.

W. J. MARSHALL'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY appeared in Hamilton, Canada, the past week. "Meg's Diversion" was played, with Florence Webster as Meg, and Harry Lindley as Jasper.

JOHN T. FORD has been playing a dramatic company in Savannah, Ga., the past two weeks, but has not met with much success. A correspondent says:—"The following plays have been given in an excellent and artistic manner: 'School,' 'Home,' 'Checkmate,' 'Blow for Blow,'

'Caste,' Lancashire Lass,' 'Dot,' and others. Miss Lillie Eldridge has met with good success. Also Messrs. Sam Ryan and Jas. O'Neil have been well received. The company closed on the 18th."

N. C. FORRESTER'S TROUPE opened in Newark, N. J., on the 17th, for three nights, and were to go thence to Elizabeth for a brief stay, commencing on the 21st.

YANKEE ROBINSON appears at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 25th inst., in "Darius Dutton."

TALENT is wanted for Marshall's London Burlesque and Comedy Company. For particulars see advertisement.

MARY GLADSTANE is the current attraction at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., opening in "Mary Warner."

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the places of amusement in Pittsburgh, Pa., for the month of November, are given as follows:—Opera House, $9,398 85; Pittsburgh Theatre, $6,660 82; Varieties Theatre 1,921; Academy (Drummer Boy), $1,434; Academy (Minstrels), $1,025; Masonic Hall (Thomas' concerts) two nights, Dec., $1,015; Burnell's Museum, $1,133.

FANNY B. PRICE appeared at the Academy of Music, Omaha, in "The Child Stealer," on the 10th and 11th inst. Our correspondent says:—"The very disagreeable weather of the past week prevented her engagement being a pecuniary success. Her efforts to please were warmly appreciated by those who did attend. She goes to Buffalo for the holidays and thence to the Academy of Music, Cleveland......Annie Ward, a favorite *soubrette* here last season, commenced a week's engagement on the 13th in 'Fanchon,' followed on the 14th by 'Ireland as It Was,' on the 15th 'Ticket of Leave Man,' Miss Ward as Sam Willoughby, Miss Cappell as May Edwards, E. F. Clark as Hawkshaw, Mitchell as Bob Brierly, Hurst as Melter Moss, Clifford as Jem Dalton and Addie Hubbard as Mrs. Willoughby. Miss Ward appears to-night (16th) in 'Rough Diamond,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White' and 'Nan, the Good For Nothing.' Business has revived greatly since the unpleasant weather and full houses are the order of the evening. The pantomime of 'Humpty and Dumpty' will be produced on the 20th for a week."

J. C. MYERS' COMPANY play at Worcester, Mass., 20th and 21st.

MR. STUART ROBSON and Mr. J. B. Bradford have written a farce called "A Cheerful Reception." It has been accepted by Mr. Selwyn, of Boston, and will probably be produced at his theatre during the present season.

THOSE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC AGENTS, Messrs. Davis & Co., are in want of several artists. Their card will be found in another column.

J. A. LORD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Atchison, Kansas, in the "Hidden Hand," on the 13th inst, followed by "She Stoops to Conquer" on the 14th; "Ticket of Leave Man," 15th; "Sea of Ice," 16th; "Rip Van Winkle," 17th, and "Under the Gaslight" on the 18th. The company were to go to Leavenworth on the 20th.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to a card in our advertising columns informing managers and artists that the new Irish drama, "Patrice," is duly protected by copyright. By the way, a question of authorship has arisen in regard to this play, upon which our Philadelphia correspondent has something to say.

YANKEE LOCKE'S COMPANY play in Nashua, N. H., the first three nights in the current week, and go thence to Manchester, Portsmouth, Biddeford, Me., and Portland.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE have been a great success at DeBar's Theatre, St. Louis, where they remain the current week.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON closed his engagement at the Olympic Theatre, St. Souis, on the 18th inst., and is followed this week by the Worrell Sisters and Jenny Willmore.

Musical.

AT THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, New Orleans, the attendance has been fully as good for the week ending Dec. 12th as any week since the opening night. Our correspondent, "Crescent," thus writes on the subject:—"On Monday evening, the 6th inst., Herold's three act opera entitled the 'Pre aux Clercs' was produced in excellent style, the music being sung with fine effect. It was to have been sung again on Tuesday night, but the sudden indisposition of M. Julien compelled the substitution of 'La Dame Blanche,' in which Mr. Ketten won new honors by his splendid rendering of George Brown, the gay and festive Lieutenant, whom Sir Walter Scott has described so beautifully in his legend of the 'White Lady of Avenel.' On Thursday evening, 9th inst., and on Saturday, the 11th, Meyerbeer's grand opera of 'Robert le Diable' was produced for the first time this season, with M. Michot as Robert, M. Depassio as Bertram, M. Ketten as Raimbault, Mme. Arnal as Alice, Mlle. Mineur as Isabelle and Mme. Bilion as Helena, the latter making her *debut* as the *premiere danseuse* of the establishment; the ease and grace of her movements at once established her success. 'Robert le Diable' was well sung on Thursday evening, considering it was its first performance, Mr. Michot being especially happy in his *role* of Robert. It is rumored that the management intends to abandon the comic opera and dramatic business and engage a few other artists as a change grand opera troupe, sticking entirely to the business known as the grand opera. It is to be hoped that they will not carry out their intentions, as the light and pretty comic operas have always been considered an agreeable change to the heavy and grand effect of such operas as 'La Prophet,' 'Robert le Diable,' 'Lucia,' 'Trovatore,' or the 'Traviata.'"

THE BERGER FAMILY BELL RINGERS are meeting with success on their tour through the west. The state of Ohio did extremely well for this troupe. For two weeks they played to the full capacity of the different halls, and turned people away every night excepting in Athens, where a terrific storm commenced just before opening the doors. In Parkersburg, West Va., the receipts were $600 for two nights, there being 641 tickets sold for a hall that seats only 260 persons. Marietta, with a hall capable of seating only 250 people, turned out well, for there were $333 in it. This troupe struck a route seldom traversed by showmen. In Chillicothe they played two days to $571, notwithstanding it rained both days, and so great was the rush the first night that the doors had to be opened half an hour earlier than the advertised time. This company have been out now fifteen weeks, five of which have been very stormy ones. The total receipts in the first twelve weeks amounted to over $7,390. They closed in Hamilton, Ohio, a one night's stay, on the 16th, and were to go thence to Covington, Ky., 17th and 18th, Lexington 20th and 21st, Paris 22d and 23d, and Danville 24th and 25th.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC ASSOCIATION is the title of a new musical society recently organized, its objects being "the advancement of the interests of music and encouragement of home talent." It has been started under favorable auspices and bids fair to be a prosperous and useful institution. Preparations are already being made, although as yet in an embryonic state, to get up a series of concerts during the current season. Dexter Smith is President and D. C. Hall musical conductor.

MISS EMMA C. SHRUSBY was the *beneficiaire* of a grand testimonial concert at Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on the 16th inst. A full house went to hear and see Emma C. and Co.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS are concertizing through Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kerr, basso and soprano, left the party at Chambersburg lately. It is Mr. Kerr's intention to settle down in Altoona, Pa., in the insurance business. These vacancies were filled by A. W. Woodward and Mrs. E. D. Ross.

THE "IOWA BLIND VOCALISTS" are giving concerts in the West.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, 490 miles west of Chicago, now the terminus of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, was visited last week by the Alleghanian Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, the first entertainment of the kind ever given in this thriving frontier city.

THE TIME for the Carlotta Patti concerts in Cincinnati has been changed to Dec. 20th, 22d, and 23d, and a *matinee* on Christmas day. On Tuesday, the 21st, the troupe will sing in Dayton, O.

THE CINCINNATI ARION, a German musical society, gave a concert at Pike's Hall on Friday evening, 17th inst.

THE PUPILS of the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, gave a concert in Cincinnati on the 17th.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS were to be in Dover, N. H., on the 20th, and are to play in Salem, Mass., on the 23d, for the Y. M. C. A. They spend the Christmas at Providence, R. I., remaining there two nights, and say Happy New Year to Hartford, Conn.

SCHOEPFER'S TYROLEAN SINGERS were to appear in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th and 20th inst.

GRAU'S GERMAN OPERA TROUPE commence a season of five nights in Pittsbugh, Pa., on the 21st inst.

THE GRAU GERMAN OPERA TROUPE appeared in Baltimore, Md., on the 16th and remained three nights. "La Dame Blanche" was produced on the opening night.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commenced a short season at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 13th inst., opening in "Crown Diamonds." "Traviata" was announced for the opening, but owing to the severe illness of Henry Drayton a change of programme was necessitated. On the 14th "Bohemian Girl" was produced, with an excellent cast. On the 15th "Maritana" was given, and on the 16th "Faust" was brought out for the benefit of Mrs. Bernard and last performance there of the company. The attendance was large each evening.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of Boston, gave two concerts at Simpson's Hall, Omaha, on the 13th and 14th, to fine houses.

A GOOD LEADER is wanted for Marshall's comedy company, now traveling in Canada.

DEXTER SMITH, the poet and musical critic of Boston, has accepted the position of President of the Boston Philharmonic Association, of which D. C. Hall is musical director.

MR. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB produced his opera, "Treasured Tokens," at Laura Keene's Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 15th. Our correspondent says:—"Although Mr. F. labored under many disadvantages pertaining to a first performance, he should be congratulated for an artistic success. Mrs. Fairlamb surprised every one by her remarkable display of histrionic ability, and every day that Mrs. F. remains off the dramatic boards will be time lost of an opportunity which she should improve. Mrs. Fairlamb's interpretation of the *prima donna*, in the singing and delivery of the dialogue, was charming, and as full of grace, feeling, and that judicious command of voice and gesture as is rarely found save in those of large experience. On the contrary, Mr. W. J. Hill, a professional, who had the opportunity of making a decided impression, stumbled through the entire opera, exhibiting a lamentable lack of knowledge of the language of the dialogue and verse. The orchestra was in a word 'slouchy,' and apparently felt little interest in the work of a brother musician. The audience was large and composed of the *elite* of the city. We understand that Mr. F. has already received proposals for 'Treasured Tokens' from a popular English opera company."

Variety Halls.

ARI HOLSION, character dancer and burlesque artiste, advertises that he can be engaged.

DUDLEY'S OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., opened on the 13th and was crowded. Johnny Harris had the bone end, Jerry Howard tambourine, and Charley Kane interlocutor. Millie Smith, *danseuse*, Lucille Bostram and Marian Somers, vocalists, and Eugene Solomon are in the company.

AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., business continues excellent, our correspondent informs us, and adds:—"The company is now in fine working order. The new arrangement, that of dividing up the front of the house into parquet and orchestra, meets with much favor. The ballad singing of Celia Berry, and the dancing of Mary Henning and Sallie Apt, are among the features of the performance. As a vocalist, Miss Berry takes rank among many whom I can now call to mind. In the minstrel scene, Miss Evans sings the 'Fenian Girl;' Frank Gayton (tambourine), 'Red Hot Darkey;' Miss Edwards, 'When the Corn is Waving;' Tom McIntyre (bones), 'The Ballet Girl,' and Miss Berry, the song entitled 'Dreaming.' James Porter is stage manager and interrogator. He fills both positions quite acceptably, and now and then gives evidence of his versatility by appearing on the bone or tambourine end. In the olio, Nellie Edwards and Lizzie Lefevre sing the 'Gipsey Countess,' and do it well. M'lle Carolista dances gracefully. Some weeks ago she appeared upon the bone end in the first part, and acquitted herself admirably. She is talented, and, besides being a very pleasing dancer, is a vocalist of some ability. The Can-can retains a firm hold on the bill. Harry Hart is announced to put in a reappearance shortly."

MINNIE SMITH appeared at Ward's Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th inst. Sadie Rogers continues there, also Jimmy Clark. Business is reported as having been good of late.

THE NEW NASHVILLE THEATRE was opened on the 16th inst., as the Theatre Comique, under the direction of Oscar Willis & Co., with the following company:—Nellie Taylor, Gussie Willis, Mdlle. Lottie, Mdlle. Barrown, Maggie Clarke, Miss Ward Clarke, Oscar Willis, Toney Harvey, John Bucklin, Sig. Capolla, Wallace Britton, A. H. Hastings, William Butler, G. W. Warvel, Flint Kennicott, and E. R. Dalton. "Pocahontas" was announced for the afterpiece.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Gussie Crayton, vocalist, song and dance performer, put in an appearance on the 16th inst. James Maas, Ben Brown, Master Bobby, Marie Gerard, Lizzie Whelan, Emma Claire and Prof. Riley are in the company.

CHARLES ARRIZONA publishes a card in another column challenging Jacob Riley to compete with him in light and heavy weight balancing for five hundred dollars a side.

J. S. EDWARDS' benefit at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 10th inst., was a successful one. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"During this week Miss Maggie Bowers has charmed hundreds with her beautiful vocalization, and the Zanfretta and Caron families have appeared in new and diverting posturings, pantomimes, tight-rope performances and dances. One of the most notable features of the week's performances has been the nightly appearances of Ida Devere, *premier danseuse*. Her pirouetting, *poses* and toe movements, for dashing *abandon*, grace and artistic excellence, will favorably compare with those of any terpsichorean *artiste*, foreign or native, at present in this country. Her dancing invariably creates a *furore*. Another sensation of the week has been the Romelli family of gymnasts, consisting of one gentleman and two ladies. Their trapeze performances and other feats are of the most perilous and thrilling nature, so much so as to require nets and other precautionary arrangements to be used for fear of some accident. Alex Zanfretta's tight-rope performances are truly wonderful. The Clodoche troupe in black is a funny affair, and is generally *encored*. Jem Mace, the ex-champion of England, together with Taylor, the comique, and the combination attending them: also the Nellie Maskell troupe, F. A. Gibbons, gymnast; Mons. Solossy's *ballet* troupe, also a portion of the *ballet* troupe lately engaged at the New York Tammany, and other variety talent, are announced to appear on the 20th."

BUSINESS is said to have been a little slack the past week at the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, which is attributed to the very bad weather. The performance commenced with "The Ghost in the Pawnbrokers," by Messrs. Redden, Pash and Thorn. Miss Nellie Sanford then entertained the audience with a song. Louise Boshell then gave a fancy dance. "The Young Man of the Period," by Miss Nellie Whitney, is well spoken of. Baretta still remains. A correspondent says:—"Tommy Jefferson, in his banjo solo, generally replies to four *encores*. Miss Zoel, who is next on the programme, is a favorite; her clog is given with a dash and a vim that brings down the house; her song and dance, 'Fanny Powers,' is one of the features of the evening. Frank Dillon has not done so well this (past) week, owing to a bad cold, which almost deprives him of the power of speech. The Clodoche Troupe leave this (past) week. Sallie Mason sings the 'Whippoorwill' nicely. This lady has not a strong voice, yet a sweet one. The performance concluded with the drama 'Scarlet Mantle.' Sallie Mason takes part in the drama as Agnes."

HARRY JEFFERSON opened in Norfolk, Va., at the Varieties, on the 13th inst.

THE VARIETY BUSINESS in Pittsburgh is thus spoken of by our correspondent, "J. E. H.":—"The recent acquisitions to the company at the Pittsburgh Theatre are Quilter and Goldrich, jig dancers, and Herr Holtum, cannon ball performer. Business here, as at nearly all other places of amusement in the city, shows a falling off this (past) week. Quilter and Goldrich dance acceptably and receive *encores* nightly. Herr Holtum's cannon ball exercises are excellent. The applause bestowed on his performances is well merited. Charley Benedict's negro acts are a pleasing feature of each entertainment. Maggie Fielding has become a favorite. Clara Butler, who has been for some days lying seriously ill of a brain affection, is recovering so rapidly as to inspire the hope that she will be able to resume her professional duties next (this) week. Mad. Sanyeah is up for a benefit on the 17th inst. She gives away 200 photographs on the occasion. The lady opens at Deagle's, St. Louis, on the 20th inst.......General Grant, Jr., opened at Trimbles' Varieties on the 15th inst., and received a most cordial welcome. This little gentleman is said to be but little over two feet in height, and has reached the years of maturity. His songs and dances are rendered creditably. On his first appearance he gave 'Walking in the Starlight' and 'Juliana Brown.' The applause created was of the most uproarious character, and he was *encored* so often that he was compelled to retire from sheer exhaustion. Luke Schoolcraft continues to do the Dutch business; Weaver, Dougherty and Gooding, the burnt cork; the Arabian Brothers, feats of agility and double trapeze; May Gifford and M'lle. Rosa, *danseuses*, and Emma Winthrop, vocalist. Lillie Beckett has gone to Cincinnati, where she will remain until after the holidays with relatives and friends."

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT writes on the 17th to the following effect:—"Biz. has been only moderate at the different halls during the past week. There has been an innovation at last in the company at the Race Street. Ben Brown, one of the end men, went to Nashville, his place being supplied by P. H. Seamon, the ventriloquist, who takes to his new *role* quite kindly. Harry Alberts, the middle man, withdrew also, going to the Fourth Street. Joe Woods, the comic singer, replaced him as interlocutor. Mazori Arnoldi, *danseuse*, has been playing with success during the past week......At the Fourth Street Theatre, Harry Alberts appeared in his regular line as interlocutor, and as Arthur in the Can-can, which last still hangs on. Walter Wentworth, the contortionist, and Billy Reed, song and dance man, put in an appearance on Monday evening. Jennie Clare and Nellie Williams, two other new ones, took characters in the Can-can, which has had several new *roles* introduced. Annie Florence, in her Irish songs and dances, has taken well. Harry Eades, comic vocalist, is to appear Monday......At the New York Varieties, on Sixth street, Tim Woodruff and Ned Reed opened out for a short engagement, and Kitty La Grange, vocalist and dancer, also put in an appearance. An 'Old Folks'' edition of the Can-can, with Bonnie Emerson as 'Ancient Frailty,' has been running this week. Lida Florence, a new appearance, takes part in this. Miss Louisa Nelson, comedienne, is underlined......Ohmer's Zoological Museum is in full blast next door north of the Race street Varieties, but does not draw well......Lizzie Mayling, whose accident we recorded last week, is getting better and has strong chances of recovering......Frank Pell has not been able to get about this week, as he had expected, and is still in the hospital, but expects to emerge therefrom next week......Tim Hayes, the clog dancer, who was once considered one of the best, if not the best, in the country, is lying sick and broken down in body and spirit in the Commercial Hospital...... A party, under the name of Wood's Minstrels, start from here next week for a holiday season in Indiana. Among those expected to go with it are Harry Parker, cloggist; Ned Reed, Tim Woodruff and Harry Wood."

J. S. BERRY, who has just closed an engagement at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn., advertises that he can be engaged for his change business.

THE VARIETY BUSINESS in Boston, says our correspondent "Coriolanus" "is proving very acceptable, and draws good houses both at the Howard and the Adelphi—the Opera House not doing so well. At the Howard they have had R. W. Smith in his comic songs, and in a tambo-rine solo; Harry Bloodgood in his dances and songs; Sig. Bliss, the so-called Man Fly, who walks head down on a large platform prepared for the purpose. Little Vic, a six year old, is really wonderful. Wm. Carter gave a pleasing banjo solo, and Jennie Engel sang a couple of her songs. Virginia Smith also sang some songs. The *ballet*, composed of Betty Rigl, Emily Rigl, Bertha, Emma, Sallie Maddox, the Lucille sisters, and Viro Farrand, danced several selections during the evening. Messrs. Arthur and George, acrobats, after giving some excellent exhibitions of their skill on the trapeze, concluded their performance by a very startling act. A balloon is hung over the stage a little in front and below a trapeze; from this trapeze one of the brothers hangs head down; the other goes to the opposite gallery, where two ropes with rings attached are awaiting him; when all is ready, at a given signal, the latter leaps through the air, swings the entire length of the house, goes through the balloon, and is caught by his brother, on the trapeze. It is one of the best things done in this city since the Hanlons. The troupe of Arabs who are performing here deserve a word of mention. The feats performed by them—such as eight men standing upon and held up by one, wonderful somersaults, and so on—are alone worth a visit to the Howard. The performance closed with the pantomime of 'Robinson Crusoe,' with Maffitt as Friday, Bartholomew as Hoop-de-dooden-do, Jennie Engel as Robinson Crusoe and Cool Burgess as Will Atkins. On the 20th Rita Sangalli and Mlle. Devere make their first appearance......At the Adelphi Sheridan and Mack, two old favorites here, La Petite Corinne (another six year old wonder), Susie Starr, Jennie Kimball (a popular actress and vocalist) and Harry Stanwood put in their first appearances on the 13th. Carleton re-appeared after his short absence; D. L. Morris, the Dutch comedian, Gus Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Andy McKee, J. W. McAndrews and the *ballet* remain, making an attractive bill. At the request(?) of many patrons of the house all gymnastic performances will be excluded from the entertainments hereafter, owing to the accident to one of the Watsons' on the 11th. ......At the Opera House Alfred Burnett, the great humorist, J. W. Sharpley, Sam Sidney, Cool Burgess, Billy Gray, A. B. Kennedy, Viro Farrand, Annie Sutton, J. H. Budworth and others make up the attractions."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE AND THE ACADEMY OF FUN Omaha, were closed on Dec. 15th, by an ordinance of the Common Council, which is intended to permanently prohibit all variety entertainments in that city. This order, says our correspondent, "which has been contemplated for some time, was undoubtedly precipitated by the very indecent can-can which has nightly finished the performance at the Comique. Manager Hanfords and Steele will, no doubt, quietly submit to the enforcement of the ordinance, there being no probability of successfully opposing it. The action of the council in closing the keno and faro rooms a few weeks since, furnishes good evidence that they are determined in what they undertake. Col. Hanford will take his company to Council Bluffs tonight (6th), for one week. It consists of Tommy Sully, Charlie Sullivan, Johanne Smith, A. S. Casper, Aline Le Favre, Fanny Vere, Mollie Somers and others. I understand that Frank Steele contemplates traveling with his company, among whom are M. B. Leavitt, R. C. Watters, Frank Hawley, Jim Hays, Joe Allen, Hattie Forest, M'lle De Rosa, M'lle Sallie and Blanche Chapman."

EMMA GRATTAN closed an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., on the 17th, and on the 19th took a benefit at Young Men's Hall, in that city.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., business is said to be first rate, the house being crowded nightly, even in the most inclement weather. Several new faces appeared the past week, among them Miss Anna Bradden, vocalist, who was well received and bids fair to be as great a favorite as was Emma Grattan. Billy Allen is *encored* nightly in his Dutch song and dance. Miss Archer and Mdlle. Eveline do a double *pas seul*. "Robinson Crusoe" was to be put on Dec. 20th, with new scenery, tricks, etc.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MANAGER HOOLEY announces a most attractive programme at his minstrel hall, Brooklyn, for the holidays, commencing with the current week. In addition to the regular minstrel entertainment he announces that he will give his patrons a number of presents, consisting of gold watches, fob chains, breastpins, finger rings, shirt studs, etc., every one of which he warrants to be from 14 to 18 karats gold. Heretofore the presents given by him during the holidays have been toys, but now he offers something more substantial. In the entertainment Sergeant Burke does his Zouave drill. Fayette Welch puts in a reappearance. Hurley and Maur, two young men from the Howard Athenæum, Boston, have made quite a favorable impression in their songs and dances, and are said to copy Delehanty and Hengler very closely. Willis Cobb continues, with his dogs, and the Christmas piece is "A Trip to the Moon, or the Policeman and his Dog."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS are to open in Cincinnati on the 23d of December.

WILD, BARNEY AND MAC'S TROUPE are announced for a short season of minstrelsy at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., commencing on the 20th instant.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS showed in Fort Wayne, Ind., on Dec. 14th, to a good house. A correspondent says:—"Arlington and Price deserve credit for their performance. The middle man, Corwin, is decidedly out of place. The quartet seats are occupied by two heavy-weights, scaling about 250lbs. each, while the other two are occupied by the other extreme light-weights. In fact, if they were all to be weighed in the balance they would be found wanting. Their great advertised card, in the appearance of the Chinese Giant Chang, which drew their house, was nothing more than two members of their company mounted on the shoulders of the other, covered with a sheet, which received a proper reception."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS were in Canton, Ohio, on the 13th inst. Our correspondent says:—"Twelve chairs were filled in the first part. The singing was good, notwithstanding the severe colds almost every member of the company labored under. Buckley and Pete Lee have the ends, J. J. Waterman the middle. Buckley's musical act was a feature of the entertainment. They closed with the burlesque opera of 'Lucretia Borgia,' in which Miss Medora Becker was the *prima donna*. They have an excellent brass band. H. E. Parmelee does the work ahead; J. O. Barnard is the treasurer. Their route is Akron, 14th and 15th; Cleveland, 16th, 17th and 18th; Columbus, 20th, 21st and 22d; Dayton, 23d; Cincinnati, one week, and go thence to Spalding, Bidwell and MacDonough for their circuit of St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans."

JOHNNY PIERCE opened with Morris Brothers' Minstrels, in St. Louis, Mo., on the 13th inst.

JOE NORRIE, formerly of Cotton and Murphy's Minstrels, and late stage manager and interlocutor for Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, joined the Buckley Serenaders at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th, as *basso profundo* and middle man.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS played on the Northwestern Railroad, in Iowa, during last week.

PETERSON, WEST AND DE NOON'S MINSTRELS went "up in a balloon" last week at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Their agent, Mr. Hall, at last accounts, was hunting for their whereabouts, hoping that they would alight in some one of the towns he had already advertised.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS were in Lowell, Mass., on the 18th inst.

WILD, BARNEY AND MAC'S MINSTRELS opened in Baltimore, Md., on the 15th inst., for four nights. They had quite a good house for their initial performance, and the bill offered was replete with good things, and was heartily enjoyed. Johnny Wild, Master Barney and Little Mac are excellent as eccentric comedians and burlesque artists, and Sam Devere, in his solos, songs and dances, is surpassingly good. So writes our correspondent, "Don Juan."

FRANK CAMPBELL, leading tenor, balladist and general straight business, advertises that he can be engaged.

EMERSON AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS continue very popular with the Chicago public. Our correspondent, "Amusement," says:—"At the Dearborn Theatre the burlesque of the 'Grand Dutchess' has made a great improvement in point of numbers. This (past) week the programme was the best since the organization of this troupe. The new feature was Rollin Howard, who dresses and acts the part of the Grand Duchess with excellent taste; his singing is good. He has made a great improvement in both singing and acting, and will prove one of the best cards that has ever appeared at this house. His reception was very cordial and has increased every evening. The music was excellent and the other features of the bill very funny. Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Emerson, Hart acts as end man and performs his part well."

SPEAKING OF THE REAPPEARANCE of Frank Brower in Ethiopean character at Duprez & Benedict's, Philadelphia, our correspondent remarks:—"In Mr. Brower's impersonation of 'Ginger Blue' we have a style of performance almost entirely dismissed from the minstrel stage, for it is rarely that we see an attempt to properly enact a negro true to life. Modern minstrelsy has become a burlesque, and its delineators forget that they are representing the African. Not only is this observable in the sketches of the olio, but in the songs of the first part, which are much inferior to the early productions of Foster, Ordway and others. Mr. Brower's 'Ginger Blue' would meet the test of criticism upon the legitimate stage, as in every word and action he exhibits the true artist. Frank Dumont, as Cal. Rifle, appeared nervous, as if shaky in his lines, barring which he was excellent. We were not before aware that Mr. Lewis Benedict was possessed of such a flow of Celtic dialect. Charley Gleason rattled off his lines, appearing to advantage. Mr. Gonsalvo Bishop has a powerful, heavy voice, that resounds like the roar of the Nubian lion, for which reason Mr. B. should pay strict attention to enunciation in singing and speaking, without which his words are apt to be lost to the audience. Frank Brower concludes his engagement this week, appearing as 'Happy Uncle Tom,' and will be the recipient of a benefit on Friday night. Manager Duprez is the happy possessor of *three* representatives of the gentle Dinah, in Frank Kent, Justine Robinson and George Wilkes, the latter of which should not be mistaken for the prospective Minister to China."

SAM SIDNEY, banjoist, advertises that he can be engaged from the 27th inst.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, announce for the season the first production of a new pantomine by Robert Frazer, entitled "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," a pleasing feature of which will be the distribution of candies to the fair and their juvenile charges. This company persist in "Shoo Fly"-ing to the edification of their patrons.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS perform in Syracuse, N. Y., during the holidays.

Circuses.

PETE CONKLIN, clown, advertises that he can be engaged to travel.

A. H. VOSS has a quantity of circus property for sale. See advertisement.

HIRAM MARKS and his daughter, Minnie, who joined Mrs. Wm. Lake's circus at Jefferson, Texas, in November, can be engaged for the balance of the winter season and for the next tenting season, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

MRS. WILLIAM LAKE'S CIRCUS was at Monroe, La., on the 4th inst., and was to go thence to Pine Bluff, Ark., from which place the concern is shipped to Memphis, Tenn., where the show exhibits for one week.

SIX UNIQUE TRAINED PONIES will shortly arrive from Europe. They are matched as to size and color, and, it is said, do a performance never before seen in this country. For further particulars read J. H. Cooke's advertisement.

CHIARINI was, with his circus company, in Rio Janeiro, on Nov. 25th, performing to good houses. A correspondent says:—"It is the custom here for the theatres and circuses to be open on Sunday, and they generally give an afternoon and an evening performance. Chiarini's stud is excellent, and the show gives general satisfaction. He has rented Da Silva's Amphitheatre for the season. The City Council are about enforcing the law of closing shops on Sunday, thus giving the clerks a chance for a little recreation, of which Chiarini will reap some benefit. This circus was very popular in Chili and Buenos Ayres, and gave large sums to benevolent institutions, and will probably extend their liberality to the institutions of this city......You gave an account of Da Silva's new Amphitheatre some three years ago, before it was finished. It is now complete except the decorating, which will soon follow. There is a stage and every facility for getting up 'Mazeppa' and such pieces, which has been so popular in the U. S......Pedro Adams is doing the country around Rio; and Antonio Carlos, the bare-back rider, who accompanied Rogers to the U. S., has a circus in the interior...... Mad. Ristori gave three performances on her return from Buenos Ayres, before embarking on the English packet for Europe. Her husband had some difficulty with Magi, his agent, which resulted in a draw game, but it does not affect the reputation of Magi or his brother, who was also drawn into the controversy."

JAMES ROBINSON, and his son Clarence, supported by a troupe of *artistes*, have been playing at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., to poor houses all the week, ending Dec. 18th, and closed on that date.

YANKEE ROBINSON offers for sale all the inside and outside privileges connected with his circus for the coming tenting season.

ORTON AND STOWE'S CIRCUS was in Aberdeen, Miss., on the 11th inst., and expected to be in Mobile, Ala., on the 18th, from which place the concern was to be shipped to Galveston, Texas, and open in San Antonio on New Year's day and start thence northward through that state.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT takes humorous inspiration from sawdust, and says:—"The amount of felicity attained by visiting Mrs. Warner's Circus Philadelphia, is only equalled by the cuphony of language that eventuates in its hebdominal announcements; the bears have departed, taken French leave, and still *bear* back acts are a nightly feature; we intend no *bull* when we say that Charles *Fish* is the *lion* of the ring—not a wedding ring, though *wedded* to the ring he may be, one *dost see* his equal rarely in the *saw dust*. Sam Stickney, clown and originator of facetious conceits is announced to commence an engagement on the 20th."

Miscellaneous.

THE PRINCIPAL EXCITEMENT in St. Paul, Minn., during the past week has been the entertainments of Martino, the California Illusionist. Our correspondent says:—"No other performer in his line has ever done one half his business in this city. This proves the necessity of three things to insure success. First, a skilful, graceful and courteous performer; second, a sharp, shrewd, deep thinking manager, and third, a persevering, financiering and industrious agent. This company has them all. Martino is the best of his kind that has ever visited us. C. P. Sherman is a second Barnum in shrewdness and activity; while Charles Forbes, the agent, is second in managing judgment to no man who has ever been in this state. None but an old showman can appreciate the endless requisites that go to make up a thoroughly competent agent. He makes all contracts, and to his efforts, in a great measure, is success attributable. Martino performs another week at Ingersoll Hall."

PULLMAN'S GIFT SHOW is traveling through Pennsylvania. The manager opened in Providence, Pa., on the 13th, for two nights and went thence to Carbondale for three nights; Honesdale, two nights, and Great Bend. Charles L. Howard is the magician.

INGERSOLL HALL, St. Paul, Minn., is well adapted for entertainments, and the proprietor is of an obliging disposition; at least, so state some members of the profession in a card elsewhere.

R. B. KENT, theatrical hosier and dealer in theatrical goods, 173 Bowery, New York, inserts his card in another column, to which we call the attention of the profession.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is advertised for sale by "Thoma," in another column.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT (?) at Anamosa, Iowa, have passed a resolution that no concert or exhibition shall be granted license unless free tickets are given to *the council and their wives*. His honor, the mayor, is very strict in enforcing the order, as this is the only remuneration the officers get for their valuable services.

JOHN H. GOLBORNE, formerly lecturer of the original "Apocalypse," is now *Local* on the Dubuque *Daily Herald*.

TWO MORE NEW HALLS have just been completed in Iowa, Marion's Hall, at Monticello, and Goodyear's, at Birville.

THE ZANFRETTA AND SIEGRIST TROUPE opened in Lancaster, Pa., on the 16th, for three nights.

PROF. D. MARTIN, the wizard, was at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 12th, and was to go thence to Vincennes for three nights; Muncie, one week; Amsterdam, one week, and Redmond, six nights. The *Express*, of Terre Haute, says:—"He gives the best show of the kind that has been given in this city for a long time, and he is an astonishing ventriloquist as well as a dexterous performer of slight of hand tricks."

PROF. E. C. EVERETT, the illusionist, opened in Aurora, Indiana on Dec. 11th, for three nights, was to open in Madison on the 15th for five nights, and Louisville, Ky., 22d, for five nights, and then start on a trip eastward.

HARRIS AND BROADWAY, bill posters, Chicago, Ill., insert a card in another column, to which we call the attention of the profession.

BRADY'S HALL, Aurora, Ill., has a stage with scenery and is lighted with gas. The agent's address is in another column.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON was exhibited in Rochester, N. Y. on the 10th, 11th and 13th instant.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSA was announced to give a reading in Rochester N. Y., on the 17th instant, for the benefit of the Grand Army of the Republic.

STANLEY AND CONANT'S "Panorama of the War" is to be in Lowell, Mass., on the 25th instant.

THE COMPANY engaged to appear with the Hanlon Combination, in Philadelphia, are requested to be at the theatre in time for rehearsal.

THE TWO HEADED GIRL was in Buffalo, N. Y., on exhibition, on the 16th inst.

AN ENTERTAINMENT that will last about one hour is wanted by the Hanlon Brothers. For full particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

L. W. SEAVEY has just completed the new scenery for the Opera House, Bellefonte, Pa, and the new Opera House at Bordentown, New Jersey. Both of these houses open for the holidays, the last one under the direction of Fred. Lubin.

THE OMAHA CITY COUNCIL has forbidden all "leg drama" exhibitions at "places of amusement" in that city, which means, we suppose, that that species of entertainment *may be seen* elsewhere than at the theatres and music halls.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY lectured in Rochester, N. Y., to a full house on Dec. 16th. Subject, "Women, Lords of Creation."

JOHN B. GOUGH is to lecture in Rochester, N. Y., on the 21st—Subject, "Lights and Shadows of London Life"—for the benefit of widows and orphans of the deceased members of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers of that city.

PROF. POWELL gave a lecture on "The Canons of the Colorado River" at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th.

CAPT. C. F. HALL, the Arctic traveler, lectured upon his frigid subject on the 15th inst., in Covington, Ky.

PETER H. CLARK, a colored brother, delivered a lecture on the 16th, in Lyceum Hall, Cincinnati, upon the subject of "Business Matters and Business Manners."

PROF. WILSON, an elocutionist, gave a reading of poetry and dramatic selections in Cincinnati on the 17th.

AL. HOWARD, ice and roller skatist, can be addressed as per card elsewhere.

MAGICAL APPARATUS can be had of Sig. Blitz, who advertises in another column.

J. H. MILLER, bill poster, Newark, O., inserts his card in another column.

WILLIAM H. POPE gave a selection of readings from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Richard the Third," "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet," at Harlem, N. Y., on the 18th inst. He was assisted by Miss E. V. Proudfoot.

CHAS. S. WOOD, business manager, advertises that he can be engaged.

JOHN BOGAN, dealer in musical instruments, and teacher of jig and clog dancing, inserts his card in another column.

RUFUS SOMERBY, the well known manager, has retired from the show world, settled down in Boston, and is keeping a lodging house, in close proximity to the Boston Hotel.

"SHOO FLY," that queer and eccentric song, which is so popular that it is introduced in all the burlesques now produced in the principal theatres, and is sung in almost every minstrel band in the country, is not of recent origin, as is generally supposed. A correspondent, writing from Savannah, Ga., says:—"This favorite refrain is purely a southern plantation song and was introduced here by some refugee negroes who followed Sherman's army to this city in 1865 and in 1866. The Metropolitan Fire Company, then just organized, used it as a fireman's song, with words of their own composition. The 'Shoo Fly' sensation then pervaded through all the city. The Metropolitans named one of their hose carriages 'Shoo Fly' in that year. We have many more genuine southern refrains which will bear transportation north. Some of the negro hymns are truly melodious, though rude in conception."

PROF. ANDERSON, the wizard, is in Buffalo, N. Y., all this week.

ALF. BURNETT opens in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 27th inst. for one week.

CARRIE A. MOORE, skatist, can be addressed through her agent, care of this office.

MR. MURDOCH was announced to give a reading in Lawrence, Kansas, on the 18th inst.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE perform in the towns along the Hudson River this week, making Poughkeepsie for Christmas and Trenton, N. J., for New Year.

GRAY'S COMBINATION is billed at the Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., for a week's engagement, commencing on the 25th.

MACALLISTER opened in Quincy, Ill., on the 13th, for one week.

Amateur.

AN AMATEUR performance was given at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, California, on the 2d inst., the performers consisting of the officers and their wives and daughters. The building in which the entertainment was given is a portion of the marine barracks, and there were about fifteen hundred invited persons present. The following is a copy of the bill: "Opening night! Thursday, December 2, 1869. When the performance will commence with Mrs. Curtis' touching 'Mellow' Drama, in four scenes, of Dr. Mond-schien! (which is Teutonic for *moon-shine*), the sole right to perform which has been purchased from Mr. George H. Preble, by the lessee. Dr. Mond-schein, (Homocopath!), T. Stowell Phelps; Mr. Backby (first appearance), S. Dana Greene; Mrs. Backby, Miss Adelaide Browne; Mrs. Post, Madame T. Richie Phelps. To conclude with the musical burletta of the Swiss Cottage! Corporal Max (first appearance), B. Franklin Isherwood; Natz Telk, G. Worth Woods; Lisette, Miss L. Howard Turner; Janet, Madame Jessamine Currier; Louise (first appearance), Miss Adelaide Browne; Maria, (first appearance), Miss Hattie Browne; Wilhelm (first appearance), W. N. G. West; Hans (first appearance), W. Langdon Browne; Werner (first appearance), C. Alonzo Morse; Franz (first appearance), Frank A. Browne.

THE OLD THESPIAN ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, Md., has lately been re-organized with a company selected from the best amateurs of that city, among whom are Messrs. Langdon, Macrill, Larine, Western and Howard, of the original "Thespian;" Miss Taylor, Talbott and Clement, of the "Davenport;" besides additional ones as yet unknown upon the boards. It is the intention of the members to make the Thespian one of the best in the Monumental City. The officers are as follows:—Wm. H. Langdon, Stage Manager; Alf. M. Macrill, President; Jno. W. Howard, Vice President; T. Nelson Talbott, Secretary; A. Jackson Larine, Treasurer.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT was given on the 16th inst., at City Hall, Portland, Me., in aid of the Second Universalist Society. The domestic drama of "Hard Struggle" and "Morning Call" were performed.

THE Toledo, Ohio, amateurs gave three performances at White's Hall, Toledo, Ohio, on the 15th, 16th and 17th. "Caste," "Richelieu" and "Merchant of Venice" were the pieces given. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Library Association.

THE MURDOCH ASSOCIATION, of Cincinnati, gave a rendition of "All that Glitters is not Gold" on the 16th instant......The Davenport Club, of the same burgh, on the 10th, made an attempt at Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," and on the following Friday, 17th, they gave the "Serious Family"......The Shakespeare Club produced "The Tempest," at their little hall, on the 14th. They have arranged for a public exhibition at Pike's Music Hall on the 27th. The programme is not yet made public, but will probably consist entirely of selected scenes from Shakespeare......The Star Club, of Loveland, Ohio, gave an exhibition in that place on Friday evening, December 17th......The Young Men's Gymnasium, of Cincinnati, gave an athletic exhibition at Mozart Hall on the 17th.

THE AMATEURS of Rochester, N. Y., dedicated their new hall in that city on the 16th inst. The hall is capable of seating nearly 1,000 persons. The stage is fitted up with all the necessary appurtenances, drop curtain, wings, &c. Below is a supper room; and the necessary waiting, dressing and cloak rooms are on the upper floor. The performance consisted of "My Neighbor's Wife" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing." The cast for the first named was:—Mr. Somerton, J. Rosenthal; Mr. Brown, S. H. Savage; Mr. Smith, Joe Emanuel; Mrs. Somerton, Miss P. Rosenthal; Mrs. Brown, Miss L. Garson; Mrs. Smith, Miss R. Levy: and for "Nan"—Nan, Miss Gussie Fox; Tom, Joe Emanuel; Harry, M. J. Wile; Charley, L. Eichman; Master Simpson, M. H. Garson; Servant, T. Myer. At the close of the performances on the stage a grand ball took place.

AN AMATEUR performance took place in Auburn, N. Y., during the past week, at the Opera House, in aid of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. "The Spirit of 1776" and "Cinderella" were given. The house was crowded, and the nett proceeds were nearly $700.

Foreign Show News.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—Considerable activity prevailed at the metropolitan theatres during the week ending Dec. 4th. Many changes in the programmes took place at the theatres. Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" was given at the Crystal Palace on Dec. 4th, for the first time at that place......The fourth of the series of the Nilsson concerts took place in Exeter Hall on Dec. 1st, under the direction of Henry Leslie......John Brougham's old burlesque of "Pocahontas" was produced by Mrs. John Wood at the St. James Theatre, on Nov. 27th, under the title of "La Belle Sauvage," with the text revised and divested of all New York allusions. The Sunday *Times* says:—"Mrs. Wood has adroitly touched some of the prominent topics of our own time, and, it may be noted, that a not very complimentary reference to the guardians of St. Pancras elicited a more than ordinarily emphatic response. It is now an extravaganza, thoroughly English in its feeling and complexion; and it goes with what we might be permitted to call right 'spanking' heartiness and vivacity. It is rich in musical relief, and the songs and choruses have the merit of being remarkably well done. Mrs. Wood, who made her first appearance here on this occasion, played the Indian princess with wonderful animation. Her musical accomplishments received effective display; but her histrionic abilities were even more tellingly indicated. True, the performance was strictly burlesque in character, and that was not conducive to a complete exhibition of her temper or her resources as an artist. Nevertheless she gave abundant proof of versatility and fairly won the most enthusiastic plaudits. She was admirably supported. Mr. Lionel Brough was infinitely grotesque and funny as Captain Smith, whilst Mr. Mark Smith as King Powhatan, confirmed our conviction that he is an actor of great power and intelligence. 'She Stoops to Conquer' preceded the novelty of the evening, and the entertainments concluded with 'The Happy Pair,' in which Miss Herbert and Mr. W. Farren carried on their great duologue most effectively."......"Marriage," a new comedy, by Andrew Halliday, Esq., will be produced at the St. James' early in 1870......Miss Harriett Coveney is engaged for the pantomime at Drury Lane and not the Surrey......"Jack and the Bean Stalk; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom," is in active preparation at the Standard. One of the principal features in the burlesque portion of the entertainment will be the introduction of a panorama. In one of the scenes, for which £1,000 has been expended, over 100 champions, accoutred in martial costume, will appear. ....The Crystal Palace pantomime is "Dick Whittington and his Wonderful Cat; or, the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast."..... The pretty little serio-comic singer and dancer known as Amalia has been engaged by Mrs. Charles Pitt for the forthcoming Surrey pantomime......Mr. H. Payne will this year appear in a new character—a female—in the pantomime of "The Yellow Dwarf," at Covent Garden. Mr. Stoyle is to be the dwarf.....Mdlle. Sessi, the new soprano, who has been so much praised for the beauty of her hair, has been engaged by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera, at a salary of £400 per month...... M. Fechter appeared as Claude Melnotte, Hamlet and Ruy Blas, at the Princess' Theatre, during the week ending Dec. 4th......"Black Eyed Susan" and "Mazeppa" have been given at Astley's, with Miss Pauncefort as Susan and Miss Lilian as Mazeppa......Eliza Clayton has been the attraction at Sadler's Wells......At the new East London Theatre a new drama, called "Gold is Nothing and Happiness is All," has been presented......The Long Strike" was revived at the Adelphi Theatre on Dec. 1st. A steam engine effect, introduced for the first time into the play, was not a success......"The Siren," a version of Octave Feuillet's "Dalila," was presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Nov. 27th. Though thin at the commencement, it is said to improve as it progresses. The last act is the best......F. C. Burnand's new drama of "Modern Grange" was announced for production at the Queen's Theatre on the 4th instant......... No change calling for notice has been made at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, Gaiety, Olympic, Strand, Prince of Wales', Globe, Holborn, Charing Cross or Pavilion theatres, nor at the Holborn Amphitheatre......At the Standard, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Julia Mathews, the character of the Grand Duchess has been sustained during the week by Miss Soldene......"Catherine Howard" has been produced at the Royal Alfred, Mr. Sennett appearing as Ethelwold, and Miss Burdette as Catherine. "The Wanderers" has been the concluding piece......"The Merry Monarch" has been one of the attractions at the Alexandra......"The Old Toll House" and "The Mariner's Compass" have been performed at the Grecian......"Pure as Driven Snow" and "The Bride of Aldgate" have been given at the Britannia every night, excepting Dec. 1st, when the "Wife" was performed...... At the Victoria, "Mary Blane" and "Aurora Floyd" have formed the staple attraction.

JOHN BILLINGTON is engaged by Messrs. Eldred and Fairlie to produce and play his original part in T. W. Robertson's play of "Progress," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, on boxing night. The same evening a new extravaganza, from the pen of Mr. William Brough, will be performed, in which Louie Sherrington will appear.

HERR BANDMANN, the German tragedian, has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, in "Narcisse" and "Hamlet," and achieved a success in each character. Miss Milly Palmer had not yet appeared.

CHARLES READE'S drama of "It's Never too Late to Mend" has been most successfully produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Mr. Vollaire as Crawley Johnson, Towers, the Jew, and Mrs. Fanny Heath, Josephs. Other parts are supported by Messrs. Loome, Vernon, Hayes & Co.

A NEW PIECE, by T. A. Palmer, has been produced at the Plymouth Theatre, Eng., under the title of "Hard Hands and Happy Hearts."

FRANK HUSSEY, KELLY AND HOLLY are at Weston's Hall, Melbourne, Australia.

ROBERT HELLER, the magician, commenced his magical performances at the Hall of the School of Arts, Melbourne, Australia, under George Coppin, early in October.

BANDMANN, the German tragedian, was recently fined a shilling for destroying a case of photographs at Melbourne, which represented him dressed as Narcisse in the character of Hamlet.

TONY DENIER, with Moe and Goodrich, the skaters, arrived in Liverpool, Eng., on the 4th, and were to commence with Christy's Minstrels at St. James' Hall, London, on Dec. 11th. Archy Hughes, John Hilton, Percival and Multaly are all well.

MEYERBEER'S "AFRICAINE" has recently been produced at Konigsberg.

"RUTH," Otto Goldschmidt's new oratorio, is criticised as having too few airs, Ruth herself having but two songs. It has thirteen choruses, however.

VSRUIVTSYVETORYESIYA has broken out badly in St. Petersburg since the return there of Patti. In English it means "a mania for throwing bouquets." It is an expensive but harmless disease.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Proprietor and Manager..............MR. LESTER WALLACK.
Doors open at 7.30; to commence at 8 P. M.
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or
NOVELTY AND VARIETY.
MONDAY (first time), WILD OATS.
TUESDAY (twenty-fifth time), HOME AND A REGULAR FIX.
WEDNESDAY (third time), ERNESTINE AND TRYING IT ON.
THURSDAY (second time), WILD OATS.
FRIDAY (fourth time), THE WONDER.
SATURDAY (fourth time), ERNESTINE AND TRYING IT ON.
MR. LESTER WALLACK'S
COMIC DRAMA,
CENTRAL PARK,
IS IN ACTIVE PREPARATION,
and will be
PERFORMED AT AN EARLY DATE,
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX YEARS. 38-1t

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WM. B. FRELIGH..............Proprietor and Manager.
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EXTRA NOVELTIES.
A NEW GRAND DRAMA.
First nights of the superb French Drama of the
DEVIL'S PEAK;
Or,
THE FOUNDLING OF TRIBES.
NEW SCENERY AND MOUNTINGS. POWERFUL CAST.
MR EDWARD FIRTH,
The Immense Comic Vocalist.
GREAT VARIETIES, SONGS AND DANCES.
BEN BOLT.
GREAT PREPARATIONS
are being made for CHRISTMAS DAY.
38-1t TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES.

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"THE COMING SPECTACLE."
J. E. McDONOUGH,
having completed the negotiations with the
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
for the production of
JOSEPH C. FOSTER'S
Legendary Drama, entitled
THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS,
is happy to state
THE 10th OF JANUARY
has been named as the date for its initial performance.
THE SCENIC DEPARTMENT
has been confided to the celebrated artist,
RICHARD MARSTON (late of Niblo's),
assisted by G. W. DAYTON.
ARMORIAL DEVICES, HERALDIC ENSIGNS
and Transformation Scene by
WILLIAM DEVERNA.
Costly Wardrobe (from correct copies of the period) under the direction of
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.
Character Music, adapted and arranged by
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The drama will comprise four elements—
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never before witnessed, either in Europe or America. 37-1t

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THE BLONDES. and superb Troupe in
THE BLONDES. DORA-BELLA. 38-1t

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MONDAY, DEC 20, 1869.
Every evening and Saturday afternoon at 2, will be presented, for the first time in America,
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OF ANY KIND
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SHOO FLY DON'T BODDER ME.
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the celebrated spectacular Comedy, in a prologue and four acts, by John Brougham and Paul Feval, entitled
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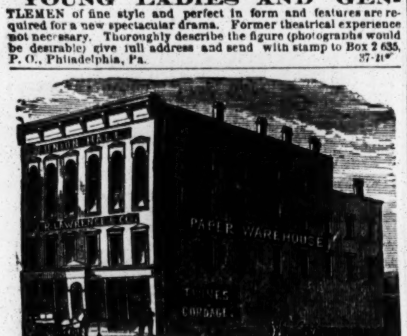

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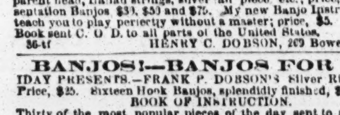

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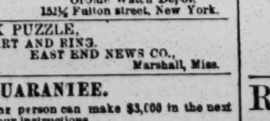
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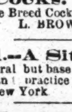

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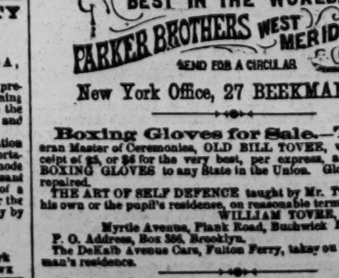

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